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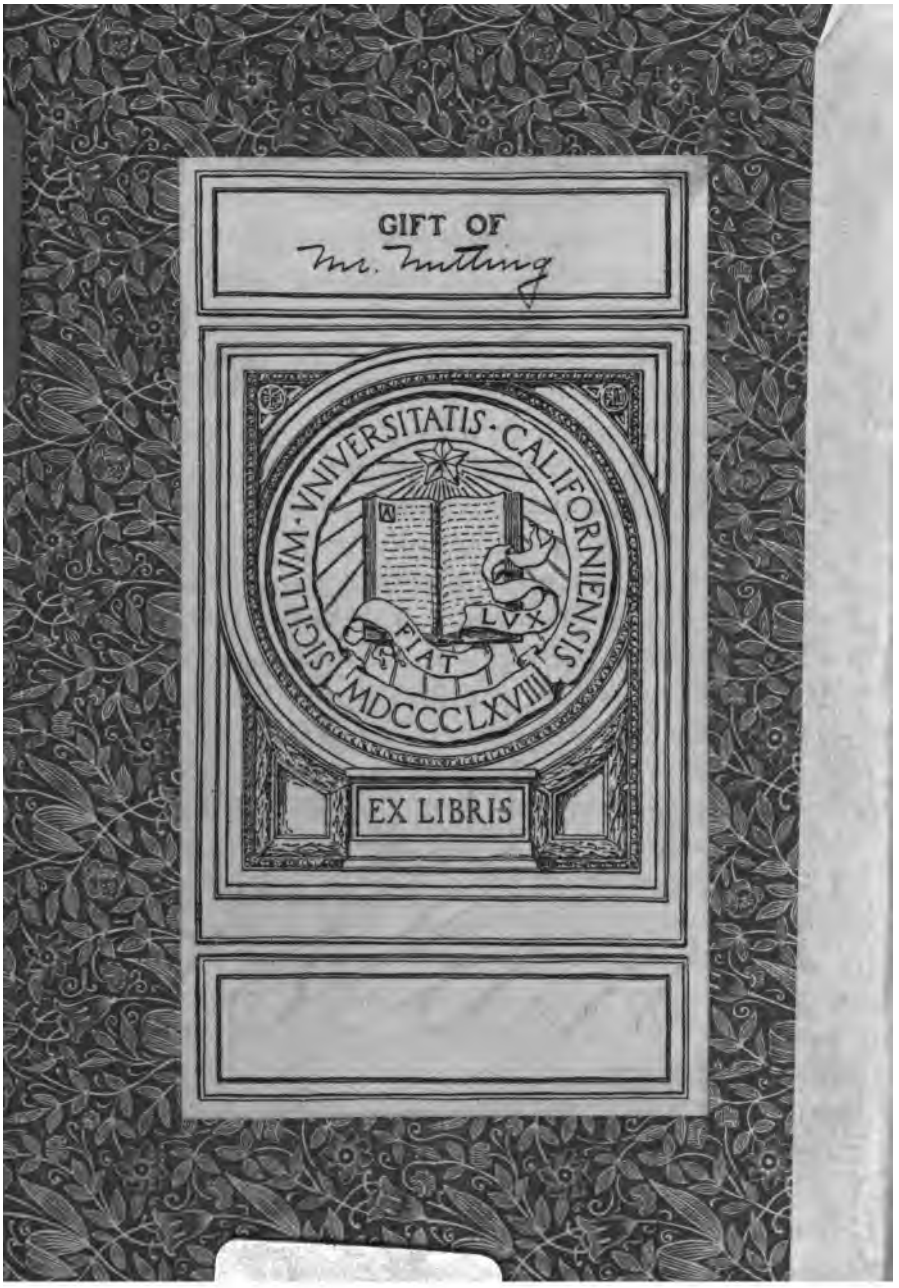
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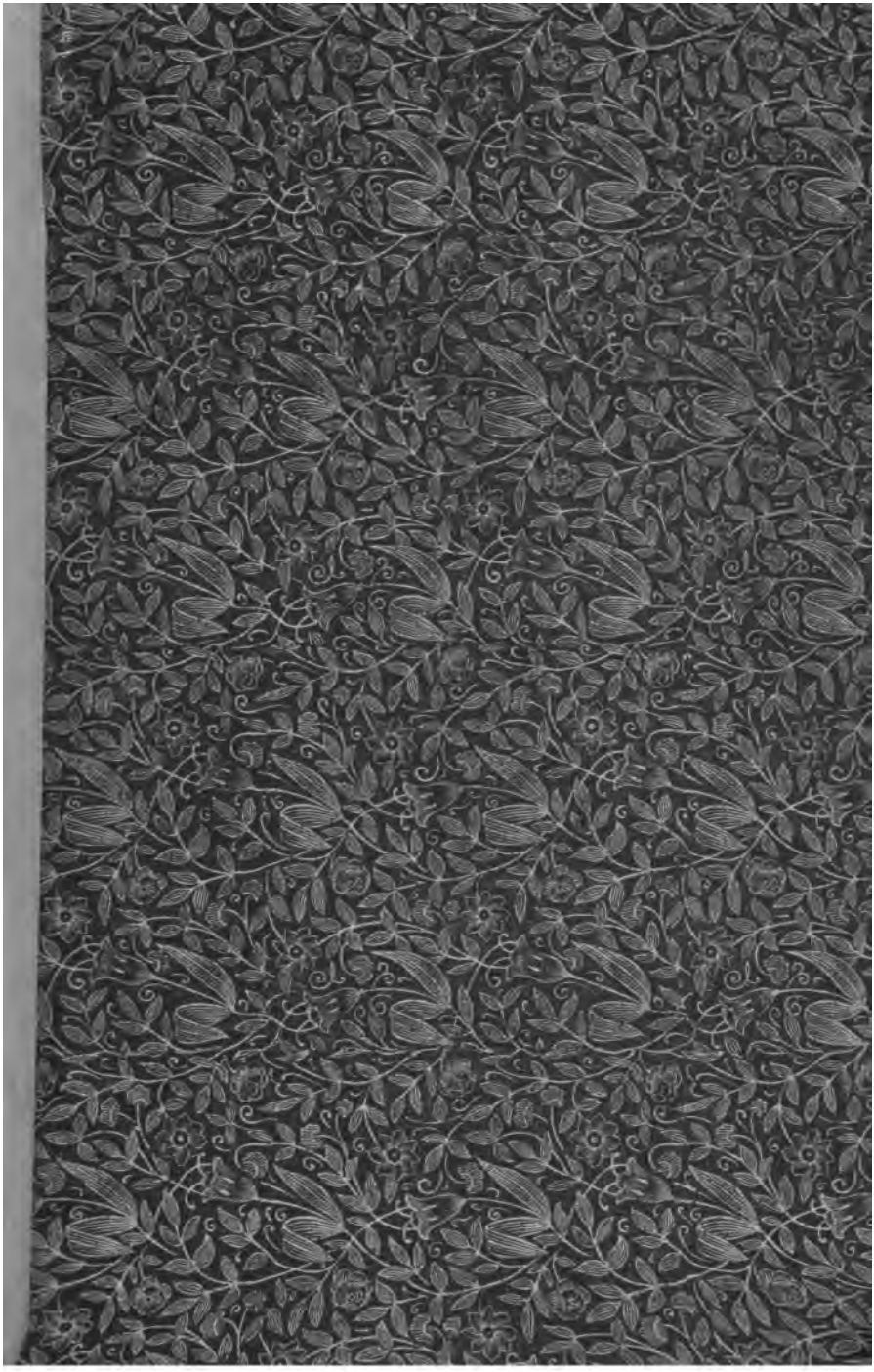
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FIFTY YEARS
AND BEYOND.


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FIFTY YEARS AND BEYOND;

OR,

GATHERED GEMS FOR THE AGED.

BY

REV. S. G. LATHROP.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. ARTHUR EDWARDS, D.D.,

EDITOR OF THE NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

FLEMING H. REVELL,

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DEDICATION.

TO THE GOODLY COMPANY OF MEN AND WOMEN IN OUR COUNTRY, WHO HAVE REACHED OR PASSED THE

FIFTIETH MILE-STONE OF LIFE,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY ITS AUTHOR, WHO, THROUGH A MERCIFUL PROVIDENCE, HAS PASSED HIS THREE-SCORE YEARS, AND IS RAPIDLY APPROACHING HIS

HOME IN THE GREAT BEYOND.

288349

PREFACE.

THIS volume has been prepared for persons of mature and advanced years, under the conviction that such a work will fill a space in our literature, and with a hope that it will prove a blessing to all its readers.

There are numerous volumes for children and youth. Books abound for young men and young women, and for men and women in life's various relations and pursuits, but only a few volumes have ever been prepared for those who are passing through the afternoon and evening of life.

There are numerous periodicals for children and youth, and young people, and departments in many more for these classes, but there are no periodicals, and no departments in any, for the aged.

This volume is a religious miscellany for the mature and the aged. But, it is intended to do more than simply provide interesting and entertaining reading for such persons. The author has sought to enrich its pages by such articles as will impart instruction and comfort to the aged, teaching how the later years of life may be spent, so that they shall constitute the happiest and most useful of all life's periods.

There can be no reason why the period of life at "Fifty and Beyond" may not be rich in usefulness, and abundant in its comforts and joys. Did men expect this, and in the earlier periods of life prepare for it, they would find this period in its usefulness and comforts exceeding their highest hopes.

The articles which have been prepared for this volume, by the following eminent physicians, and distinguished

divines, will be read with great interest: N. S. Davis, M.D., LL.D.; J. S. Jewell, M.D., and E. L. Holmes, M.D., and Rev. Drs. Edwards, Patterson, Paddock, Crews, Ninde, Fallows, Reddy, Jewett, and Rev. Glen Wood, and also the articles of Joseph Richardson, M.D., and Rev. Dr. Wentworth, which, though not specially prepared for this volume, are valuable contributions to it.

To all these writers the author is under great obligations, and hereby expresses his most sincere thanks.

It is hoped that the reader will learn many things from these original articles, as well as from the selected ones, in relation to the laws of health and life, especially in their application to advanced years; and that they will meet many practical suggestions which will help them to joyfully finish up the work of their life, so that the later periods of life may prove to be their best and brightest ones, and they at last "come to their graves in a full age, as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

"Fifty Years and Beyond." Fifty years is life's meridian. Then cometh AGE, OLD AGE, DEATH, and the GREAT BEYOND. The Author employs his title as embracing all these periods and events, and the reader will find much in relation to each of them.

It is the Author's most earnest desire, and devout prayer, that all the readers of this book may have a joyful experience of the Divine presence and blessing in their AGE, OLD AGE, and DYING, and then passing to the GREAT BEYOND may receive the glorious inheritance embraced in the "Certainties," and in the "Possibilities" of the redeemed soul in heaven.

INTRODUCTION.

"A solemn murmur in the soul
Tells of the world to be,—
As trav'lers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea."

AGING and dying are but courses of Nature. Physical maturity and decline may be as gentle and sweet and grateful as the sequence of blossom and fruit and harvest. The world is but a womb whence we are born into a perfect realm whose life and immortality were brought to light by Him who vanquished Death. We do not rest in the familiar argument that universal human longing for future being "proves" that such a future awaits all men. We prefer to believe that that longing establishes simply a presumption that man may live again. The Christian has better proof. The man who has been quickened into the new spiritual life, which is the heritage of every obedient soul, has a downright, unshakable *consciousness* that divinely prepared mansions await him above. Having this hope, we purify ourselves, and the purification includes that clear vision which rewarded Moses, and plants a glad mountain of transfiguration beneath the feet of every loyal pilgrim.

The skeptic, who professionally attacks this correct Christian philosophy, is a ruthless warrior against man, and society. Rapine, murder, incendiarism, slander, and prostitution of childhood are not more pitiless. Rationalistic death is a failure more downright only than ration-

alistic life. The man who believes he happened into being, must stagger and happen along through physical maturity, must exist on moral food unguarded by even the example of the monkeys, which are said by their habits to suggest to travelers what are and what are not poisonous foods—and then "to die and be forgot," like a song-bird or a beast, lacks motive for this world and light upon the next. Tom Hood asks for another, we trust, and not for himself, when he says,

"What can an old man do but die?"

If there is on record no answer from above and beyond, what need a young man do better than die and have done with the perplexing problem and the unremunerative investment? Little wonder that in countries uncheered by intelligent Christianity or unrestrained by prohibitive Roman Catholicism, suicide is a habit and a joyful release. Europe, by its history of self-murder, is logical and suggestive. A corresponding history is being interwoven into our American life in proportion as these foreign rationalistic tendencies are being imported. In heathen lands the aged are classed with, and follow to neglect and death, worthless female children. Christ's gospel exalts the value of all sexes and ages. Christian homes welcome the girl babies as the future organizers of orderly households, and hoary heads are honored, as crowns are guarded for the sake of their jewels. The philosophy of a godless death is the basis of a Christless view of life.

Books, like the one to which these appreciative lines are an introduction, are some of the fruits of Christian civilization. A loyal life postpones death and delays the

coming of age. We come not into life for the sake of going out of it, but rather to do, and do as much and as long as possible, before we die. Easy births into the world, fruitful lives, and intelligently tranquil births out of the world, are direct results of redemption from the curse pronounced in Genesis. Christian science and the godly physician are direct gifts of rewardful providence, and among the "indirect evidences of Christianity." As far as the world is concerned, a valuable life prolonged is better than two blighted lives. When, therefore, experienced physicians, like Doctors Davis, Jewell, Richardson and Holmes, identify the ordinary causes of premature decay, and instruct men how to modify and measurably thwart those causes, they perform a service second only to the divinity that originally gave life. Such counsellors belong to the grand race of redeemers, at whose head stands the perfect man, the God-Christ. The devout physiologist, whose ministrations enlarge the scope of God's workmen, becomes a direct partner in the workmen's products, and becomes a veritable evangel.

This book illustrates also the grand services of men who by exclusive devotion give their lives to the study of revelation, and who thereby ascertain quite clearly what the Word says respecting the two worlds. They have discovered and located the headlands of all continents, have traced treacherous currents and formulated what revelation teaches concerning the mighty trade-winds of life. When, therefore, the barometer of hope and expectation rises and falls perplexingly, the fleets of solicitous humanity may well gather about these confident pilots, and receive their

"courses and bearings." We do not say that these teachers have made the sea and its dangers, or have placed embargos upon ports of safety, save to privileged mariners. Let all that pass as the lies of men who, for the sake of consciences that long to destroy authority and murder responsibility, cast reproach upon the counsels of men who have inquired of God. Like all pilots, they study the sea as they find it, and benefit the roving navies who do not know all that which is so familiar to those who study the details of the world's harbors. Moreover, like all human analogies that relate to spiritual things, our analogy must fail, since the beacons that guide were not located by man. Our pilots in this Christian navigation *discovered* the light-houses that guide and guard the headlands of heaven. Their blessed flash-lights drop into momentary eclipse in order that they may reward and more intensely illumine the eye of him who devoutly seeks guidance and illumination. On all the coasts of the future life there lie not the ribs of a single soul-ship that was wrecked in its honest effort to enter the inlets of heaven.

Then, too, the testimony — the "testimonials"— of those who went in with shouts of rejoicing! They are a goodly company, and those we love were enrolled among the heavenly witnesses before they vanished from our longing sight. Paul was inspired to write, but so was Wesley when filled by the same spirit of God. John stood on Patmos, and so did Hooper Crews, who spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost in the lines which have been printed since that saintly writer ascended. It may be that some dying persons speak of visions that have no objective

reality in their particular cases. The *concurrent* testimony, however, of the ascending host of redeemed men is proof as solid and actual and convincing as the harmonious verdict of men and angels named in Scripture. The formally untaught habit of savages who reckon in simple digits, and the cultured nations who cypher in millions, alike testify to the fundamental reality and accuracy of the two basal principles in mathematics. The angels of God who speak from above by divine inspiration, and the redeemed toilers of earth who by like inspiration have learned the dialects of heaven, are in the same glorious school, and "speak with one voice" the irrefutable fact that God is with man.

A Christian aging man or woman who is crossing the equator that girts the middle of his century of life, is in the moral autumnal equinox when God, his sun, is directly overhead. That period may be the brightest, lightest, blandest year of his life, to date. As the years thenceforth increase, and the angle of illumination changes,

> "——an old age serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night
> Shall lead thee to thy grave."

Then will follow existence in a clime where no physical orbit will alternately banish or bring the sun, and make half the year a lightless night. The laws that bind men here shall surrender to their Framer, and a nightless existence shall reward those who once waited in sorrow for the morning. The Christian never dies. Death once was conquerer—but now, as Coleridge so beautifully says, on the bed where a Christian expires,

> "'Tis Death itself there dies."

ARTHUR EDWARDS.

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HYGIENE OF OLD AGE.

N. S. DAVIS, M. D., LL. D.

PROFESSOR OF THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN THE CHICAGO MEDICAL COLLEGE—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

LEARNED writers have expressed widely different opinions concerning the *natural* duration of human life. While the great majority have adopted the patriarch's limit of three score and ten years; Hufeland has claimed it to be two hundred years, and others have fixed upon periods varying from one hundred, to one hundred and fifty. The truth is, there is no *natural* period common to all individuals. On the contrary, some show all the marks of age in a more decided degree at forty than others do at sixty. The greatest age attained by any individual in modern times is one hundred and sixty-nine years; while the youngest old man on record, was Louis II., king of Hungary, who was crowned when two years old, succeeded to the throne in his tenth year, was married in his fifteenth, and died, worn out and gray, before he had completed his twentieth year. Thomas Parr, an English peasant, lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two years. Draakenberg, a Dane, lived one hundred and forty-six years. Effingham, of Cornwall, one hundred and forty-four; and Stravarides, a Greek, one

hundred and thirty-two years. These cases are sufficient to show the possible, not the probable, duration of human life. On the contrary, reliable records of mortality show, that of all persons born in civilized countries, nearly one-half die in infancy, or before they have completed the third year of life; and at least one-third of the remainder die before they reach twenty-one; and only an average of six or seven per cent. of the whole number live to sixty years or over. It is no part of my present purpose, however, to discuss the general subject of the duration of human life; but simply to present, in as brief and simple a manner as possible, some thoughts on the best means of preserving health, mental and physical, in old age.

The duration of human life is generally divided into five periods, viz: *infancy*, from birth to the completion of the third year; *childhood*, from three to fifteen; *youth*, from fifteen to twenty; *manhood*, from twenty to sixty; and *old age*, from sixty years to the end of life.

These divisions are more or less arbitrary, especially that between manhood and old age; as some present all the appearances attributed to age, both physical and mental, at a much earlier period than others. The earliest physical indications of commencing old age, are, a change in the color of the hair, a lengthening of the axis of vision, a wrinkling of the skin, and in most men, some degree of hypertrophy or enlargement of the prostate gland, causing more or less difficulty or embarrassment in the discharge of urine.

A few years later, and the step is less elastic; the body

less erect; the skin not only wrinkled, but marked with brown spots, especially on the extremities; the hearing less acute; memory less retentive; cartilages of the ribs completely ossified; urine charged with an excess of lithic acid salts, and voided with more difficulty, and the mind less active and efficient in its attention to the problems and duties of life. Most of these and other changes characteristic of old age are the direct result of impairment of the functions of nutrition and respiration. During early childhood and youth all the processes taking place in the living body are performed more rapidly than in middle life or old age. Respiration, circulation, secretion, aud nutrition are all carried on more rapidly, and the results of nutrition predominate over those of disintegration and waste. In middle or adult life, these processes are regarded as equaling or balancing each other. Yet during all this active period, certain changes are slowly but steadily taking place, that sooner or later develop the characteristics of old age. Prominent among these are the gradual conversion of the cartilages of the ribs into bony structure, thereby lessening the expansion of the chest in respiration, the moderate diminution of frequency in the action of the heart, and the lessening of nervous sensibility. It is from a certain stage in the progress of these changes that the phenomena of old age are presented as distinct from the symptoms of disease. Hence, whatever increases the rapidity of these changes hastens on the period of old age. Among the more efficient causes acting in this direction, are mental anxiety with depressing mental emotions; deficient physi-

cal exercise in the open air; deficient intellectual and moral activity, with undue indulgence of the mere animal passions and propensities; and the habitual use of such agents as alcoholic drinks, tobacco, opiates, or other articles capable of modifying the properties of living structures or slowly impairing the nervous and respiratory functions. As a general rule, just in proportion as one or more of these causes are brought to bear upon the individual during the middle or adult period of life, in the same proportion will life be shortened either by the supervention of disease or the early appearance of old age. There is one modifying circumstance, however, that should not be overlooked; and that is hereditary influence. That some families are long-lived and others the reverse, is a fact familiar from common observation. That most eminent observer, Dr. Benjamin Rush, has said that he never had met a person over eighty whose ancestors were not long-lived. And yet it should be ever kept in mind, that no vigor or tenacity of life inherited from ancestry can long resist impairment from the causes I have mentioned, especially if they are brought to bear during the early and middle periods of adult life. Dr. Hufeland has well remarked that "we are continually surrounded by the friends and enemies of life; he who keeps company with its friends will become old, but he who prefers its enemies will shorten his existence." Among the special *friends* of human life may be regarded, a fair variety of plain food, plenty of fresh pure air and good water; habitually active physical exercise in the open air; intellectual and moral activity; and a cheerful buoy-

ant temper. Whoever keeps close company with these throughout the periods of youth and middle age, will both postpone the coming of old age and render it vigorous and happy when it does come. But the question assigned for consideration in this chapter is, not how to postpone the coming of old age so much as to point out the means for preserving its vigor, cheerfulness, and usefulness after it has come.

And yet it would probably be impossible to answer this question better than by saying the aged should adhere closely to what we have just termed the *special friends* of life. That a fair variety of plain well-cooked food, plenty of fresh pure air and good water, are necessary for the preservation of health at all periods of human life will be admitted by all. That the aged should have active physical exercise in the open air daily, will not be so generally admitted. Most persons in the early and middle periods of life look upon old age as the period of rest or inactivity. And not a few who make haste to be rich, do so, with special reference to an early retirement from the active duties of life, and the supposed enjoyment of ease and leisure. This view leads to several evils of a serious character. First, it induces many to devote their time and energies, mental and physical, so continuously to their business that they leave no part of the day for rest or diversion, and not enough of the night for needed sleep, and hence engender disease, and often death, before arriving at the beginning of the period designated old age. Second, it encourages others to leave the more steady and safe occupations and

modes of business for the more uncertain and purely speculative enterprises, involving anxieties proportionate to the risks incurred. And of all the mental states, that called *anxiety*, is the most injurious to health and longevity. Third, it induces many who have, by twenty or thirty years of active mental and physical toil, acquired a good reputation or ample fortune, or both, on completing their three-score of years, to retire from all active business or duties under the idea that absence of occupation is rest. This is not only a mistake, but one that is generally followed by evils of much importance. If the previous course of life has been such as to involve active out-door exercise with its accompanying activity of nutrition and waste, the sudden change to a more quiet or passive physical condition, is pretty certain to be followed by less activity in the function of the lungs, skin, and kidneys, leaving the blood with a diminished supply of oxygen and an excess of the products of waste. This state of the blood is soon followed by a lowering down or retarding of all the functions of physical life. The atomic or molecular changes by which the various tissues are renewed, take place more slowly, thereby favoring atheromatous or fatty and calcareous degenerations, especially in the heart, vessels of the brain, kidneys and denser fibrous tissues, such as ligaments, cartilages, etc. Hence all the physical evils of old age accumulate more rapidly, and life is shortened instead of being prolonged by the change. On the other hand, if the previous course of life has been chiefly characterized by mental activity, either in business or professional pursuits involving interests and

responsibiliities of importance, the complete change of mental habit occasioned by retirement is extremely apt to be followed in a little time by despondency, forebodings of evil, either in coming poverty, uselessness of life, or suspiciousness of friends or family; or more rarely in a rapidly developed good-natured childishness. While all these evils are liable to result from a positive retirement from active mental and physical occupation on the supervention of old age, a directly opposite course may be equally, or even more speedily, disastrous. To keep up the full tension of mental and physical pursuits after the vigor of adult life has begun to decline, is always dangerous. Yet many not only do this, but enter upon new schemes involving greater responsibilities, and reaching forward through many years for their accomplishment, as though they were unconscious of the fact that human life had any natural limit so far as regards our temporal existence. Consequently, when the infirmities of age are daily increasing, and lessening both their activity and endurance, their business cares and responsibilities are becoming more extended and burdensome, ending generally in a premature failure of health, and not unfrequently in sudden death.

Another important error, which is by no means limited to old age, is that of practically regarding health as something capable of being stored up during periods of recreation, as we store up fuel or provisions, to be drawn upon as needed for the rest of the year.

So true is this, that to deliberately overtask either mental or physical resources for nine, ten, or eleven months

of the year with a view of restoring the loss in one, two, or three months of rest or recreation, has become a general custom in modern society. It is hardly necessary to state that health is not a commodity to be measured or weighed, but simply a *condition* of living structures resulting from a nicely adjusted balance between opposing forces. One set of these forces operate constantly in the direction of support and repair, while the other as constantly tend to disintegration and waste. If the habits, duties or responsibilities of life are so adjusted as to give either of these forces a predominance over the other, the health will be impaired. There is consequently no such thing as a surplus of health; and whoever habitually subjects himself to the influences or forces of waste in excess, will find temporary periods of rest and recreation only an imperfect means of permanently preserving health. This will be found more noticeable in regard to the aged than the young. Neither can the use of such agents as are capable of retarding molecular changes and thereby lessening the amount of waste in a given time, be regarded as equivalent to the assimilation of an equal amount of new matter, as has been claimed by some writers. For instance, it is well-known among scientific investigators, that alcohol as it exists in beer, ale, wine, whisky, etc., when taken into the human system, directly lessens or retards the molecular changes in the tissues to such an extent as to diminish the sum total of the excretions in a given time, and especially the excretion of carbonic acid gas from the lungs. This capacity to retard molecular changes has been given

as a reason for the use of fermented and distilled drinks to lessen the injurious effects of excessive labor, whether mental or physical. It being claimed that to retard waste is equivalent to nutrition with new matter. Dr. Hammond states the proposition substantially as follows: If a man, at his daily labor, loses by waste of tissues one pound, he must have one pound of food to supply the loss. But if by taking a certain amount of alcohol in the form of beer, wine, or whisky, the tissue changes are so retarded that in the same length of time, he loses only half a pound, he will need but half a pound of food to supply the deficiency. Hence he calls the alcohol *indirect* food. This supposed power of alcoholic drinks to retard waste, coupled with their anæsthetic influence in lessening nerve sensibility, and consequently unpleasant sensations of any kind, has led, and is still leading, large numbers in all ranks of society to their use. Indeed, one writer, with more poetic fancy than scientific knowledge, has called wine "the milk of age." Yet no more mischievous error has been promulgated in modern times, or one in more direct conflict with known and recognized physiological laws, than that to retard molecular changes in living tissues is in any sense a proper substitute for nutrition by the supply of new matter. There is no more obvious law of nature than that all active life involves atomic change. Every living atom or cell is adapted to the filling of a definite purpose, and to disintegrate and disappear in the fulfillment of that purpose. If by any process the function is performed and the change prevented, the atoms retained thereby, tend

directly to degenerate and become sources of embarrassment instead of preservers of health.

In strict consonance with this law, all experience has proved that the alcoholic retarders of tissue change tend strongly to promote: first, accumulation of inert fat; second, the metamorphosis or degeneration of muscular, nervous, secretory and connective tissues into atheromatous or fatty structures, with corresponding enfeeblement of function. Hence, instead of calling such agents "indirect food," they should be called *retarders of life.* And in old age, when the natural tendency is to lessen the motion of the chest in respiration, and to slowness in both nutritive and disintegrative changes, the use of such agents is particularly injurious. Without further notice of popular errors I will close this chapter with the following brief propositions:

1st. A person entering upon the period of old age should avoid, as far as possible, all sudden and extreme changes in occupation or modes of life. He should more especially avoid engaging in new and important enterprises on the one hand, or on the other, passing suddenly from full employment, mental or physical, to entire inactivity or retirement from business. Rather let the number of hours devoted to labor be gradually lessened, and the anxieties of business lightened in proportion as the infirmities of age accumulate.

2d. As far as possible let the declining years and increasing infirmities of age, be cheered by frequent contact with the buoyant cheerfulness of children, and the

kindly deference and sympathy of all in the family and social circle.

3d. While the aged should continue mental and physical employment enough to furnish healthful exercise and prevent the unhappy and deteriorating effects of mental ennui and physical inaction, they should be very careful to avoid severe and protracted exercise of any kind. A large proportion of the deaths in old age are caused by pneumonia and paralysis, both of which are very apt to be induced, in advanced life, either by sudden and severe exertion or protracted mental application.

4th. As diminution in the activity of the molecular changes and the process of elimination, are natural accompaniments of age, occasioning most of the infirmities of that period of life, the habitual use of all such articles or agents as tend still further to promote such diminution should be carefully avoided. This excludes all use of the alcoholic preparations, whether fermented or distilled, together with opiates and tobacco. Many years of observation concerning all classes of human society, have fully satisfied me that the use of any of these agents, however moderately, impairs those functions and favors those slow degenerations of structure, that invariably shorten the duration of human life. A moderate use of tea and coffee in connection with the taking of food, is not objectionable in old age. In advanced life, more care should be exercised in maintaining warmth, and protecting against sudden and severe atmospheric changes, by suitable clothing and regularity of all domestic habits.

5th. Finally, nothing will contribute more towards protracting the period of old age and rendering it healthy, than the possession of a contented, cheerful, and hopeful state of mind. And nothing is so certain to develop this as a life well spent in useful work, coupled with that serene hopefulness in a future life, which a full faith in the Christian religion alone inspires. To see an aged man or woman, buoyant and cheerful over the memories of a virtuous and industrious life, and not only calm and serene, but joyous with the hope of a happy future near at hand, is one of the most interesting spectacles that can be presented to an intelligent mind.



OLD AGE AND HOW TO MEET IT.*

JOSEPH R. RICHARDSON, M.D.

PROFESSOR OF HYGIENE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

IT HAS been a matter of surprise to thinking men in all ages of the world, that the approach of death should be shrunk from by old people almost as shudderingly as by those in youth, or in the prime of life. Such, however, as every-day experience teaches us, is not infrequently the case, and a large majority of mankind hold the same view as that entertained by the aged but witty Frenchwoman, who sent for her physician, on one occasion, and, in reply to her catalogue of ills, was met by the exclamation, "What would you have, Madame? I cannot make you young again!" "I know that, Doctor," answered she. "What I want you to do is to *help me to grow old a while longer.*"

For the purpose of aiding my elderly readers who are not yet tired of life, and who desire to *grow old* comfortably for some years more, perhaps even to see what the year A. D. 1900 will do for science, art, and humanity, I will briefly glance at the symptoms of bodily decay, in the

* This article appears as the last chapter of the Volume of the American Health Primers, entitled "LONG LIFE AND HOW TO REACH IT," published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia, and is included in this volume by their permission.

order in which they are apt to make their onset, and in the same concise way point out how to diminish their interference with the powers of life, and their disturbances of health.

One of the first signs of wearing out is the decay or falling out of the teeth, which loss leads to serious derangements of digestion, as a consequence of the necessarily imperfect mastication or chewing of food. The complete breaking up of our more solid articles of diet, and their thorough mixture with saliva, are indispensable preliminaries to their solution in the stomach and intestines, upon which our vigor largely depends. Hence, it is well worth while for us to avail ourselves, to the utmost, of the skill and ingenuity displayed to such an eminent degree by practitioners of the dental specialty in medicine, which generally enable them to prolong for many years the usefulness of decayed teeth, and finally to substitute for them artificial molars and incisors, which perform their vicarious office with wonderful success.

When, as sometimes happens, the dentist's art fails to serve the required purpose, care must be taken to have all kinds of solid food cut or ground into very small pieces before it passes the lips. After it enters the mouth, articles of diet (whether solid, and thus artificially prepared; soft, like boiled rice or milk toast, or liquid, such as soups or meat extracts) should not be swallowed immediately, but ought to be mixed with saliva by moving them round in the mouth for a short time, about as long as they would require for mastication if the teeth were in perfect order.

Another important change very liable to accompany advancing years, is the excessive deposit of fat, which, unfortunately, often occurs just at the time when the muscular powers are deteriorating a little, and the corpulent condition, therefore, interferes with taking sufficient bodily exercise to insure uninterrupted good health. This tendency may be diminished by attention to diet, and its unfavorable influence is often quite important enough to render faithful observance of the rules for avoiding obesity profitable. Calcareous or chalky degeneration of the arteries, etc., is a common and serious mode of decay in advanced life, due in part, perhaps, to errors in diet.

The failure of muscular power directly dependent upon the want of complete renewal of all the muscular fibres, which go to make up the muscles in the shrunken and shrivelled limbs of old age, is another very common milestone upon the declivity of life. Mournful as it is to see the former athlete shorn of his long-boasted strength, this deprivation would have but little direct effect in hindering the attainment of long life, were it confined to the muscles under the control of the will alone. Unfortunately, however, the same loss of muscular tissue, and therefore of muscular power, takes place in the involuntary muscles, and occurring consequently in the heart and the semi-voluntary muscles which inflate the lungs by expanding the chest, renders the vital functions of the respiration and of the circulation of the blood feeble and imperfectly performed. Of course, we have no means of examining the heart, for example, and seeing whether in any particular

individual this waste has begun, but we possess, under certain limitations, a very sure guide to its existence in the manifestly greater difficulty of breathing on attempting to run, or climb a hill, or even a high staircase, so common among persons over sixty, and almost universal among those over seventy-five years of age. Another result of feebleness of action of the heart and muscular-coated arteries is the coldness of the hands, feet, and limbs, due to the slowness and imperfection of the circulation of the blood, which wanders lazily along through its vessels with a torpor in painful contrast to the bounding pulses of vigorous youth. This torpor of the vital current leads to a kind of chilliness of the extremities of aged people which no amount of outside wrappings will remedy, for, like King David of old, though covered with clothes, they get no heat. Artificial warmth is therefore absolutely necessary, and in extremely cold weather, elderly people in whom this symptom is at all marked should remain in-doors, and within the influence of well-regulated fires. Many an otherwise long life is cut short at threescore, or threescore and ten, by an attack of bronchitis, lung-fever, or inflammation of the membranes of the heart, etc., from want of knowledge, or want of care, in regard to the necessity of this precaution.

Still another dangerous effect of this muscular wasting (or senile atrophy, as physicians call it) characteristic of old age, is the weakening of the natural worm-like movements of the intestines, accomplished by millions of little involuntary muscles, which, during vigorous life, propel

the food at a proper rate through the alimentary canal, but after the age of fifty or sixty lose some of their efficiency, and, as a consequence, permit to be set up that torpor or constipation of the bowels which is so common, so troublesome, and so injurious in advanced life.

The management of these various failures in the different muscular organs of the body to do their proper share of work, is as simple as it is practically difficult for most persons to carry out. An individual in whom they have occurred is exactly in the condition of a wealthy man whose fortune has been diminished by hard times until he finds he must either reduce his expenses or trench upon his capital. If elderly people, whose allowance (or income) of muscular strength has been reduced by the "hard times" of threescore and ten, to one-half of its amount during the prime of life, can only be persuaded to live within the bounds of this diminished income of vitality, existence may generally be prolonged for a considerable additional period; but if, on the contrary, they will persist in endeavoring to perform the feats of agility, of strength, of endurance, *and of digestion*, which were the pride of their youth and their prime, their bodily capital is trenched upon, their remaining stock of vigor, which prudently husbanded, might well have lasted another twenty years, is soon exhausted, and speedy death is the result.

I cannot too strongly reiterate what has been already advised in regard to the use of laxative food, injections, and mild purgatives in constipation, and urge their special importance in avoiding torpor of the bowels in the aged.

Congestions and secondary affections of the liver, blind or bleeding piles, and vertigo, or even apoplexy, during the act of straining at stool, are some of the penalties paid by old age for neglect of these safeguards.

[The passage to which the author here refers, is as follows:]

"With rare exceptions, people can never enjoy good health whilst they suffer from constipation, a vice much more prevalent than is generally known or believed. Liver complaint, dyspepsia, headache, vertigo, and that tormenting disease, piles, are only some of the direct results of constipation, and give rise to an immense amount of human misery. I have no doubt that learning to have an evacuation of the bowels regularly every morning conduces far more to a man's health, happiness, and success in life than a complete classical education, invaluable as that certainly is; and when the habit is once established, nothing, *absolutely nothing*, should be permitted to interrupt it. Of course, we ought all to strive to overcome constipation by laxative articles of diet, such as bran bread, fruit, fresh or dried, and by suitable exercise; but if these fail, the employment of gentle saline purgatives, such as Congress and Friedrichshal water, or of rhubarb, and the use of injections, constitutes by far the lesser evil."

Sometimes hand in hand, sometimes preceding or succeeding, at some little interval, to these failures in the muscular tissues, are seen the evidences of deterioration of brain and nerve-structure displayed in the loss of intellectual power, with changes of temper and even of disposition.

Such alterations are slow; they often commence insidiously, and develop almost imperceptibly, escaping the attention of the subject of them, for the simple reason that they affect the organ of perception of external impressions itself. Very frequently they are distinctly visible, to a close observer, long before the state of dotage is recognizable by the ordinary eye.

There is no doubt that, under these circumstances, life and intellectual vigor would often be prolonged by a judicious change of occupation and of scene, particularly in foreign travel; and marked failure of memory, loss of reasoning power, or capacity of mental application, are the symptoms which should warn elderly people of the approach of intellectual decay, which, however, the means just suggested may avert, or, at least, for a long time postpone. Should these danger-signals be disregarded, as is the case in a large majority of instances, the time when they can be of service is apt to pass quickly by, and the perchance once vigorous intellect, wrecked and ruined, falls into a condition of decay which renders long life a grievous burden, not only to the sufferer himself but also to the loving relatives and anxious friends who surround him.

SUGGESTIONS IN RELATION TO THE PRESERVATION OF NERVE AND MENTAL HEALTH IN THE AGED.

J. S. JEWELL, M.D.

PROFESSOR OF NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASES AT CHICAGO MEDICAL COLLEGE, (MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.)

IN THIS brief paper it will be my object to describe the more ordinary conditions of the nervous system which obtain in persons who have passed the meridian of their physical lives, and within and upon whose bodies the marks of physical decline have appeared.

The altered conditions of nerve nutrition and circulation, incident to old age, carry with them changes in mental conditions and activities, whether as regards thought or feeling.

The nervous system, which is the special seat and instrument of mind, is the highest, most complex, and delicate part of the animal organism. As an almost necessary prelude to what is to follow, I shall offer a few remarks on the structure and modes of action of the nervous system. As a system, it outranks all others. It consists chiefly of two great parallel or correlative tracts. One of these is the special seat of sensibility, and extends from all parts of the

body, endowed with feeling, to the spinal marrow, and in the spinal marrow up into the brain. This is the great highway for impressions from the outer physical world, which through this channel reach the mind, which has its principal seat in the gray matter on the outer surface of the brain. The other great tract in the nervous system is the special seat of nerve-power for both mental and physical purposes. It extends from the brain down through the spinal cord and outwards along the nerves of motion to the muscles, glands, and other structures, the actions of which are excited and controlled by the nervous system.

Here then are the two great tracts; one extending from the surface to the brain; the other from the brain to the surface; the one the highway of sense impressions from the outer world toward the mind; the other the highway of impulses to motion from the brain, or central nervous system, toward the outer world.

The ends of the two great tracts just described, which lie within the cavity of the skull, have gathered about them, but especially intercalated between them, certain nerve mechanisms which add greatly to the size and complexity of this part of the nervous system. These are for the purpose of storing impressions, as in memory, and for elaborating them, as in thought. These parts may be considered as lying between the upper terminations of the great motor and sense tracts. This, taken together, constitutes what is known as the brain. It is a vast complex of cells and fibres. Thousands of fibres extend from the spinal marrow and from about the base of the brain

outwards toward the various organs of the body into which nerves can be traced. Thousands of fibres extend from the spinal marrow, and from the medulla, which crowns the cord as a capital, up into the brain, so as to place various portions of the former in connection with various portions of the latter.

In the interior of the spinal cord is a tube or rod of gray nerve matter, containing, it is probable, millions of nerve cells of different shapes and varying magnitudes. These nerve cells receive fibres from, and give off fibres to, various parts of the body on the one hand and upwards toward the brain on the other. This column of gray matter, composed chiefly of cells, reaches up into the base of the brain. Clustering about the end of this gray column, which lies within the skull, are a number of masses of gray matter called ganglia, which lie on the floor of the skull. These masses, or ganglia, are composed of cells like the gray matter of the spinal cord. The nerve cells in these ganglia are connected by fibres with the cells of the gray matter of the spinal cord so as to place various portions of the gray matter in the ganglia which repose on the floor of the skull, in communication with the various horizons of the central gray matter of the cord. Finally, we have overhanging the whole as a great hollow dome, a thin layer of gray matter spread on the outer wrinkled surface of the brain and known as its cortex. It is the special seat of the mind, whether we refer to its sensibilities, to its memory, to its elaborative capacity (or thought-power,) or its volition. This layer of gray matter on the outer surface of

the brain is as thick, perhaps a little thicker, than pasteboard. This gray matter is composed largely of cells disposed in strata, or layers like the strata in a geological formation. It is computed that there exist in the gray matter on the outer surface of the average adult brain, from six to nine hundred millions of cells that differ in various places in size, form, and density of aggregation. These cells receive and give off fibres. Some of these latter pass across from one-half of the brain to become connected with cells in the opposite half of the brain, similar in function to those out of which the fibres proceeded. A second set of fibres originate in the cells of the cortex on one side of the brain and dipping out of sight underneath the cortex, terminate at the other end in some other portion of the cortex on the same side. Finally, there is a third system of fibres which take their origin in cells of the cortex and converge toward the base of the brain. Some of these fibres terminate in the cells in the gray matter in the base of the brain, while others pass by or through the gray matter in the base of the brain to become connected with the gray matter at different heights in the spinal marrow.

Thus we have great fibre systems connecting with one another these great regions of gray matter which would be entirely distinct from each other but for the connecting fibre systems.

Both cells and fibres exist in the nervous system in unnumbered millions. A nerve cell is so small that it is probable more than a million could be crowded into a

space less than a cubic inch in dimensions. The nerve fibres are so slender that from one to two thousand could be laid side by side within the limits of a linear inch.

This extraordinary and complex central mechanism has provided for it a series of envelopes or coverings to protect it from shock or physical injury. First of all is the strong bony case furnished by the skull and flexible spinal column. Next, this bony cavity is lined by an exceedingly tough membrane, rough on its outer surface but exceedingly smooth inwardly. There is next in order a very delicate membrane, so thin as to be transparent, which forms a complete loose bag for the brain and spinal cord. It is exceedingly smooth on its outer surface, but rough and gives off delicate threads from its inner surface. Within this delicate bag is the brain and spinal cord. The latter hangs down in the spinal canal, which it does not quite one-half fill. It is anchored in the middle of this canal by numerous delicate bands of fibres which pass off from its sides to contract firm relations with the tough membrane on either side. The spinal marrow is held delicately but firmly on both sides. It is therefore impossible in lying down, or making any change in position whatever, for the spinal marrow to come in contact with the solid wall which invests it. To make these delicate and complex structures still more safe the spinal cord is surrounded by fluid which fills the delicate bag already described. Thus the cord is suspended in the centre of a column of liquid which bathes and presses upon it with a variable degree of force and is a mobile medium for

breaking the force of shocks upon the spine, which but for these arrangements might readily injure the spinal cord. This column of liquid fills the spinal canal not only, but there is enough more than is necessary for this purpose, to rise into the cavity of the skull and give a stratum of liquid on the floor of this great cavity. In this way a sort of elastic bed is provided upon which the brain in some measure rests.

This liquid in some measure covers the entire surface of the brain, penetrates into all its fissures and cavities, and in general bathes and protects it. Not only this, but all of the blood vessels which enter the substance of the brain do so through tunnels in its substance, which latter are larger, as a rule, than the blood vessels which traverse them, so that there is usually a free space between the outer surface of the vessel and the inner surface of the tunnel in the nerve substance along which the vessel passes. This free space about the vessels is filled also with liquid to their finest divisions. On account of this provision it is possible for the vessels to expand and contract without impinging upon and disturbing or disrupting the delicate nerve structures, as might happen under other circumstances on account of the throbbing of the arteries.

The blood vessels of the nervous system, especially of the brain and spinal marrow, are exceedingly numerous, and active, and they are very liable to disease, as will presently be noticed.

The wonderful mechanism just described in outline, is hidden away in the interior of the body and works noise-

lessly. No other parts of the body are the seats of such vivid action, as is the nervous system. It is impossible to feel, in any way, whether by the ways of general or special sense, it is impossible to experience any form of emotion or conscious appetency or appetite, to think one thought, to perform any act of memory or of volition, without the occurrence either as a cause, or consequence, of the activities in question, of some material change in a greater or less number of cells and fibres in the brain, and often, also, in the spinal marrow and peripheral nerves.

What the exact changes are which take place in the delicate structure of the cells and fibres of the nervous system, either as causes or consequences of nerve activity is not well understood. But this much is certain: the change is destructive in its nature.

Every mental act involves the destruction of living nerve substance. It must not be understood that nerve cells and fibres die outright as the immediate result of their action, but only in parts of their living moving interior. If this action should be continued beyond a healthy limit, at which simple fatigue sets in, an unhealthy degree of waste occurs. In the course of time if nerve action were continued to the extremest limit, no doubt cells and fibres would be destroyed. They would gradually diminish in size, that is, become lean, exhausted not only in substance but in power. But in the ordinary way, when wear and tear of nerve tissue has been carried to a certain point, whether in ordinary muscular, or mental action, a sense of fatigue is felt which may be taken as a warning that the process of waste has

gone to the extreme limit of safety, until by a period of repose the waste nerve substance has been made good. To this end we have naturally what is called rest. The parts that have been worn cease their action on the one hand, while on the other by means of the blood vessels, materials fitted to repair the damage done are carried into the nerve structures, and in the course of time the part is rested; that is, the damage sustained by action is repaired, and nerve cells and nerve fibres have once again assumed their normal size and structure, and have at the same time recovered their powers for a season of fresh activity. In health these processes of moderate waste on the one hand, and of repair on the other, go hand in hand through the life of the individual.

Now if nerve activity, or back of this nerve waste is carried, as sometimes happens, to an unnatural degree, there is a more or less serious exhaustion in some part of the nervous system, or in the nervous system as a whole, according to the character and generality of the action.

This may be brought about by too much muscular action, by protracted thought, by the great emotional activity of any or all kinds, all of which kinds of activity have their seats in the nervous system.

Disorder or disease may thus be produced by over-action, or over-excitation. Disorders arising in this way are peculiarly liable to arise in old age, when the vigor of nutrition is lowered, and when, as a consequence, the reparative power of the body is small. If serious exhaustion, or the disorders it leads to, occur in persons after having passed

the middle period of life, they are difficult to recover from.

Then again there is not only the waste of nerve structure already mentioned, but the vessels which convey blood to the brain and spinal marrow, as a rule, become larger in those parts the activities of which are in vivid play. The blood vessels that go to such a part dilate very considerably to admit more blood while a part is in a state of action than is necessary for the same when in a state of rest. When the period for rest comes and the activities of the parts cease, the blood vessels being contractile in character, diminish in size so as to admit less blood than during the period of high action.

But if action is continued beyond a certain period, differing in length in different individuals, the blood vessels become fatigued, losing their contractile power or tone, as it is called. Under such circumstances if the individual should try to rest, the blood vessels having lost in varying measure their contractile power, remain dilated. More blood is admitted therefore to the part than should go to it in health when it is at rest. If there is more blood there is a superfluity of material for nourishment. The circulation of blood becomes slow and uncertain in the enlarged vessels under these circumstances in the fatigued part, and we have in fact a moderate or a severe congestion, according as the circumstances vary. The period allotted for rest is not long enough to enable the blood vessels to regain their normal size, and the next period of activity (let us suppose the next day) is begun at a disadvantage. The

blood vessels have lost that most necessary and remarkable property, that is, contractility, by which, according as they dilate or contract, they control the blood supply of the part to which they go. In this way passive and exceedingly troublesome congestions arise, especially in the brain. If, under these circumstances the individual should use the part of the brain, the blood vessels of which are brought into the condition described, they dilate still more the next day than they did on the first, until at last, as so frequently happens, they become so large in size as to admit an overwhelming quantity of blood to the disordered brain or spinal cord, as the case may be. At this point activities of whatever kind, become difficult, and finally impossible, and various symptoms arise according to the functions of the part in which the disturbance occurs. This state of affairs is very common in persons who have passed the middle period of life. The blood vessels and the little nerves which supply them lose that vigor and tenacity of action which characterizes them in the young and in early adult life.

Then again, especially after one has passed a period of fifty or sixty years, there is liability to disease in the middle of the three principal coats of the blood vessels, more particularly in the vessels of the brain. The technical name for the most common form of this disorder is endarteritis. It is a morbid process which affects especially the middle of the three principal coats of the diseased vessels, at the diseased points the vessels lose their toughness or become softened, and finally they expand or become

enlarged. Many of these enlargements of the small vessels pass under the name of aneurisms. The blood circulating through them passes slowly, and in some instances stops altogether, in consequence of which the action of certain parts of the brain may be greatly crippled or entirely destroyed. Then again it many times happens that the diseased blood vessel, like a rotten hose through which water is passing under high pressure, bursts and permits its contents, that is, the blood, to be poured out on the surface or into the substance of the brain, causing in this way a great variety of symptoms, especially the weaknesses and paralyses so often seen in the aged. Such is the mechanism of the more common disorders of the nervous system observed in persons who have passed the middle period in life. It would be foreign to the scope of this paper to go into the subject further.

Hence I will turn about to draw a few practical lessons from what has just been said.

Then, first of all in the case of those who have passed the middle period in life, it is necessary, as far as possible, to avoid serious fatigue or exhaustion, chiefly because it is so difficult on the part of most aged persons to repair the damage done to the nervous system which serious fatigue implies. It is very easy to overdo. It is difficult to recover what has been lost. If the individual is to preserve nerve health in old age this simple rule must be intelligently, and as far as possible, strictly observed. Nerve action should be shortened in duration and less violent than in earlier periods in life. But if serious fatigue or exhaustion has

occurred, the individual should understand distinctly that he is on dangerous ground, and that to continue in this way involves more or less certainly, a premature loosing of the silver cord spoken of by the wise man.

In the second place it should be remembered that besides the nerve wear and tear, and the resulting fatigue, that the blood vessels of aged persons, as already described, easily become exhausted or lose their tone, leading to congestions, thus preparing the way for sleeplessness, confusion in the head, feelings of pressure in the same, vertigo, disturbances of vision and of hearing, uncertainty of gait, inability for serious mental occupations, more or less decided depressions of spirits, and a host of other symptoms.

The worst—partly because it is the most common—morbid symptom is sleeplessness, which results when the circulation of blood in the brain becomes unhealthy on account of permanent dilation of the blood vessels. Just as sure as the aged person habitually overdoes, or is habitually overexcited, will the nervous system suffer in this way, and under other circumstances what might have been a comfortable old age is rendered miserable by the various disorders arising from passive congestion. It is necessary therefore to remember, for the reasons just given, that great moderation as to the duration and degree of mental action should be observed by the aged, particularly if exhaustion, sleeplessnesss and the like should follow.

Besides those already made, there are several other suggestions in relation to nerve health that may be profitably

pondered and acted upon by those who have passed the middle period in life.

First of all as regards sleep. More than anything else sleep is nerve, or brain rest. It is a remarkable state. The more it is reflected upon the more curious it seems. But without entering into a discussion on the nature of sleep it may be declared as impossible to maintain brain health without a due measure of sleep. It may be laid down as a rule that the more severe and exhausting brain action is, the more sleep is required. The converse is also true as a general principle. It is hence found that the aged require less sleep than the young, because they are less active. Brain action is less vivid and wearing in the former than in the latter. Notwithstanding these may be admitted as general truths, it should be stated that aged persons require, on the average, about five or six hours sound sleep in order to maintain brain health. If for any reason a much less amount than this can be obtained, or if sleep is habitually unrefreshing, and troubled with dreams, it may be laid down as certain that nerve health is in danger, and a strict inquiry should be made as to the causes of disorder. They will be found usually in the following list: Physical overwork, too much mental occupation, as in reading too many hours just before retiring, undue anxiety and care, prolonged exposure to cold, insufficient clothing, overeating and consequent indigestion, constipation, lying with the head too low at night, or retiring with the feet and lower extremities cold or chilled, insufficient protection from cold during sleep, the abuse of tea or coffee.

One or more such conditions of a disturbed cerebral circulation will be found as causes in a vast majority of cases. If sleeplessness depends upon active congestion of the brain it is likely to be worst during the forepart of the night. If, on the contrary, it depends upon passive congestion, it is likely to be worst in the latter part of the night.

Great care should be exercised to secure a simple diet, moderate in quantity. Stimulants should be avoided as a rule in health. Keep the bowels in a free state in which straining at stool is avoided. Clothe warmly, especially the lower extremities, and use hot foot baths followed by thorough frictions of the surface morning and evening, which will improve the circulation in the surface of the body. These simple measures, as a rule, will improve sleep.

If the head is hot it is well to improvise a slightly inclined plane on which to sleep. This can be done by placing under the head-posts of the bed, blocks of wood from four to six inches in thickness. Under these circumstances the blood as a whole gravitates toward the feet, and by consequence from the head, and blood pressure in the brain is diminished. It happens frequently that sleeplessness depending upon a too free circulation of blood in the brain may be overcome by fairly large doses of the bromide of potassium or of sodium. From twenty to forty grains of either may be taken dissolved in a little water before retiring.

There are other cases of sleeplessness however in which the surface is cold, the circulation of blood is feeble, the head like other parts of the body being cool and the pupils

of the eyes large. Under such circumstances it is necessary often, to lie with the head low, so that more instead of less blood shall pass towards the head. In such cases some moderate stimulant may procure sleep.

But whatever is taken to procure sleep, it should always be remembered that it is impossible, at any period of life, to preserve brain health for many days or weeks without sufficient sound sleep.

The second point to be observed, as of great importance, in respect to the health of the aged, relates to food and its digestion.

Digestion, like other functions of the body, is performed in the aged in a comparatively imperfect manner. It is necessary, therefore, in securing the health of the body, especially of the nervous system, that great pains be taken in the selections of proper articles as food.

As a rule the diet list should contain the following articles: Beef, of the best quality, either roast or broiled; or mutton, or game, for occasional change, plainly cooked; fresh milk; fresh eggs; good butter. This pretty well exhausts the list of articles in the way of animal food. It is scarcely worth while to waste time on fish, since for the purposes of nutrition this kind of food is vastly below those kinds already mentioned. It should be the object to get the greatest quantity of nourishing material in as small volume as possible and of a readily digestible kind.

In the matter of a vegetable diet, the very best of light wheat bread (stale); well-cooked oatmeal mush; baked Irish potatoes, asparagus, spinach, tomatoes, and some

simple fruit sauce, such as apple or peach, make up in great measure the list. As a rule, cabbage, turnips, and similar vegetables should be avoided. No dried fruits, and but very few raw fruits, unless quite moderately of peaches, sweet grapes, and oranges, should be taken. All else, as a rule, should be laid aside.

In the matter of drinks, water and milk, of course, outrank all others and may be considered indispensable. Tea and coffee, especially the latter, should be taken in great moderation.

It happens very frequently that aged persons do not masticate their food well. This is one prolific cause of indigestion at all periods in life, especially among the aged. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of thorough mastication of food. It should be chewed fine, and while eating, as a rule, no liquids should be taken, such as coffee, tea, or water. Let the food be so thoroughly masticated, and at the same time moistened by the saliva that it can be swallowed without the aid of liquids. This is a matter of very great importance.

It is necessary also not only for the right kind of food to be taken, but that it be moderate in quantity. On no account should the stomach be seriously distended, as it so often is, in overeating. If there is neglect of the plain, well-known precautions just given, various disorders of the digestive system, either transient or permanent, arise, and these in various ways affect the health of the body, more particularly that of the brain. The blood circulation of the brain sustains remarkably close relations with the diges-

tive organs through the medium of the nervous system. A little disturbance in the stomach, or in the bowels lower down, may be the occasion, in more ways than one, of serious impairment of brain health. Too much attention, therefore, cannot well be paid to the matter of feeding, as to the quantity, kind and quality of the food taken.

Many other suggestions as to occupation, climate, &c., could be made if permitted within the brief limits of this little paper. But the more important suggestions have, perhaps, been given already, and the principles developed, it is hoped, which may enable the attentive reader to deduce, under varying circumstances, much that is valuable in respect to the preservation of nerve health, upon which so much depends in the closing periods of a human life.

Nothing is more desirable in that period when, by reason of a failure in the bodily powers, the capacity for active physical work has been in great measure lost, than that the health of the brain should be to such a degree preserved that the mind may be active, the sensibilities acute, and as far as brain health can secure them, that cheerfulness and good feeling may be present in the last years of earthly life.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE PROPER TREATMENT OF THE EYE AND EAR OF PERSONS WHO ARE FIFTY AND BEYOND.

E. L. Holmes, M.D.

Professor of Diseases of the Eye and Ear in Rush Medical College, Chicago, Illinois.

AT THAT period of life, when age is no longer distant, when the hair begins to turn gray and the wrinkles to appear, the wise will heed the premonition that the reserved forces of the organism are waning.

Although there are numerous apparent exceptions in every sphere of life, it is still a law of our existence, that no one can violate certain rules of health without greater hazard after the age of fifty than before it.

With increasing years the demands increase for sufficient sleep and rest, for care and deliberation in taking food, for shunning exposure to cold and dampness, and for avoiding sudden and violent muscular action.

The elasticity of the young may permit inattention to the functions of important organs with a degree of impunity—old age permits it with only greater certainty of a penalty.

As other organs, so the eye and ear require due aid, and in certain cases peculiar care in approaching age.

The following very brief statement regarding the structure of the eyes may aid the reader in comprehending what will be said concerning the care of these organs—"the windows for the soul."

The contents of the globe are contained within a very firm unyielding membrane or coat called the sclerotic, in the anterior part of which is situated the transparent cornea. In quantity by far the greater portion of the structures within the globe is the vitreous humor—a transparent body, nearly spherical in shape and almost fluid in consistency. Surrounding nearly the whole of this last is the retina—a delicate nervous membrane, which receives the images of objects, precisely, one might say, as the glass screen in the photographer's camera.

The curved form of the cornea, together with the aqueous humor behind it, not only permits the light to pass through, but, like the lens in the camera, causes the rays of light to come to a "focus." In order that this "focus" may fall on the retina, and form distinct images of external objects, another organ is necessary. This organ is the crystalline lens—an object weighing only four or five grains, and resembling in form a minute burning-glass. This is situated immediately behind the pupil and iris, or colored portion of the eye. The crystalline lens is the organ by means of which we are enabled at will to so change the "focus" of the eye that at one time we can see distinctly near and at another distant objects.

The retina, although not much thicker than common paper, is composed of ten different layers, each layer being a very complex membrane. The nerve fibers of the retina come together near its center and are there united in a cord which extends as the optic nerve to the brain.

The choroid coat, lying between the retina and outer wall of the globe, is the special nutritive membrane upon which seem to depend the quantity and health of the vitreous humor and probably of the crystalline lens.

In great measure the health of our eyes is under our control. Waving the consideration of accidents and of certain unavoidable diseases common to the young and to the old, the writer wishes to urge upon the reader that care will greatly aid in preserving the integrity of the eyes.

The ignorance and especially the thoughtlessness of the young, the pressing duties of life among the poor, render the observance of certain rules difficult. Still the rules of ocular hygiene are simple and easily comprehended by all who seek to know them.

It is almost the utterance of a truism to say that the general health should always secure constant but not over anxious attention. A "cold" should never be treated as a trivial matter. Inflammation, following colds, is one of the most fruitful sources of defective vision. An indirect but frequent cause of "weak eyes" may be found in an unsound digestive apparatus.

The following rules regarding the use of the eyes may be considered of special importance.

When the eyes are in active use, there should be most

ample but not glaring light. Dark corners should be avoided. Fine print and glazed paper should come before the eyes as seldom as possible. The head should never be bowed forward over the page in reading.

As soon as it is discovered that the eyes are irritated or too easily fatigued by ordinary work, competent skill should at once be sought to remedy the evil in the very beginning. General and simple as this rule may seem, it is of vital importance. Few can duly appreciate the incalculable benefits many have secured by the arrest of a disease in its early stages, by the adjustment of suitable glasses and by the correction of bad habits in the use of the eyes.

There are three conditions of the eye, more or less serious, to which the aged are peculiarly liable—presbyopia or far-sightedness, cataract, and glaucoma.

The first may simply annoy the patient; the second will probably cause blindness, which may be relieved—temporary neglect of the trouble can scarcely be called dangerous; the third disease, glaucoma, is of grave import—its neglect, even for a short period, may be fraught with most direful consequences—terrific pain and hopeless blindness.

Presbyopia, or far-sightedness, is one of the earliest and most frequent changes in the eye which mark the advent of age.

It is the inability to see distinctly minute and near objects, while all other objects are seen as clearly as before. Common print can scarcely be seen as near as eight inches. The difficulty is especially observed in the evening and cloudy days.

The condition has its origin in the decrease of elasticity in the crystalline lens and the muscular fibers of the ciliary ring near its circumference.

For some time patients in favorable light may still see to read with no great difficulty. By placing a light between the eyes and the book they may for months read in the evening. In this way there is a kind of compensation for the change in the lens, for the brilliant light so near, illuminates the page and causes a contraction of the pupils. It is not well to read in this manner.

It is far preferable to commence wearing spectacles as soon as it is discovered that the eyes are presbyopic. No attention should be paid to the popular but erroneous opinion that the use of spectacles should be deferred as long as possible.

Very many persons who have lived forty-five or fifty years with perfect vision in each eye select their glasses with reasonable accuracy. It is wiser to intrust the selection to one who is known to have experience in such work. It is emphatically so, when there is difference in distinctness of vision in the two eyes, when vision at all distances is dim, and when ordinary work is attended with discomfort.

In conditions of the eye in which there is an inequality of curvature of the cornea, known as astigmatism, or in which certain muscles of the eye are weak, it is utterly impossible for one without experience to adjust suitable lenses.

The glasses should be so placed in frames that each eye looks through the center of its respective lens. They

should be held firmly and squarely before the eyes and as near to them as possible without impeding the motion of the lids. Their surfaces should always be kept clean and free from scratches.

So-called eye-glasses should not be worn unless they rest firmly and evenly in place. Now and then they cause a slight tension of the lids, by which the latter are drawn from the globe, causing irritation and great discomfort in reading.

Those persons who have occasion to look frequently over their spectacles should select a form of frame that will permit this without trouble. Others require two lenses of different focal distance, one for remote and the other for near objects. If the line of union between the lenses does not annoy the patient, the lenses may be united in one frame; the weaker ones for distance in the upper half and the stronger ones for reading and writing in the lower half of the frame.

Pebbles and crystals, except that they are harder and are not easily scratched, are in no way superior to glass of good quality. It is well to avoid all venders of spectacles who advertise extensively and demand extravagant prices on the ground that their goods possess special virtues in preserving sight. Examine carefully into the evidence before giving credence to certificates of remarkable cures by means of eye cups, and appliances for changing the form of the eye. No one by means of pressing or systematic rubbing of the eyes should expect to relieve either near-sightedness or far-sightedness.

Any person who at the age of fifty is suffering from near-sightedness, which increases in degree, should be under the observation of a skillful practitioner.

It may be stated that an individual at the age of forty-five, who has been slightly near-sighted, with no complication, may hope to spend several years before he will be compelled to use spectacles in reading.

There is a popular error regarding a time in greatly advanced age, when those who have been compelled to wear magnifying glasses may read easily at near distances without them. This is called the period of "second sight." There is no such natural period. A case of this kind rarely occurs. Occasionally a patient with developing cataract may for a period read quite plainly without his glasses.

An affection of the eye, well known as cataract, is a condition peculiar both to infancy and especially to old age. It is a change in the substance of the crystalline lens, by which this wonderfully transparent organ behind the pupil becomes opaque. The rays of light, which enter the pupil, are at once arrested by the cataractous lens and prevented from forming images on the retina. This condition is often confounded with gray cloudlike changes on the surface of the cornea. It should be remembered that cataract lies behind the pupil. The cloudlike appearance just mentioned lies in front of the pupil.

Little or nothing can be done either to prevent cataract or arrest its progress. The operation for senile cataract consists in removing the opaque lens through a large incision made at or near the border of the cornea.

Vision for near objects is made possible by spectacles differing from those usually worn by old people only in being of much greater magnifging power. Blindness caused by this disease is in a measure divested of its terrors by the improved methods of performing the operation. Although the extraction of cataract is one of the most delicate and difficult operations in surgery, a very large proportion of cases are successfully treated.

The third disease, to which the old are peculiarly liable, and which if neglected is of far more serious consequence than cataract, is glaucoma. One of its most important features is the collection of an undue amount of fluid within the globe—in other words, to use a common expression, there is a dropsy of the eye-ball. The disease is not so frequent that any one should live in constant dread of it; and yet it occurs sufficiently often to induce every person "beginning to grow old" to bear in mind its symptoms. The chief symptoms, by which any one not a practitioner of medicine might suspect the presence of the disease, are the following: A peculiar hardness of the globe as determined by gently pressing the tips of the fingers on the closed lid, a dilated pupil, a dimness of vision, in many cases commencing on all sides of the field of vision; the patient sees as if looking through a tube, and finally the *constant* presence of colored rings around an artificial light in the dark. These symptoms may develop gradually, with no pain, or scarcely any annoyance to attract the attention of the patient. They may arise suddenly and with most agonizing pain.

The predisposing causes of this disease are not fully comprehended, although there are good reasons for ascribing them to certain changes in the walls, vessels, and certain tissues of the globe. The attack may be precipitated by exposure to cold, overwork with the eyes, by malarial neuralgia of the face, or even by a fit of anger or grief. The disease is amenable, in a limited degree, to medical treatment. An important surgical operation is in many cases an absolute necessity. The application of a previously well-known surgical procedure to the relief of glaucoma was a grand discovery by a very brilliant surgeon.

Patients need to be informed that general practitioners of little special experience too often fail to urge the immediate performance of the operation. They frequently ascribe the pain to neuralgia and advise delay till this has been relieved. Many a poor patient has become utterly blind through acceptance of such advice. With the symptoms above described no one should delay seeking special aid.

The ear is a more passive organ than the eye. It is not so universally called upon to perform absolute work. It is liable to a far less number of diseases than the latter organ. A tabulated list of ophthalmic diseases presents a far more formidable array than that of aural diseases, as is usually shown in the reports of institutions for the treatment of diseases of the eye and of the ear.

The important portions of the ear which the reader should now keep particularly in mind, are the thin vibrating membrane of the drum, to which the disc of the telephone may be compared, the small bones, and a few drops of water which come in contact with the auditory nerve.

In a small space, which is called the middle ear, and which is connected by the eustachian tube with the posterior portion of the nostrils, are situated three small bones. One of these bones is fastened to the membrane of the drum; another, resembling a minute stirrup in shape, is fitted in a very small bony canal, somewhat like a piston in its cylinder; the other small bone is fastened to each of the other two and between them.

The undulations imparted to the air by a sonorous body cause the membrane of the drum to vibrate; with it must vibrate the small bones united to it; the vibrations of the stirrup in its bony canal causes delicate undulations of the few drops of fluid above mentioned. This fluid fills a small and remarkably irregular cavity in solid bone called the labyrinth.

Bear in mind the number of vibrations given by a tuning-fork, or by musical instruments of any pitch. Consider the fact that these vibrations are communicated to the membrane of the drum and the three minute bones. One can now understand that what we call sound in its various quality is simply wavelets, almost innumerable, in a few drops of water, coming in contact with the fibers of the auditory nerve in the labyrinth.

There are scarcely any abnormal conditions of the ear peculiarly incident to old age.

So long as the hearing is perfect in each ear, and there is no unusual sensation, it may be considered as evident that the organ is in a sound condition. Whenever the case is otherwise there should be no delay in seeking advice. Although certain diseases of the ear are unsatisfactory to treat, delay in the treatment of some forms of disease has not infrequently caused partial or total deafness.

Deafness and painful affections of the ear very often have their origin in catarrhal diseases caused by exposure to cold. For this reason alone a simple cold should never be neglected.

No one should permit cold water to enter the ear. Those who are fond of surf-bathing will do well to place cotton in the ears if the water is actually cold. This will not only tend to elevate the temperature of the water, if it does not exclude it, but will exclude sand and other foreign substances.

Care should always be exercised in relieving irritation of the ears by the introduction of any instrument, however simple.

To those who are in need of artificial aid for deafness, it may be said that some form of trumpet, if not the most elegant instrument, is generally the most effective. The patient must select for himself, by trial, the kind of trumpet he finds most beneficial. The various kinds of vibrating discs, applied to the teeth, except in comparatively few cases, seem to aid deafness less than the ordinary ear-trumpet.

It is a fact worthy of mention that a skilled aurist may teach certain patients to adjust an artificial membrane of the drum, or even a small ball of cotton in the ear so as to greatly improve the hearing. Although this is not the occasion for a discussion concerning the use or abuse of tobacco, it should be known that, in quite rare instances, its use causes irritation of the mucous membrane of the throat and nostrils, which extends to the eustachian tubes and middle ear, and produces deafness.

No rule can be given by which one can with certainty fortify the eye and the ear against the infirmities of age. The few suggestions here offered will aid those who observe them in preserving the health of these precious organs.



THE PRESERVATION OF MENTAL VIGOR IN ADVANCED LIFE.

REV. ROBERT W. PATTERSON, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES AND ETHICS IN THE PRESBYTERIAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF THE NORTHWEST.

WHEN the leaves of the trees begin to change their color from green to yellow, or brown, we conclude that autumn is coming—that the period for growth is past and the period of decay or stationary life is at hand. So is it, in some respects, with man, whose furrowed brow and whitening locks after the age of fifty or sixty years, begin to betoken decline, both physical and mental. It has been thought, however, by close observers, that the physical decline commences, ordinarily, some ten years earlier than the mental. We are inclined to coincide with the opinion that the bodily powers usually begin to fail at the age of about forty-nine years, while the mental energies commonly retain their full vigor ten years longer. Of course there are marked exceptions to this general statement, on both sides. For some men grow old much sooner than others, and there are some whose "natural force is not abated" at the age of threescore and ten, or even fourscore years. Very much depends, in this respect, upon the natural constitution of the person, the amount of exhaustive labor that has

been performed in active life, he measure of health that has been enjoyed in the earlier years, the regularity of one's habits, and his temperance in indulgences.

It is undoubtedly true, also, that a man, in approaching and passing through the period of old age, may contribute very much to the long continuance of his mental vigor by a prudent use of such fit means and methods as has been suggested by experience and observation. For it is eminently true of man in all stages and conditions of his earthly life, that he possesses such a power of self-adjustment in accommodation to his circumstances as enables him to modify, if not to remove, many occasions of his trials and mingle mitigating elements even in the cup of his sorrows. This general fact is illustrated in the history of aged persons as well as of the young and those who are in the meridian of life. For who has not witnessed the beneficent fruits of wise self-control, and well-directed activity, in men of advanced years as conspicuously as in those who were bearing the burden aud heat of the day? We say of such men as John Quincy Adams, William Cullen Bryant, and Charles Hodge, that they were well-preserved to advanced years; and we attribute this result, at least, in good part, to the care which they exercised in maintaining well-regulated physical, intellectual, and morai habits. Neither our minds nor our bodies will be likely to preserve their healthful tone, especially after the downward tendencies of advanced life set in, if we neglect to guard them, as far as in our power, against the operation of those causes that work decline in proportion as they are

permitted to act, without hindrance or restriction. The precept, "Take heed unto thyself," may be addressed to the aged man with scarcely less force of application than to the young man. For if youth is the period of life in which every influence tells with peculiar effect in shaping the habits and character, old age is the period in which each weakening influence needs to be watched and judiciously resisted, that it may not inflict too serious damage before the time. If the development of the faculties ought to be carefully directed, with a view to their future uses, the disintegrating forces need to be withstood, when the physical organs by which the mind acts are losing their wonted energy, that the soul may be kept living and active as nearly as possible down to the point at which it is to exchange its clay tabernacle for the freedom and enlargement of the higher life.

The purpose of this article will be achieved, if we shall be able to make clear and impress some of the means and methods by which the man of advancing years may most successfully preserve the tone and vigor of his mental powers to extreme old age, or till the end of his appointed time.

1. First, It is, of course, an essential condition of success in this effort, that the bodily health should be well cared for, and kept in a sound state, as far as the use of the best appliances can accomplish it. It is true that many men whose lives are filled with physical suffering from youth to advanced years, exhibit throughout their whole course, extraordinary force and versatility of intellect. But

such cases are to be set down as singular exceptions. As a rule those persons whose nervous or muscular systems are seriously disordered, either lose their mental vigor early, or at least fail to command sufficient self-control to devote their intellectual powers to thought and inquiry, after the usual period of decline has been reached. And those whose physical energies become sluggish, especially in old age, almost invariably exhibit evidences of a like mental condition. The relation between the mind and the body is so intimate that the one is almost of necessity very far affected by the state of the other. And this is just as true in advanced life as in earlier years. It is therefore extremely important that every man of fifty or sixty years should watch carefully the changes in his physical condition and use all available means of preserving sound bodily health, if he would enjoy long-continued mental health. And this is the more necessary because there is usually in later life a proneness to seek physical repose, which may easily be indulged so far as to hasten general decrepitude and a loss of courage for every endeavor requiring a vigorous application of the mental forces. And with mental inertia comes a loss of intellectual power by disuse of the faculties.

The writer is not a physician, and would not presume to make prescriptions on this subject. But his own experience has taught him the value of moderate physical exercise regularly taken every day at certain hours, as a means of preserving not only bodily health but intellectual activity. And the same experience has proved the value of repose

and sleep at regular intervals and during the number of hours required by one's physical constitution. A little more rest is requisite in advanced life than in earlier years; but it is easy to err on the side of too much indulgence in this direction. It is well to guard carefully against extremes, both in respect to exercise and repose. Excessive exertion is positively dangerous to most persons of threescore years; and too much repose may readily degenerate into bodily and mental inertia.

In this connection I venture to speak of the indulgence of appetite, in which moderation, at all times the dictate of wisdom, is especially so at this period of life. It is a great mistake to cultivate an unnatural abstemiousness in old age; for then, if ever, the system needs the support of its usual aliment as far as a well-regulated appetite suggests. It is as mischievous to restrain a moderate desire for food, as to indulge a morbid craving for it beyond due bounds, in any season of life. And to keep up the proper habit in this respect it is of the utmost consequence to see well to it that the digestion be healthful and regular. Without this, appetite will fail, or become morbid, and general derangement, or at least languor, will ensue. The nervous life must be kept from decline, if the mental powers are to be preserved from corresponding weakness. But on all these points the advice of a judicious physician should be sought. I only refer to them here, because they are so often overlooked by aged persons until the mental forces are hopelessly impaired through the premature loss of physical power, and especially the weakening of the nerv-

ous energies. But one single word of caution before I leave this part of the subject. I have learned from long observation that habitual *solicitude* about one's bodily health is sufficient to counteract all the beneficial effects of the best hygienic precautions or treatment.

2. In the second place, the person who has passed the meridian of life, must be careful not to relax mental exertion, except by very slow degrees, if he would keep his mind bright and vigorous. There is at this period, an almost uniform tendency to shun arduous mental effort. But yielding overmuch to this tendency is like using glasses to aid the sight prematurely, or changing one's glasses to lower numbers before it becomes really necessary. It aggravates the difficulty. It accelerates the decline of the natural forces.

Some men go out of business, and others abandon their professional pursuits, as soon as advanced age begins to come on, having acquired sufficient means for the support of themselves and their families, or from the sheer desire of rest. Such a policy is most unwise; for the reason that we all need some pressure upon us as a spur to continued mental activity. And without a persistent use of the mental faculties they will inevitably lose their vigor before the time. I have observed for many years that those who relinquish their pursuits while they have yet health and strength for the prosecution of their callings, are accustomed to suffer loss by the rapid decline of both their physical and intellectual powers. A man who has no regular duties to perform will seldom tax himself with efforts which

he may easily neglect. He may resolve to keep up his reading and studies, or to give his attention to the exciting questions of the times. But his thinking will grow increasingly languid, and he will gradually sink into the habit of recurring to the past for the food of his mind, and will soon fall behind the acting generation in point of intellectual brightness and ready intelligence. I would say to every elderly man, aim to "die with the harness on." It may not be wise to keep the shoulder under the same heavy burdens that were borne in middle life. But it is wise, relaxing somewhat the tension of the mind, to hold on in bearing such responsibilities as will require the highest degrees of mental exertion that may be put forth without a sense of oppression to mind or body. And the more agreeable one can make his regular employments the better for his mental health.

It is worthy of note, how many great men have persevered in their mental labors up to very advanced years. Milton did not finish his Paradise Lost until he was about fifty-seven years old. Humboldt wrote his greatest work, the Cosmos, after he was seventy-five. John Quincy Adams was an active member of Congress until he was eighty years of age, and discussed almost every important question that came up in the House while he was a member of it. Dr. Nathaniel Emmons made some of his most elaborate investigations after his seventieth year. And Dr. Murdoch studied the Syriac language after he was sixty, and published his translation of the Syriac New Testament when he was seventy. Thus many men have accomplished much

of their best work, in a period of life which many others have needlessly given up to sluggish repose. It is a great waste to abandon intellectual effort before the time, and it hastens not only mental decline, but physical decay and death. Our minds were given us to be continuously employed for beneficent ends, as long as the requisite vigor may be retained.

But let me suggest some particular respects in which it is especially important to watch against the loss of mental energy, and some methods by which the force and vivacity of the intellectual faculties may be preserved.

The memory is usually the first power of the mind to fail in point of ready service. This all experience proves. Nor is it possible to guard fully against this common misfortune of elderly persons. But it may be mitigated in a large measure by judicious means. The exercise of the memory depends very much upon two laws or causes. The law of association is the first. By this we are enabled to recall events by recurring to the connections in which we have noted them. And it is wise for every person who finds his memory beginning to fail, to be careful to mark each particular which he would recall, in some of its more important relations, so as to associate it with something else which he knows he may readily recover, and by the aid of which he may bring back the item in question. Thus, a person may associate some thought of a speaker which he wishes to remember, with the man who uttered it, and the place where he heard it, and so be enabled to reproduce it without much difficulty. I have long been in

the habit of associating names with their initial letter, and in this way I frequently recover a name, with a little reflection, which I cannot recall at first. But to make this method of memory by association available in advancing life, it is often necessary to make an effort to *impress* upon the mind the connection in which an event or particular is to be found, so as to help in the recollection of the place in the map of the memory where it belongs.

The other law of memory to be considered is, that the ease of recalling anything depends very much upon the *special interest* that has been awakened in the mind in connection with the object or fact to be remembered. In old age it is more difficult to excite an interest in passing events than in youth or middle age, partly because like events are already familiar to the mind of the older person, and partly because he is less accustomed to give his attention to particular incidents than the younger person. But attention and interest, being necessary in order to the activity of the memory in any given case, it is the more incumbent on the aged person to *school* his habits of attention so as to keep up, as far as possible, a lively interest in passing occurrences, and thus to quicken his power of reproducing them at pleasure. This requires constant effort, but it will pay well for what it costs.

Regularity in the exercise of the mental faculties fulfills an important condition of their continued healthful activity. It is the fault of many elderly persons that their intellectual activity is at some times intense, and at other times greatly relaxed. Especially is this true of men who have

no definite employment, and are only excited to mental exertion by peculiar events or circumstances. In such cases the mental faculties are on some occasions overtasked, while in ordinary conditions, they are suffered to grow sluggish. It is obvious that such a habit must tend to impair the steady vigor of the mind. Daily and uniform mental exertion are the price to be paid for long-continued mental force. And accordingly we find that those men whose faculties have held out the longest in useful service, are those whose intellectual habits have been the most regular and steady. Thus students of nature, professors in institutions of learning, and ministers of the Gospel, are most likely to hold out in mental power to a good old age.

It is of great value to aged persons to maintain their habits of reading in the line of the living age. It is proverbial that the old are prone to think that "the former times were better than these." One reason of this, doubtless is, that they live mainly in the past, and do not keep abreast of the times by reading and other means of information and culture. A man must be conversant with present events, to be able to estimate them aright; and the general reading of living literature and news will tend to keep him in sympathy with the actors on the stage, and to compare justly the present with the past. If, moreover, a person would keep his mind quickened and energetic he must commune habitually with the thinking men of the age now passing. No man can derive impulse and spirit from those who have gone from the world, as from those who are living and moving around him. As the aged ab-

sorb physical life from the young by close contact with them, so they draw fresh mental vigor from their daily intercourse with the young thought of the acting world. Let every man in his declining years keep up his habits of reading the freshest books and periodicals, and he will reap the reward in the intellectual stimulus which he will borrow from younger minds.

The like may be said also, in regard to the habitual study of living subjects. The aged man is prone to dwell upon the themes that interested him most in his earlier years. But many of those topics have lost their hold upon the public mind. The subjects that now occupy the attention of the people are mainly new, or have assumed new forms. And if a man is not conscious that his thinking is running parallel with that of other men of the acting generation, he will by degrees lose the activity of his thought. Every one needs the quickening influence of the stirring world on every side of him to keep his mind awake and vigorous. The theological questions, the political questions, the literary questions, the social questions of the present hour, are the ones to engage our interest and keep our intellectual faculties on the alert. By dwelling upon such living themes we are aided in our mental activity, as our senses are kept awake on a journey by the scenes through which we are passing and not by those which we witnessed somewhere else years ago.

On the same principle it behooves every aged person to maintain his habits of intercourse with living society. The old are tempted to withdraw, in a great measure, from soci-

ety, either from lack of sympathy with the young, or from the apprehension that their presence is not welcome. An earnest effort should be made to overcome this tendency, both for the sake of others, and our own benefit.

By the continued *cultivation* of social habits, it is possible for almost every aged person to mingle in general society with pleasure and profit, and at the same time to minister to the satisfaction and enjoyment of others. We are brought into the closest contact with other minds by personal intercourse with them; and the quickening influences of society are therefore fitted to contribute to our continued mental vivacity as nothing else can. It is for this reason that social persons are in most cases mentally bright, and often even brilliant, when the sere leaves of advanced autumn are almost ready to fall. If we would keep our minds astir with youthful spirit, let us keep ourselves in the atmosphere of the young and acting generation.

3. Need I suggest, in this connection, the importance of maintaining habitual control over the feelings and passions? A man who gives way to moroseness and fretfulness, or to restless discontent, or to a fault-finding spirit, as age advances, will inevitably lose the power of commanding his intellectual faculties to good purpose. For how can he use his mental energies well if an irritable spirit has the mastery over him? Calmness of mind is an essential condition of well-balanced intellectual activity. The indulged excitability of harsh tempers is frequently a most serious obstacle to the best exercise of the intellectual

powers in the cases of aged persons who from impaired nervous health or from unrestrained habits lose the needful rule over their own spirits. Such persons are verily "like a city broken down and without walls;" while "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," both in respect to the comfort of others and the healthful activity of his mental faculties in every direction. Watchfulness at this point grows increasingly necessary with the progress of years. For experience teaches the mischiefs of ill-regulated passions in that period of life when sereneness of mind ought to crown the glory of the setting sun.

4. One other condition of long-continued and well-poised mental activity, is habitual cheerfulness. A sombre temper, though not characterized by special excitability, is like a sullen cloud hanging over all the mental faculties. Sunlight is needful to keep vegetation alive and vigorous in the material world; and so a cheerful spirit is essential not only to the buoyant elasticity of the mind in youth and middle life, but especially to its protracted vigor in later years. If a gloomy disposition is sometimes present where the intellectual powers continue active three or fourscore years, this is not habitually so. In the great majority of cases a cheerful temper goes along with a healthful mental activity as long as life lasts. This fact is brought forward in this connection for the reason that in the latter end of life there are often peculiar occasions of mental depression, which it is difficult to resist, so as to keep up a cheerful and joyous habit. But it is possible by special effort to culti-

vate such a spirit, even in the anticipation of the dark hour that must come to all. It is well, in old age, to think often upon the brighter passages in former life, to keep the mind intent upon some present duty, and to cultivate that Christian faith which "looks beyond the bounds of time," in forecasting the glorious morning that is to follow the approaching night. Thus the spirit will be preserved in a mood most favorable to continued intellectual life, and the pleasures of a good conscience and of an assured hope will shine out in the countenance and shed their radiance over the whole soul, until the brighter light of the coming day shall introduce the springtime of immortal youth.

MENTAL ENERGIES IN OLD AGE.

To die as Plato died, with pen in hand, is the ideal close of life to every lover and follower of intellectual work. The thought of a second childhood is intolerable. A man's intellectual life will be paralyzed and his thirst for knowledge quenched and his usefulness consequently diminished, if he have the conviction that a decline of mental vigor inevitably awaits him as he verges toward the seventies.

On the other hand, it is not easy to over-estimate the inspiration and progressive spirit which will be wrought into the very life of the intellect by the controlling idea that the power of thought shall move as deeply, as vigorously, and with keener and nicer discrimination at its setting than at its meridian. Both ideas have been dis-

cussed, and both are influential in the minds of men, now as ever.

In point of fact there is no necessity for a loss of mental vigor with the advance of years. God has provided for ceaseless growth here as elsewhere among the higher forces of human nature. No Christian thinker is bold enough to affirm that men of right purposes cannot, do not, and are not bound to grow in purity and strength of character at any age.

Under certain conditions, then, there need not be any decline of mental vigor with advance in years in the ordinary professions of life. The distinction between hard work and suicidal work must never be lost sight of here. Exceptions are also to be cleared out of our way—such as those who are freighted with inherited disease, and those who in youth or throughout life seriously sin against the laws of health. With these limitations, there are three things obedience to which will secure, in all ordinary cases, a continuance in intellectual growth.

The first is obedience to the laws of health. Sleep, air, exercise, appropriate food, and careful appropriation of the food, are necessities here. In these days we hear a great deal about the "sleepless mind." A fine phrase, but if taken literally, precisely equivalent to the "thoughtless mind." So also with the matter of food. How can a man's blood be at his brain when it is driving the digestive organs, which are endeavoring to dispose of the square inches of roast beef lying in their immediate vicinity? Everybody knows this, but we must be doers of the word,

and not hearers only, if the idea of mental growth is to be realized.

The second thing to be observed is regular, systematic brain work. Storms of thought, or doing up the thinking of a year in a few excited hours, may seem very grand, but it does not contain the law of progress. Whenever we hear any one in raptures over this method we are always reminded of Lyman Beecher's comparison of spasmodic charity with a servant girl's attempt to boil the kettle with a blaze of straw. The muscular development is the law of mental, systematic and adequate exercise. Every time the blacksmith swings his hammer he either increases the strength of his arm or preserves what he has acquired. And the man who does his thinking with the same industry and conscientiousness will experience more surprising results in the same direction. This law will not trammel him, as he may think it will his brother at the anvil, as age advances. The parallel of mental and muscular development under the law of systematic and adequate exercise is not complete, because of the diversity of the subjects on which it acts.

A third element which makes for intellectual growth is a high moral purpose behind the faculty of thought. This keeps the mind in harmony with itself, and gives it a balance and an inspiration which can be derived from no other source.

A few illustrations may serve to point the moral. Webster replied to Hayne at 48, to Calhoun on "Nullification" at 51, and made his 7th of March speech when 68 years

old. Franklin, as his biographer tells us, died "in the 84th year of his age; his mental faculties playing with unimpaired energy."

Dr. Chalmers was found by Dean Stanley only a few weeks before his death (67) hard at work on the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." Thomas Reid, the Scottish philosopher, wrote some of the most valuable of his works after his 75th year; and Dr. Pond, of Bangor, in his 90th year, is still a vigorous and fruitful writer.

The public policies of Europe have been for the last decade in the hands of men whose ripe age has undoubtedly been an important factor in the success of their administrations, and whose bold and aggressive movements have displayed none of the conservatism usually associated with advanced years.

—*The Christian Union.*



CHRISTIAN MEN AND THEIR WORK AT FIFTY AND BEYOND.

REV. GLEN WOOD.

HUMAN life is not only a precious gift, but is also a sacred trust,—a talent committed to our care, to be used for the honor of the great Author of Life, and for which an account must be rendered at last. And this is true not only of life as a whole, but of its various periods.

The command is, "Occupy till I come." This command of the Savior is enforced by his example, as expressed in his own words, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." The mandate of Solomon is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do *it* with thy might, for *there is* no work in the grave, whither thou goest." There is work *here*, this side the grave,—work *now*, while the day lasts, work, *till he comes*, *then* rest, blessed, eternal rest.

The obligations of life bind us to work in the vineyard of our Lord while the ability to work lasts, and to work up to the full measure of that ability until our honorable discharge comes. The work of Christian men at the different periods of life may vary, according to the peculiarities of their strength and circumstances; but the obligation to

work, to do earnestly and cheerfully what their hands find to do, is an imperative one, from which there can be no release until life closes or the ability to work is withdrawn.

It is certain that men of virtuous habits and active life are not worn out at fifty years of age, but on the contrary they are then often in the very prime of life, and fitted for the most efficient and successful exercise of their talents and faculties. Many have accomplished vastly more for the Master and the world, after this period of life, than before it.

It is therefore pertinent to inquire: What should Christian men propose to themselves at fifty years of age and after? Surely it should not be the fool's policy, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

Those who have been reared by wise and faithful parents, and have led Christian lives, are free from the cruel effects of carnal self-indulgence. They find themselves at life's midday in the possession of cultivated minds and pure hearts, in sound and vigorous bodies. They are well fitted for many years of happy, efficient and successful work, in just the time when Christian work has larger promise and hope than ever before. They have knowledge, experience, wisdom and understanding, and are qualified to speak with authority and influence. They are able to discern the signs of the times. They see the world moved by the great questions involved in the Christian Faith as never before. They see the principles of civil and religious liberty permeating the populations of the world, and lifting up the

nations to higher planes of intelligence and activity. They *know* the word and truth of God, and they are able to speak confidently, after long experience of the power of the word and the grace of God to dignify and ennoble mankind. They find at their command such facilities for successful Christian work, and opening before them such marvelous opportunities for usefulness as have distinguished no former age.

Surely, such men, with such rare qualifications, and living in such eventful times, would be recreant to their most solemn obligations and chargeable with the grossest folly were they to throw away their influence and settle down to a life of inglorious ease.

The young are taught in the sacred word to give respect and honor to the counsels of age. And that such counsels may command and warrant this respect and honor, men of mature and advanced years should carefully and constantly use all their opportunities and advantages. They should walk with great confidence in God, and with the full assurance of hope, showing that they have not served the Lord in vain, and that their trials, and their experiences of Divine Grace have thoroughly confirmed and established them in the knowledge and love of God, and in the joyful expectation of His coming. They should exhibit in their lives that personal self-control and subjugation of the appetites and passions, and that development of Christian graces which clearly indicate that they have "passed from death unto life, and that their lives are hid with Christ in God." Especially, should they, by their patience and

cheerfulness in the sufferings and infirmities of growing years, give to all, the *demonstration* of the peculiar value and power of divine grace—and thus by the influence of their example of holy living work for the Master.

Such a man finding himself well established in a good and profitable business, will find a most pleasant and useful work in continuing the conduct of his business, first, as a matter of profitable employment for himself; and secondly, as a school of trade in which boys and young men may be taught under his experienced eye, and trained for the responsibilities of personal trusts, and then sent forth to engage in business, either for themselves or to occupy positions of trust and responsibility in the service of others.

Why may not experienced and successful business men of fifty years and beyond, whom God has prospered and blessed with wealth, use their talents and experience and business for the training of others to be a blessing in the world? Why may not business houses, often having more employees than the number of students in our colleges, become practical schools of art and trade, and the men of age and experience in them become practically presidents and professors? It is an established fact that ninety-four to ninety-eight per cent. of business men fail. Cannot such a disastrous record be changed by the experienced and successful men of fifty and beyond in some such way as indicated above?

In this connection may be mentioned another important method of improving the means at command and rendering

valuable service to these trained young men, and through them to the world. When a young man trained in such a school of trade is ready to go forth to his work, he is often without means, and needs a small capital upon which to commence business. His instructor knowing his abilities and trustworthiness, may render him most important service, by giving him an interest in the business of his own house, or by advancing him the means upon which he may commence business on his own account—his advances to be repaid from the profits of the business within a specified time, with interest, to be again used in aiding some other young man to plant a new business. In this way trained young men of ability and integrity may be enabled to enter upon a successful business career and grow up to become the successors to their instructors when they shall be called from labor to rest. Thus "bread cast upon the waters will be found after many days."

Business men at fifty and beyond should continue their business relations and pursuits that they may gather means to be employed in the Master's cause.

At this time of life they are specially fitted to prosecute with success their business.

They have large experience, extensive business acquaintance and relations, and can command the necessary capital for the successful prosecution of business. This is the endowment of the ten talents, for the proper improvement of which they will be held responsible.

And though they may have gained all they need for themselves and families, that will not justify them in aban-

doning the business pursuits for which all their previous life has only been a preparation, at a time when they are eminently fitted for its successful prosecution. Let them now "be diligent in business," as well as "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Let them embrace their opportunities to make money, to be used for the glory of God in the well-being of mankind. This will render their life a consecrated one. They will be able with a liberal hand to scatter blessings for the relief of suffering, the comfort of the sorrowing, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. In this work they can glorify God as they can in no other way, and bring richer blessings to the race than by a life of elegant indolence.

One distinguished man in New York, contemporaneous with the nineteenth century, had resolved to retire from business when he should reach the age of fifty. But upon reaching that age, and finding himself sound in body, clear in mind, loving in heart toward God and man, and well established in business, he felt that he could not act the fool's part, but resolved to go on and do all he could; and since he had all he needed of this world's goods, he determined to use the means his Lord might give him from that time in doing His work among men. About as many years have since transpired as had then been devoted to business. God has blessed that man. Large sums of money have been turned into the Lord's treasury, and multitudes of men to-day call that men blessed.

Thus may Christian men of fifty and beyond become the almoners of their own estates. They may distribute

according to their own best judgment the means God has given them, and experience the peculiar pleasure of giving, in learning that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

But while thus engaged in business, holding in their hands the reins, other and younger men may look after its details and bear its burdens, giving them leisure time to be employed in the various work of the Christian life.

Consecrated business men working for Christ. This is one of the wants of the church, and when such men are found, they become an element of great power.

Such men, at the head of large business establishments, may exert a wonderful influence over their employees in leading them to Christ and training them in holy and useful lives by direct personal labor in their behalf.

The writer was once solicited by an earnest Christian business man to visit his establishment and labor with the men in his employ. But there was neither time nor opportunity for the men or the visitor, for such work, amid the roar of the machinery of the mill. Not long after, that good man found that he himself could do the Christian work desired much more successfully than any stranger. An extra room in his office, and a private room in his own house, furnished the places where he could take his men as opportunity offered, and teach them the great principles of the Gospel of the Son of God and lead them to the blessed Saviour.

In the great revival in Chicago in 1876–7, under the evangelists Moody and Sankey, some of the Christian proprietors of the business houses of that city opened meet-

ings for their employees, which hundreds of them attended. In such ways, business men of age and experience and established religious character, may make a successful business the means of new and untold good to men. They may pass down to posterity a race of Christian business men, whose value to the church and the country shall be beyond computation. Let Christian business men remember that their employees and subordinates are something more than mere machines for making money. That they have immortal souls—redeemed by precious blood—and that their relations to them give them rare opportunities of leading them to Christ and training them for usefulness.

Consecrated business men may greatly influence for good their business associates—by personal effort for and with them. They will have this advantage over ministers. Their efforts are not professional, and they will escape the prejudice which always meets a minister in, "O well, it is his business." Men in their own sphere of life will appreciate their efforts in their behalf, knowing that they are prompted alone by love for their souls.

Men of advanced years, who have been trained in the school of Christ, should have a store of knowledge gained by the study of the word, by their own experience, and by the practice of Christian virtues which especially qualify them to be *counselors.* To aged men the human mind looks for knowledge and judgment. To them also the commands of God direct attention for the same thing. They are expected to sit in the gates as counselors. Before them the people are required to wait with respectful

attention and to give heed to their words. It is therefore the duty and the honor of these men to be always *ready* to give reasons for the hopes they entertain, and also to give counsel and help to all to whom the Master may send them, or whom He may send to them. To give words of friendly counsel, and perform acts of sympathy and love are among the privileged blessings of age and experience.

But the poor men, and those who have been converted in later life may ask, And what shall we do?

There are no greater triumphs of grace than are manifest in the conversion of men of fifty years of age and beyond. The first thing such men have to do, is to honor God by their steadfast faith in him, serving him with all faithfulness in all things.

If poor, depending upon daily labor for daily bread, let unwavering trust in God, and a joyful contentment with the allotments of his providence, demonstrate to their families and to all who know them, that they have found the peace of God which passeth understanding. Then let no opportunity slip to encourage younger men to faithfulness, and to warn those who are spending their days in selfishness and sin, to turn from their folly and seek unto the Lord. Their experience in sin, as well as in the new life may be made a great blessing to others. A warning to escape from the ways of sin and thus avoid their bitter experience of its evil, and an encouragement to seek the Lord, whose mercy reached and saved them. By thus laboring for the good of others, they themselves will be helped forward to higher attainments in the divine life, and the

blessed Father only knows to what grand results they may yet attain before their work on earth is done. One thing is certain, if they are faithful unto the end, they shall wear a crown at last, and it shall not be starless.

Professional men should make themselves useful in their advanced years in the line of their professions, by counselling those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, and by putting upon record the results of their experiences and observations in their life work.

The lawyer may become an eminent counselor. The physician a valuable adviser. The teacher a reliable guide, and the preacher an efficient co-worker or voluntary missionary. The man of letters can surely keep his intellect clear and his mind active by continual practice in the use of his pen. He, as surely as any other man, will become weary and disconsolate if exertion, thought, and practice are abandoned. To discontinue the exercise of the faculties inevitably impairs their strength, and mental imbecility is almost sure to follow decaying health and luxurious ease.

Let, then, all men in all conditions of life, continue the exercise of all their faculties in the various pursuits of life for which they are best fitted, and in deeds of kindness and Christian work so long as life lasts, or until the power to work is withdrawn.

It is too common for Christian people of all classes and ages to require of their pastors not only the preparation of "beaten oil for the sanctuary," but *all* the work of visiting the sick and the inquiring, and carrying the Gospel to

the homes of the irreligious and bringing them to Christ. But the injunction of the Master to disciple all people was laid upon *all the disciples*, as well as upon the apostles. This was evidently wise, because it is manifest that pastors cannot perform all this work, and also that every Christian has need of the discipline that comes from the exercise of the Christian graces in such work as well as the pastor. If only pastors could perform Christian work, then only could they have the opportunity to grow in grace.

Their long and joyful experiences of the blessings of God in the affairs of life must have taught them precious lessons of love, and trust, and hope.

It may be assumed that the men of fifty and beyond are rooted and grounded in the faith. The soil of their hearts must be well watered with the dews of heaven.

What then can be more important for the cause of God among men, as for their own completenesss in Christ, than such efficient co-operation with their pastors in Christian work, as their age, experience and opportunities qualify them for? They can fill the offices of the church, establish and superintend local and cottage prayer-meetings and assist in holding religious service in neighborhoods, and hold special meetings. They can visit the sick, comfort the sorrowing, counsel the young, and encourage the old. They can devise and endow plans by which widows and efficient women can be employed in the service of the church in visiting and nursing the sick, relieving the poor, and diffusing among all classes the instructions and consolations of the Gospel. Thus spending the evening of life

in the Master's service, they will come down to their graves like shocks of corn fully ripe for the harvest, ceasing at once to work and live—passing from labor to rest, from toil to a glorious reward.

When all shall be done, and men are about to enter into rest, there will often be something of this world's goods left, even though they have truly acted as their own executors. Whatever remains in their hands should be disposed of by a will, judiciously drawn, and executed in good season, while they are in health and vigor. Alterations may be made, or a new will executed should such changes in circumstances occur as render it desirable.

No large sums should be left to heirs. A liberally endowed child is almost surely ruined. Do not curse your children by making them rich, after spending your life in helping others into the kingdom of God.

Give them a faithful training to loving obedience, a good education, and a small fund to start with, if they are not already established in business, and trust them to work their own way through life and up to heaven under the blessing of God, as you have done.

Select, as the objects of your gifts, those institutions which are best adapted to diffuse the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Saviour among men, especially to the poor, and are under the management of men thoroughly devoted to the work of the Master. Thus help good men and women to prosecute the very work of God to which your life has been devoted. It is worthy of serious consideration whether the endowment of churches, either

by funds left for the payment of current expenses, or by large investments in fine buildings and gorgeous surroundings is a wise investment of money. The inquiry may also extend to institutions of learning, especially such as are already endowed. The Master said, "The poor ye have always with you, and whenever ye will ye may do them good." Suitable aid for the poor and unfortunate classes are among our most worthy charities.

But this aid should be so rendered as not to encourage and foster their poverty, nor destroy their ambition, their self-reliance, and their self-respect. It is the Divine appointment that men must "eat their bread in the sweat of their brow." In this life it is of first importance that men should be usefully employed, and no man whom God has blessed with the success of earnest activity should throw away the fruits of his labor by injudicious gifts to the poor, or for their benefit.

Wise appropriations for the relief of the suffering, and the establishment and endowment of homes for the aged, infirm, and distressed classes, are among the most worthy objects of our beneficence, and provisions for the diffusion of the saving truths of the Gospel among the masses of the people, are noble objects of Christian gifts. By such legacies, men though dead, yet live in their influence upon the world, and send down the flowing years, the fruits of their living and giving.

Blessed life and blessed work, when life and work are consecrated to Christ. Commencing the Master's work in life's early morning and prosecuting it with diligence and

cheerfulness through all its periods until old age, and experiencing the blessed fulfillment of the promise "Even to old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." "They shall bring forth fruit in old age . . . . . to show that the Lord is upright."

And then, when life's toils are ended they inherit the promise "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," and enter upon the glorious reward of fidelity; and receive the final commendation of their Lord, "Good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

FROM CICERO'S ESSAY ON OLD AGE.

THE following extracts are from a discourse "De Senectute," by Cicero, the world-renowned Roman orator, who was born one hundred and six years before Christ. He is one among many pleasant proofs that God never leaves himself without a witness in the hearts of men, in any age or country. Cicero says: "I have represented these reflections as delivered by the venerable Cato; but in delivering *his* sentiments, I desire to be understood as fully declaring *my own.*"

Those who have no internal resources of happiness will find themselves uneasy in every stage of human life; but to him who is accustomed to derive happiness from within himself, no state will appear as a real evil into which he is conducted by the common and regular course of nature; and this is peculiarly the case with respect to old age. I follow nature, as the surest guide, and resign myself with implicit obedience to her sacred ordinances. After having wisely distributed peculiar and proper enjoyments to all the preceding periods of life, it cannot be supposed that she would neglect the last, and leave it destitute of suitable enjoyments. After a certain point of maturity is attained, marks of decay must necessarily appear; but to

this unavoidable condition of his present being, every wise and good man will submit with contented and cheerful acquiescence.

Nothing can be more void of foundation than the assertion that old age necessarily disqualifies a man for taking part in the great affairs of the world. If an old man cannot perform in business a part which requires the bodily strength and energy of more vigorous years, he can act in a nobler and more important character. Momentous affairs of state are not conducted by corporeal strength and activity; they require cool deliberation, prudent counsel and authoritative influence; qualifications which are strengthened and improved by increase of years. Few among mankind arrive at old age; and this suggests a reason why the affairs of the world are not better conducted; for age brings experience, discretion and judgment, without which no well-informed government could have been established, or can be maintained. Appius Claudius was not only old but blind, when he remonstrated in the Senate with so much force and spirit against concluding a peace with Pyrrhus. The celebrated General Quintus Maximus led our troops to battle in his old age, with as much spirit as if he had been in the prime and vigor of life. It was by his advice and eloquence, when he was extremely old, that the Cincian law concerning donatives was enacted. And it was not merely in the conspicuous paths of the world that this excellent man was truly great. He appeared still greater in the private and domestic scenes of life. There was a dignity in his deportment, tempered with singular

politeness and affability; and time wrought no alteration in his amiable qualities. How pleasing and instructive was his conversation! How profound his knowledge of antiquity and the laws! His memory was so retentive that there was no event of any note connected with our public affairs with which he was not well acquainted. I eagerly embraced every opportunity to enjoy his society, feeling that after his death I should never again meet with so wise and improving a companion.

But it is not necessary to be a hero or a statesman in order to lead an easy and agreeable old age. That season of life may prove equally serene and pleasant to him who has passed his days in the retired paths of learning. It is urged that old age impairs the memory. It may have that effect on those in whom memory was originally infirm, or who have not preserved its vigor by exercising it properly. But the faculties of the mind will preserve their power in old age, unless they are suffered to become languid for want of due cultivation. Caius Gallus employed himself to the very last moments of his long life in measuring the distances of the heavenly orbs and determining the dimension of this, our earth. How often has the sun risen in his astronomical calculations! How frequently has night overtaken him in the same elevated studies! With what delight did he amuse himself in predicting to us long before they happened, the several lunar and solar eclipses! Other ingenious applications of the mind there are, though of a lighter nature, which may greatly contribute to enliven and amuse the decline of life. Thus Nævius, in

composing his poem on the Carthagenian war, and Plautus in writing his two last comedies, filled up the leisure of their latter days with wonderful complacency and satisfaction. I can affirm the same of our dramatic poet Livius, whom I remember to have seen in his old age; and let me not forget Marcus Cethegus, justly styled the soul of eloquence, whom I likewise saw in his old age exercising even his oratorical talents with uncommon force and vivacity. All these old men I saw pursuing their respective studies with the utmost order and alacrity. Solon, in one of his poems, glories that he learned something every day he lived. Plato occupied himself with philosophical studies, till they were interrupted by death at eighty-one years of age. Isocrates composed his famous discourse when he was ninety-four years old, and he lived five years afterward. Saphocles continued to write tragedies when he was extremely old. Gray hair proved no obstacle to the philosophic pursuits of Pythagoras, Zeno, Cleanthes, or the venerable Diogenes. These eminent persons persevered in their studies with undiminished earnestness to the last moment of their extended lives. Liontinus Gorgias, who lived to be one hundred and seven years old, pursued his studies with unremitting assiduity to the last. When asked if he did not wish to rid himself of the burden of such prolonged years. he replied, "I find no reason to complain of old age."

The statement that age impairs our strength is not without foundation. But, after all, imbecility of body is more frequently caused by youthful irregularities than by the

natural and unavoidable consequences of long life. By temperance and exercise, a man may secure to his old age no inconsiderable degree of his former spirit and activity. The venerable Lucius Metellus preserved such a florid old age to his last moments, as to have no reason to lament the depredations of time. If it must be acknowledged that time inevitably undermines physical strength, it is equally true that great bodily vigor is not required in the decline of life. A moderate degree of force is sufficient for all rational purposes. I no more regret the absence of youthful vigor, than when young I lamented because I was not endowed with the strength of a bull or an elephant. Old age has, at least, sufficient strength remaining to train the rising generation, and instruct them in the duties to which they may hereafter be called; and certainly there cannot be a more important or a more honorable occupation. There is satisfaction in communicating every kind of useful knowledge; and it must render a man happy to employ the faculties of his mind in so noble and beneficial a purpose, how much soever time may have impaired his bodily powers. Men of good sense, in the evening of life, are generally fond of associating with the younger part of the world, and, when they discover amiable qualities in them, they find it an alleviation of their infirmities to gain their affection and esteem; and well-inclined young men think themselves equally happy to be guided into the paths of knowledge and virtue by the instructions of experienced elders. I love to see the fire of youth somewhat tempered by the sobriety of age, and it is pleasant to see the gravity

of age enlivened by the vivacity of youth. Whoever combines these two qualities in his character will never exhibit traces of senility in his mind, though his body may bear the marks of years.

As for the natural and necessary inconveniences attendant upon length of years, we ought to counteract their progress by constant and resolute opposition. The infirmities of age should be resisted like the approach of disease. To this end we should use regular and moderate exercise, and merely eat and drink as much as is necessary to repair our strength, without oppressing the organs of digestion. And the intellectual faculties as well as the physical, should be carefully assisted. Mind and body thrive equally by suitable exercise of their powers, with this difference, however, that bodily exertion ends in fatigue, whereas the mind is never wearied by activity.

Another charge against old age is, that it deprives us of sensual gratifications. Happy effect, indeed to be delivered from those snares which allure youth into some of the worst vices! "Reason," said Archytas, "is the noblest gift which God or nature has bestowed on men. Now nothing is so great an enemy to that divine endowment as the pleasures of sense; for neither temperance, nor any of the more exalted virtues, can find a place in that breast which is under the dominion of voluptuous passions. Imagine to yourself a man in the actual enjoyment of the highest gratifications mere animal nature is capable of receiving; there can be no doubt that during his continuance in that state it would be utterly impossible for him

to exert any one power of his rational faculties." The inference I draw from this is, that if the principles of reason and virtue have not proved sufficient to inspire us with proper contempt for mere sensual pleasures, we have cause to feel grateful to old age for at least weaning us from appetites it would ill become us to gratify; for voluptuous passions are bitter enemies to all the nobler faculties of the soul; they hold no communion with the manly virtues, and they cast a mist before the eye of reason. The little relish which old age leaves for enjoyments merely sensual, instead of being a disparagement to that period of life, considerably enhances its value. If age renders us incapable of taking an equal share in the flowing cups and luxurious dishes of wealthy tables, it thereby secures us from painful indigestion, restless nights, and disordered reason.

But though his years will guard an old man from excess, they by no means exclude him from enjoying convivial gratifications in a moderate degree. I always took singular satisfaction in the anniversaries of those little societies called Confraternities. But the gratifications I received from their entertainments arose much less from the pleasures of the palate than from the opportunity they afforded for enjoying the company and conversation of friends. I derive so much pleasure from hours devoted to cheerful discourse, that I love to prolong my meals, not only when the company is composed of men of my own years, few of whom indeed are now remaining, but also when it chiefly consists of young persons. And I acknowledge my obli-

gations to old age for having increased my passion for the pleasures of conversation, while it has abated it for those which depend solely on the palate; though I do not find myself disqualified for that species of gratification also.

The advantages of age are inestimable, if we consider it as delivering us from the tyranny of lust and ambition, from angry and contentious passions, from inordinate and irrational desires; in a word, as teaching us to retire within ourselves, and look for happiness in our own souls. If to these moral benefits, which naturally result from length of days, be added the sweet food of the mind, gathered in the fields of science, I know of no season of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age. Can the luxuries of the table, or the amusements of the theatre, supply their votaries with enjoyments worthy to be compared with the calm delights of intellectual enjoyments? And, in minds rightly formed and properly cultivated, these exalted delights never fail to improve and gather strength with years.

From the pleasures which attend a studious old age, let us turn to those derived from rural occupations, of which I am a warm admirer. Pleasures of this class are perfectly consistent with every degree of advanced years, as they approach more nearly than any others to those of a purely philosophical kind. They are derived from observing the nature and properties of our earth, which yields ready obedience to the cultivator's industry, and returns, with interest, whatever he places in her charge. But the profits arising from this fertility is by no means the most

desirable circumstance of the farmer's labors. I am principally delighted with observing the powers of nature and tracing her processes in vegetable productions. How wonderful it is that each species is endowed with power to continue itself; and that minute seeds should develop so amazingly into large trunks and branches! The orchard, the vegetable garden, and the parterre diversify the pleasures of farming; not to mention the feeding of cattle and the rearing of bees. Among my friends and neighbors in the country are several men far advanced in life, who employ themselves with so much activity and industry in agricultural business that nothing important is carried on without their supervision. And these rural veterans do not confine their energies to those sorts of crops which are sown and reaped in one year. They occupy themselves in branches of husbandry from which they know they cannot live to derive any advantage. If asked why they thus expend their labor, they might well reply, "We do it in obedience to the immortal gods. By their bountiful providence we received these fields from our ancestors, and it is their will that we should transmit them to posterity with improvements." In my opinion there is no happier occupation than agriculture; not only on account of its great utility to mankind, but also as the source of peculiar pleasures. I might expatiate on the beauties of verdant groves and meadows, on the charming landscape of olive trees and vineyards; but to say all in one word, there cannot be a more pleasing, or a more profitable scene than that of a well-cultivated farm. And where else can a man in the

last stages of life more easily find warm sunshine, or a good fire in winter, or the pleasure of cooling shades and refreshing streams in summer?

It is often argued that old age must necessarily be a state of much anxiety and disquietude, on account of the near approach of death. That the hour of dissolution cannot be far distant from an aged man is undoubtedly true. But every event that is agreeable to the course of nature ought to be regarded as a real good; and surely nothing can be more natural than for the old to die. It is true that youth also is exposed to dissolution; but it is a dissolution obviously contrary to nature's intentions, and in opposition to her strongest efforts. Fruit before it is ripe, cannot be separated from the stalk without some degree of force; but when it is perfectly mature, it drops itself; so the disunion of the soul and body is effected in the young by violence; but in the old it takes place by mere fulness and completion of years. This ripeness for death I perceive in myself with much satisfaction; and I look forward to my dissolution as to a secure haven where I shall at length find a happy repose from the fatigues of a long voyage.

With regard to the consequences of our dissolution, I will venture to say that the nearer death approaches the more clearly do I seem to discern its real nature. When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endowed, its amazing celerity, its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and its sagacity in discerning the future, together with its numberless discoveries in arts and sciences, I feel a conscious conviction that this active, com-

prehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue forever. I am induced to embrace this opinion, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but also in deference to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers.

I am well convinced that my departed friends are so far from having ceased to live, that the state they now enjoy can alone with propriety be called life. I feel myself transported with impatience to rejoin those whose characters I have greatly respected and whose persons I have loved. Nor is this earnest desire confined alone to those excellent persons with whom I have been connected. I ardently wish also to visit those celebrated worthies of whom I have heard or read much. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing; and I would not be turned back on my journey, even on the assured condition that my youth should be again restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer on me a new grant of life, I would reject the offer without the least hesitation. I have well nigh finished the race, and have no disposition to return to the starting-point. I do not mean to imitate those philosophers who represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation. The satisfactions of this life are many; but there comes a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart

contented with our share of the feast. I am far from regretting that this life was bestowed on me; and I have the satisfaction of thinking that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which nature never intended for my permanent abode; and I look on my departure from it, not as being driven from my habitation, but simply as leaving an inn.

THE GLORIES OF OLD AGE.

REV. J. B. WENTWORTH, D.D.

"THE HOARY HEAD *is* A CROWN OF GLORY, *if* IT BE FOUND IN THE WAY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."—PROV. 16: 31.

THE younger portion of my readers may—upon the instant—think that this is a subject which does not particularly interest them. A moment's reflection, however, will convince them that they are quite as deeply interested in it as any other class. For, in the absence of all immediate *personal* concernment, there is no young person who is not drawn to give an eager and interested attention to the subject before us, by the close and tender relations he sustains to those whose years have passed "Unto the sere and yellow leaf." *You* may be young; but you have friends older than yourself—friends as dear to you as your own life; and whatever relates to their happiness you feel especially concerns you. But, in truth, each one of us has a personal interest in considering the privileges and advantages pertaining to old age; for, by the inflexible laws of our being, though we may now be in the flush of youth, we shall be moved forward upon the level of time—if our lives are spared—until we shall occupy the places of the aged.

Vastly too much has been said of late by those who occupy the position of public instructors, upon the relative superiority of youth over age—especially in respect of those attributes essential to happiness and usefulness. It is fashionable in these days—and a very pernicious fashion it is—to eulogize young men, and to concede to them—by virtue of those powers supposed to be peculiar to their time of life—the prerogatives of administration and government. The beau ideal of manhood, as presented by the preachers and lyceum lecturers of the day, is, not the grave and reverend sire, with flowing beard and locks tinged with grey—the symbols of maturity and wisdom,—but the stripling lover, with tender down upon his chin, and the mingled look of hope and passion gleaming from his eye. We are urged by the hour, in lectures, upon "the model young man," to believe that all that is good and great in the life of man is to be looked for in the first half of it, and that the period lying beyond "the meridian of life" is a dreary waste, unproductive and cheerless, characterized chiefly by rheumatism, imbecility, and decay. The world used to be represented as supported upon the brawny shoulders of old Atlas; but, by the progressive spirit of our "Young Americanism," this is discovered to be all a fable; and we now incline to believe that the world is supported, not by old Atlas, but by "the model young man."

But, for teaching such nonsense as this, and thus reversing the proper order of ideas relating to the two grand periods of human life, our "sensation" preachers and piquant lecturers are not so much to blame. They do but

become the exponents of the practical and unconscious influences of our times. For, in these days, and among us as a people, but little practical respect or deference is shown to the aged. In our irreverent parlance, we call them "Old Fogies," and pay no heed to what we are wont to regard as their antiquated and obsolete notions. In the social life of the present day, they are not permitted to occupy the rank, nor exercise the functions, which naturally and of right belong to them. By the pressure of popular prejudice and folly, they are turned out of office, thrust out of the professions, and crowded out of various pursuits of industry, before their time,—the young are promoted over their heads, and to an unprecedented degree in the world's history, are invested with authority for the control and direction of our social and civil affairs. By some, this is regarded as an evidence of our advancing progress; to my mind, it is rather an evidence of our moral and social degeneracy.

What should we at once decide was the character of that youth, who should treat the seniors of the domestic circle to which he might belong with disrespect,—contemning their counsels, priding himself upon his own superior wisdom and knowledge, and exerting himself to gain the supremacy over them, and subject them to his control? Should we not esteem him as reckless, hardened, and abandoned, and on the high road to ruin? What, then, shall we say is the moral condition of that *state of society* which thrusts down the elders from their native seats of honor and authority, and turns to the young for guidance and

instruction? Can there be found, in such a state of society, the elements of true progress?—does there not rather exist here the seeds of dissolution and anarchy? And, indeed, we have carried this "Young America" experiment far enough, not only to realize its immorality, but also to experience the pernicious results naturally flowing from it.

From treating the aged with irreverence, we have gone on, as a people, to contempt for all the past. We seldom invoke the aid of history in the guidance of our affairs; we substitute cunning and adroitness for the rules that have been tried and proved by former generations; the lessons derived from experience, and from the counsels of the wise of the past are forgotten, as we listen to the more pleasing utterances of our young oracles, whose hopeful gaze is only fixed upon the future; we care but little for the traditionary maxims of prudence and policy to which other people adhere for their safety and protection. We have become restless, and fond of change; dislike old laws, old customs, old wisdom, and old houses. Everything around us must be new and young. There is but little reverence felt for law and authority; rash counsels prevail, too often, in church and state, fierce passion takes the place of sober reason; a reckless go-a-headitiveness everywhere prevails; and we dash on, especially concerned about going *swiftly*, caring not much about going *safely*. And, thus in social life, there is a lack of coherence and friendship; in the state there is wanting stability to our institutions, force and impartiality of execution to our laws; and, in the church

there are endless sects, and schisms, and factions. It is true, that in our restless disregard, as a people, of the learning and experience of age, we have made some new discoveries of truth; we have thus added to the common stock of knowledge for the *rest* of mankind—though not much to our own; for we are hardly disposed to profit even by our own experience. We have made many hitherto untried experiments; but I know not that we have become thereby any more settled and sober in our own convictions; we seem no less inclined to keep right on experimenting, and are even making an experiment of our own civil existence.

Since then, these unfavorable results have followed our national irreverence for age, and those attributes appertaining to age, it certainly will not be out of time or place for me to reverse the picture you have had so presented for your admiration, and, for once call upon you to gaze upon and reverently admire THE MODEL OLD MAN, who, of all other personages on earth—is most worthy of our respect, esteem and love.

It is well, for those who have not yet passed what is called "the meridian of life," to contemplate the happiness, honor, and usefulness that may appertain to old age, that they may cheerfully acquiesce in that law of their being which is urging them onward towards the closing period of their earthly existence, nor dread the prospect which is before them. I have heard many youngerly people express their horror at the idea of becoming old. The bare thought of it seemed to make them miserable.

Nor, indeed, could they whose wills might be most fully resigned to the divine order, look with complacency upon the inevitable prospect of advancing age, were it in reality, and of necessity, what their imaginations have painted it to be. Who, indeed, could wish to outlive his strength and health of body, his vigor of intellect, his capacity for enjoyment, and his ability for usefulness? And there are many who think that this is the unavoidable doom of those who shall cease to be young. This is a sad and appalling prospect; and were it truthful, would be enough to cause us all to wish to die before our time. But, thanks to our Heavenly Father, it is not truthful. He has not ordained that the closing period of human life shall be the most miserable; but, as I shall attempt to show, he has crowned it with distinguishing glory and honor; and it may be to us, if we shall so choose and ordain, the most happy and useful period of our earthly pilgrimage.

My special object in the discussion of this theme, is, to make those who have entered upon the latter half of human life contented with their lot, by showing them the superior advantages connected with and peculiar to this period. There are many among us who have passed life's meridian. Doubtless some of them, as they have listened of late to magniloquent glorifications of young men made from the pulpit and the press, have been moved to think that they were no longer of "any account" in the world, that their days of enjoyment and usefulness were passed, and they must now cast themselves as burdens upon their young masters, and patiently await their summons to the

other world. The inculcation of sentiments which shall awaken such reflections in the breasts of the aged, is indicative of a barbarous state of the public mind and heart. The lower a people are in the scale of civilization, the less respectful are they to the older members of their body. A leading characteristic of heathenism is, a lack of veneration for the aged. The exhibition of this trait by us, shows a grand defect in our Christian civilization. It is high time that we should seek to counteract and remove this defect, and no longer nourish it as a virtue.

The terms *young* and *old* have not a fixed and absolute meaning; they are relative terms; and they stand for quite different ideas, as used by different persons. I shall not undertake to give any exact definition, even as I shall employ them; the meaning I attach to them will be sufficiently plain without this. But I do propose here at the outset, to eliminate from their signification certain ideas which have been erroneously attached to them and their cognates. For instance,—some employ the term *youth* as being synonymous with vigor and elasticity of mind and body; and any man who possesses and retains these attributes they call *young*,—whatever may be the number of years that have passed over his head. And so, conversely they have associated with age, the ideas of imbecility, decrepitude, and decay; and they call no one old who is not burdened with these infirmities. This is but a confusion of ideas,—a mistaking of accidents for essences. In both youth and age the idea of *time* is predominant; and all besides this that may be included in their meaning is but

accidental. Each period of life, it is true, has its own peculiar characteristics,—its physical and mental traits, that are to it most befitting and natural. Every period may be perfect in its kind. At least, we may, in conception, have an idea of each, divested of all defects; and to make each period conform, as far as may be, to this perfect ideal, is the great office and end of the discipline of life. And the perfection of human character can only be attained by passing successively through all the periods into which this earthly life is divided. We ought not to desire to abolish, or escape, any one of them,—even were this optional. Each has its advantages; each its peculiar experiences and enjoyments. It is best so to order our conduct and restrain our wishes, as to enjoy and improve each to the fullest extent, as we are passing on through life. Then we will not be found indulging in foolish regrets over the past, or in vain desires to live over again any period that has passed.

How many there are who look back regretfully to the days of their childhood, and wish they were boys again! That seems to them the happiest portion of human life,—so free from cares, so buoyant in spirits, so easily satisfied with its little sports and pastimes. As they think of those happy days, they almost wish they could always have remained children. Such persons surely indulge but lowly aspirations, and but petty views of what constitutes happiness for rational beings. Childhood is indeed beautiful *in its season;* but chiefly so in its relations to the after years. A perennial childhood would be an awful calamity to any

one. We have perhaps seen examples of this, in certain little unfortunates, whose powers of growth, in both mind and body, had been paralyzed by some accident or some disease; and how did their enforced and prolonged childhood excite our commiseration!

There are others who regard adult youth as the most desirable portion of human existence,—with its high hopes, its fresh and springing activities, its dashing and impetuous courage. It is indeed the most *brilliant.* But its fruits are unripe; and its fruitions are in no wise commensurate with its expectations. Its extended prolongation would cause it to consume itself with the fires of its own ardor; and would cause the heart to sicken by the frequency of "hopes deferred."

Looking from the standpoint of middle life, I can but regard ripe age, which has been preceded by a childhood and youth-time well improved, as the grandest and most desirable period in man's earthly being. In the very nature of things this must be so. God must have ordered out of regard to the laws of fitness, that the closing period of man's earthly pilgrimage shall be his best. Can we conceive that the merciful Creator could have started us off upon a career of being here below, which must, necessarily, be one of continual enjoyment and importance, until it shall terminate in sheer abjectness and inanity? The reverse of this must surely be the case,—as respects the designs of the Creator, and the possibilities of human nature. Our life *ought* to expand and to increase in nobleness, and value to ourselves, until the time of our natural

departure from "these hither and human scenes." And so it may—if we will it, and act accordingly. Advance in years ought to raise us on to a higher plane of existence. And this, indeed, is the natural tendency—if we will but improve the opportunities with which we are furnished as we are passing along.

To substantiate these views, I propose to briefly examine the characteristics and endowments which are especially becoming to, and are the proper inheritance of old age.

I. And in prosecuting this examination we will begin with those characteristics and endowments which are *of a physical nature.*

Doubtless many of you may think herein I mistake, and that it is not possible to make good our theory by a reference to the physical man. A great many—perhaps the most—are accustomed to associate physical infirmities with advanced years, and to regard the one as inseparable from the other. And it is true that age has its bodily diseases and infirmities that are peculiar to it; and so indeed has young manhood, and every other period in the life of man. But it has its peculiar physical perfections too, and those also of a type superior to that of any preceding period. Most of the bodily infirmities that attend old age are the result of former excesses,—of youthful indiscretions and indifference to the laws of health. A naturally sound constitution, that shall be properly nourished in childhood, and developed in youth and early manhood by temperate and appropriate exercise, is only brought to maturity in age, and may retain its force unabated till the fiat shall

come,—"Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." *Fruit* falls when it is precisely ripe; it does not hang upon the bough until it is decayed. And by exact conformity to the laws of our physical being, our bodies would only fall to their mother earth when all their powers had attained to ripest maturity.

The physical characteristics proper to old age are *Solidity*, *Latent Strength*, and *Endurance*. There will be less elasticity than in youth, less exuberant activity, less of overflowing animal spirits, but greater firmness, hardness, and hidden power. In the sustentation of the system there is less absorption and waste; and consequently greater capability of resisting contagion and the attacks of violent disease. Change does not go on so rapidly within it; and its resources are more carefully husbanded and more securely guarded. Hence, it is comparatively rare that those who have passed middle life in the enjoyment of health are seized and carried off by those violent disorders which are so incident to youth and early prime. Old men can endure more than young. They are capable of undergoing fatigue and hardship without yielding to exhaustion. And thus we often hear the aged farmer say that he is,—notwithstanding his years,—"more than a match for the boys;" the fatigues of labor seeming to have no effect upon his hardened frame. The veteran soldier will sit for days and nights without rest, and it may be, watching the slumbers of his younger companion in arms who has been fairly overcome by want of rest and sleep. He bears up under the exhaustion of fatigue marches, while the recruit

who has the suppleness and elasticity of youth in his favor is forced to succumb. Change of climate, wind and storm, seem to have no effect upon the tough old tar, while the young sailor deems them intolerable hardships, and is well nigh overcome by them. The weight which the young giant, boasting of his strength, could not stir, the hardened muscles of the aged athlete enables him to raise without difficulty.

And, to these advantages of latent strength, solidity, and endurance, the man of years adds those of physical appearance, dignity of mien, majesty of look, and venerableness of aspect. Behold the physical glories of the ripe old man! His expanded form—embodiment of maturity—fills the eye and gives to the whole figure an imposing look. He plants his feet with firm and solid tread. His whole demeanor has the native air of authority. His gray hairs, and benevolent venerableness of feature, can but inspire awe and respect in all rightly constituted minds. I confess I know no grander sight in all this world than that of the ripe old man, whose eye is yet undimmed and whose native force has not abated. He stands as the symbol and representative of Essential Majesty. Thus, when the Divine Being would impress our minds with the ineffable glory and majesty of *His* nature, he describes himself as the "Ancient of Days." In that transcendent description of the Judge of all the earth, given by the Revelator, He is represented—in order to heighten the grandeur of the picture—as being crowned with the leading features of age. "His head and his hairs," says the apostle, "were like wool, as white as snow."

II. But far greater than the foregoing are the *Intellectual Glories* peculiar to the man who has passed beyond middle life. Some seem to suppose such an one to be properly characterized by mental weakness and decay. Nothing could be falser than such an opinion. On the contrary, intellectual *power* is the prerogative and glory of age. The old enjoy all those advantages which are necessary to nourish and develop mental strength. They have experience. Lengthening years have continued to add to their stock of ideas. Their observation is extended and embraces a vast variety and number of facts, which form the rudiments of knowledge. Their judgment has been improved and corrected, not only by long exercise, but by the logic of time,—the true test of all theories and speculations. While age has cooled their passions and chastened their imaginations, it has enlarged the sphere and lengthened the lines of their intellectual vision. They stand upon the highest pinnacle of observation, and their eye sweeps the widest circles of knowledge. A man who shall grow old without becoming wise, does strangely neglect the most favorable of possible opportunities for increasing his stores of mental wealth. What feeds mind, save knowledge? And of what does knowledge consist, but facts of observation and experience? To gather up these facts requires time; nor can a sufficient number and variety of them be collected together, until old age, to form any great stores of knowledge. And hence it follows that not until that time of life are we, ordinarily, to look for an exhibition of the greatest strength and compass of mind.

Moreover, the very highest order of the rational powers are only, as a rule, developed in mature years. In childhood, the leading intellectual faculty is *memory;* in early youth, *the imagination;* in youthful prime, the *practical reason—the understanding;* but in ripe old age, *the higher reason*, the speculative faculty, the power of extensive and logical generalization. Like their physical eyesight, the intellectual vision of the old, though it may not so much take notice of things immediate and present, is longer sighted, and looks more profoundly into the heart of things.

So vast is the field of knowledge spread out before us, that we cannot make much progress in its exploration, while yet we may be young. The acquisition of learning is a slow and laborious process; one must begin it in the dawn of life and pursue it even to the close, in order that he may become truly learned.

There are certain branches of science, either one of which requires a whole life-time of devotion to it in order to eminent attainments therein. And there are other branches which but few are prepared to prosecute with success until they shall have mastered preliminary stores of knowledge, to achieve which would consume the whole first half of the life of man.

There have been extraordinary examples of wisdom and learning in early youth, it is true; but they are exceptions; they are but instances of diseased precocity, of premature ripeness; freak of nature, in whom the proper order is reversed. Thus, Hermogenes, at the age of fifteen, taught

rhetoric to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece; but at twenty-four he lost his faculties and forgot all that he had previously acquired. Johannes Secundus, at the age of fifteen, composed admirable verses in Greek and Latin, and became profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters, but he died at twenty-five. Henri Heinniken spoke twelve languages distinctly when he was ten months old; at twelve months learned the Pentateuch by rote; was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testaments at fourteen, and at two years he was as familiar with ancient history as the most learned authors of antiquity, but he died in his fourth year. And many of those prodigies of genius who are frequently pointed out as models to aspiring youth are but of this same class,—diseased productions, monstrous examples of "old heads on young shoulders."

Notwithstanding the declamations of those who tell us that *young men* have produced the greatest works and exhibited the most extraordinary mental power, the history of the world will show, that in all the departments of learning, and in all the pursuits of business which *demand the exercise of the highest order of mental ability*, those have acquired the chief distinction who have passed the middle term of human life.

In that science of all sciences — philosophy, we find scarcely a distinguished name who did not acquire his fame in advanced age. The grandest recorded sayings of Socrates are those he uttered during the last years of his

life, and he lived till seventy. In fact, all his *recorded sayings* were uttered by him after he was sixty-two years old. Plato was prosecuting his philosophic studies *as a pupil*, until he was forty years of age, and did not begin to teach philosophy until he was about fifty, and he retained the vigor of his faculties to the ripe age of eighty-two. Aristotle continued a pupil till he was thirty-seven, and he was fifty-three before he established his school of philosophy at Athens; and it was probably subsequent to this that he wrote his works which have gained the logical thought of the world for so many ages. Bacon was sixty years of age before he arrived at the full maturity of his genius, and it was then that he gave to the world his "Novum Organum," which has reconstructed science and given an entirely new direction to our modern method of scientific investigation. Hobbs was sixty-two when he published his treatise on "Human Nature," and sixty-three before he completed his "Leviathan." Locke was fifty-five years old when he completed his celebrated essay on the "Human Understanding;" and his other works were produced subsequently to that period. Kant was fifty-seven before he developed his system of philosophy. And Reid did not finish his principal work on mental science until he was seventy-eight years of age. From these examples it seems evident that the most eminent cultivators of philosophy,—that field of thought to excel in which requires the possession and exercise of the most exalted powers of reason,—have been those who were in what is usually denominated "the decline of life."

Take another department which demands of those who may become eminent therein, the highest order of wisdom, viz: Law and jurisprudence. And here the name of a Coke readily suggests itself. But Coke did not make his first attempt as an author on law until he was fifty years old. His great works were produced between that age and his death at eighty. Probably the greatest work on law ever written is by Montesquieu; and this he did not finish until he was about sixty years of age. The fame of Lord Mansfield as a judge is world-wide; but he acquired all that fame after he was more than fifty years of age. Our own Storey achieved his fame as a judge and writer upon jurisprudence in his mature age.

Many of the most renowned naturalists acquired their distinction at an advanced age. Copernicus was nearly fifty before the theory of planetary motions, which now prevails, suggested itself to his mind; nor did he succeed in establishing its truth to his own satisfaction until he was seventy, when he gave it to the world. The most celebrated lectures of Cuvier were delivered when he was fifty years old and upward. Humboldt was seventy-five when he began his great work—the "Cosmos." And our own Franklin was forty before he began his investigations in natural philosophy.

That old men can excel in statesmanship and diplomacy the names of Talleyrand, Franklin, Metternich, Lord Palmerston, Seward, and Bismark are sufficient to prove.

It is generally thought that excellence in the *fine arts* is the special prerogative of youth,—before the passions are

cooled by time, or the imagination has lost its ardor. But a slight examination of the subject will convince us that even in this department of human skill and genius, a large share of the grandest productions have been brought forth by those who had passed the middle term of life. Thus, in poetry, the name of Homer stands unrivalled in the ancient world. But history describes Homer as old and blind when he went about reciting his Iliad to the rapt Grecian multitudes. Dante did not finish his "Divine Commedia" till he was near sixty. And Milton did not commence the composition of his immortal epic, "Paradise Lost," until he was past fifty-four years of age. And these works are, and always will remain, the most marvelous exhibitions of poetic genius.

The same is true in the department of *music*. The grandest musical compositions of Beethoven were produced after he was forty years old. Mozart indeed died young—at thirty-six; but his best piece, his famous "Requiem," was his last. Handel composed his most celebrated works after he was fifty. His "Messiah" was not completed till his fifty-seventh year, and he died at the age of seventy-four in the possession of undiminished powers as a musical composer. Haydn's "Creation" was written when he was seventy years of age, and Gluck's greatest performances were executed when he was sixty-four.

Sculpture is an art in which perfection can be acquired only by long and patient practice, and therefore the most celebrated creations of the statuary art have been wrought by those advanced in years. The acknowledged head of

sculpture in Rome, Mr. Gibson, is nearly seventy. And Rauch, one of the greatest sculptors of the age, is now eighty-three.

It is the same in painting. Michael Angelo did not turn his attention to this art till he was thirty-four. His great work, the "Last Judgment," was only finished when he was sixty-seven. And at seventy he turned his attention to architecture, in which he also became a master. Our own countryman, Benjamin West, painted the celebrated picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," in his sixty-fifth year. And his biographer says of him, "He died in his eighty-second year without any definite complaint, his faculties unimpaired, his cheerfulness uneclipsed, and with looks serene and benevolent."

These examples, to which I have referred, are sufficient to convince us that age is the period of life in which the highest powers of intellect come to perfection, and most fully display themselves in the works which they achieve.

This natural intellectual superiority of those advanced in years gives them the right to, and fits them for, the control and direction of the world's affairs. The aged may not be so well fitted for the bustle and turmoil of active life, but this does not constitute a reason why they should retire from the responsibilities and cares connected with *the guidance* of the world's movements. To plan, is a more exalted function than to execute. The ability of command is more honorable than the ability of performance. The faculty of wisdom is a diviner gift than the faculty of energetic action. And it is the especial province of wis-

dom to issue orders and to command the elements around it by the power of its utterances.

Thought must rule. Ideas must give laws to the labors and activities of men. The world's thinkers are, after all, its lords and governors. Those who see the farthest and look the deepest into things will inevitably give laws to other men. And therefore must they who have arrived at that period in which the intellect is most fully developed be endowed with the authority to rule over the rest of mankind. Hence, in the natural fitness of things must old men, upon whom the mantle of wisdom has fallen, preside over and direct the various movements of society. And it is, moreover, matter of fact that such is the case. Even here among us, where it is vainly attempted to give to "Young America" the control of affairs, every department of business, and every branch of industrial pursuits, is presided over by the intellect and experience of age. The working of this principle may be contemplated upon a large scale, in the relative influence of the several sections or communities composing a nation. It will be found that, in every State, the *oldest* communities, other things being equal, mould the character of the rest. Thus, in this country, New England influence predominates and has fixed its stamp upon the social habits, ideas, and usages of our whole northern population. And the same principle holds good in respect of the relation which individual men sustain to the various elements of social life. The counsels of veteran statesmen are most operative in shaping political laws and institutions. Their more comprehensive

views and deeper knowledge of the intricacies of legislation enable them to baffle the crude plans and rash projects of young politicians. And besides, people will give greater heed to the advice of those whose words are familiar—whose voices they have long been wont to hear. It is our aged merchants who most thoroughly understand the laws of trade, and who are, therefore, enabled to control the activities of commerce. And besides, the largest share of capital invested in commercial enterprise is in the hands of this class, the result of the accumulations of many years of industry and skill; and we all know that capital guides the operations of trade. The elders in society, by virtue of their natural position and relations, take charge of the education of the young; and thus do they form the mind and shape the character of the incoming generation. As the natural instructors of mankind, they give laws to the intellect of the world, and turn the activity of men into whatever channels they will. All the interests of domestic, social, and civil life are placed under their supervision. And it is impossible for the race to break away from the influence and authority of these, its tutors; the world must be led by its instructors.

III. Since such are the mental endowments of old age, and such the position it occupies in the social state, we inquire—what ought to be the *moral qualities* that should adorn it, both to fit it to perform its appropriate functions to human society, and to grace it with a character becoming to itself? And here we are compelled to say, that however much it ought to be distinguished by its

superior *wisdom* and *knowledge*, it ought to be still more so by its transcendent *goodness* and *virtue*. If we examine its own nature and concomitants, we shall find that, in order to be virtuous, it has less to contend with, than youth. In the young, passion is strong, and desire ardent. Their quick impulses often drive them to overstep the strict rules of outward morality; and when they do so, we can the more readily forgive them. The case is different, however, with those in advanced life. Time has tempered their enthusiasm, and moderated their feelings; and they have not, hence, so great temptation to transgress the rules of virtuous propriety. Herein does nature seem to indicate to them their duty to excel in goodness. And it is certain, that, by the rules of human judgment, they are held to a strict accountability when they deviate from the path of rectitude.

1. As, with the aged, the passions should be subdued, and placed under the control of the will; so ought their benevolent feelings and affections to be proportionately developed. We have a right to look to them for examples of steady, genial, glowing affection. Nothing is more becoming to their time of life, than warm sympathy, genial benevolence, and cheerfulness. We instinctively feel that age ought to mellow their hearts, and deepen the fountains of love in their breasts. For, as age has reduced the fervor of their malevolent feelings, there is less to obstruct the free play of the more kindly emotions of their nature. And, again, as by their advance in life, their domestic and social relations have been multiplying and extending, so,

in response to these, ought their kindly affections to be called forth and exercised to habitual activity.

And it will be granted, I think, that this is usually the case with them. Notwithstanding the numerous instances of ingratitude and betrayal of confidence they have experienced, which must tend to awaken in their minds a degree of distrust and caution, it is still true that we have to look to them for the most beautiful examples of good nature, cheerful humor, hospitality, broad brotherly charity, forgiveness of injuries, and depth of social and domestic affection, that the history of mankind affords. We should, indeed, find this a sad world to live in, were it not for the presence and influence of our elder brethren, to bind us together by their love, to moderate our impetuosity, and to teach us practical lessons of charity.

2. Another moral trait which is native and becoming to those advanced in years, is *stability of character*. The old man should not be easily moved. His views rest on a broad basis of experience, and ought, therefore, to be well and clearly formed. Having had large opportunities for observation, and having been called upon by the various exigencies of life through which he has passed, to act with consideration, we expect his opinions will be well-defined and firmly established in his convictions. We do not look to see him change his mind readily. It is proper, in him to cling with tenacity to old maxims, and to those rules of conduct to which history has awarded its sanctions. Conservatism is not only his right, but in him it is a virtue,—an indication of virtue and wisdom. It is disgraceful to

the man of years, to be without convictions. To be running after vagaries,—while in the young man it might denote caprice and love of variety,—in him it is indicative of whimsicality and shallowness. *He* ought to know *what* he believes, and *why* he believes it.

Nor is this stability of character, which we look for in him, incompatible with a love of true progress. For true progress rests upon a conservative regard for the wholesome institutions and principles of the past, united with a prudent desire for advancement. We do not plead, therefore, that it is becoming in the aged to place themselves in stubborn resistance to all change, or to imagine that the customs and usuages with which they have been familiar are absolutely perfect. They may be cautious in approving of innovations,—this is right; but as the natural educators and teachers of all other classes of society, they ought to cherish a desire for progress, and a disposition to keep up with the advance of the times.

3. There is a whole bright constellation of virtues, which it was the aim of the regimen of the ancient philosophic schools to inculcate, that we find included in that maturity and completeness of character which are the natural result and accompaniment of age. As self-control; a moderation of the desires; a reduction of the feelings to the control of reason. For this is the period of life in which reason ought to exert completest sway. A period in which the voluntary discipline and restraints of preceding years should have secured an entire control of the desires and passions. Excesses, at this time of life, are abhorrent. The character

should be marred by no vices. There should be entire freedom from self-indulgence, and from all habits calculated to excite disgust. These are bad enough in the young man; they are intolerable in the old. There should be calmness,—a self-poised condition of the mind, which will not be disturbed by whatever startling and unexpected events may transpire. Long acquaintance with the world, its sudden changes, the fleeting and transitory nature of all its possessions and enjoyments, is calculated to produce this, and ought to confirm it as the settled habit of the soul.

4. And now I come to the leading virtue,—the crowning glory of old age, viz: *Piety.* However perfect the character of the old man may be in other respects, if it is not adorned with the Christian graces, it is sadly and radically defective. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, *if it be found in the way of righteousness*;" but without, the hoary head shows badly, and is, in a sense, a badge of dishonor. For gray locks to crown a sinner's head is an incongruous spectacle, and can but produce sadness in the right-minded beholder.

There is a compatibility existing in the nature of things, and apparent to all minds, between the native qualities, the tendencies and wants of old age, and the graces and comforts of the Christian religion. He who has entered the closing term of his earthly career, not having secured the blessings of the Christian faith, has well nigh come to the close of life without having accomplished life's great end. He has sadly failed in that which his Maker chiefly

required of him; and the Divine benediction does not rest upon him. We can hardly frame any excuse for the old man who is irreligious. The discipline of previous years should have induced in him habits of piety. His experience of the nothingness of earthly good should have led him, long since, to seek an interest in Christ, and to "set his affections upon things above." His long enjoyment of the divine blessings, and the favoring providence of God, ought, ere now, to have inspired gratitude in his heart and led him to devote himself to the service of his Divine Master. The oft-repeated instances of mortality that have come under his observation should have led him long ago to prepare for death, by laying up treasures in heaven. And surely, as he beheld, day by day, his own approach to the spirit world, he should have made haste to make his peace with God, before a long, dark catalogue of sins and neglects had accumulated against him.

Old age, to be truly glorious, must be religious. For, what is old age, in its moral aspects? It is the harvest of life, of which youth and early manhood are the spring and seed-time; the fruitage of other years; the store-house in which is gathered up by the hand of time and nature's laws, the product and result of our past labors, experiences and trials. And since the great end of living is to grow better, and perfect the character for admission to a happier and holier state of being, is it not manifest, that the crown and chief glory of old age, are the graces derived from the culture of Christian piety.

And this definition I have given of the closing term of

human existence, leads me to suggest to those in youth and early prime, the importance of making their term of life subservient to an honorable, dignified, useful and glorious old age. For *that* fixes the stamp upon *this*. The earlier periods must be well employed in order that honor and a good name, and the maturity of worthy qualities, may crown our character when our locks shall be silvered over with the frosts of time. Youth spent in friviolity, and young manhood undevoted to great aims, will surely bring on an old age of abjectness, and misery, and dishonor. One must improve his early opportunities for study and the discipline of his intellectual faculties, in order that, in mature manhood, his mental powers may be fully developed, and bring forth the ripe fruits of genius and learning. And if we would have our *character*, in advanced life, adorned with those full-orbed graces becoming to us *then*, we must obey the injunction, to "Remember our Creator in the days of our youth."

Those who in life's early morning give their hearts to God, and serve him faithfully from that time onward, how full and fair do their virtues shine forth in their evening of life! Truly it may be said of such, "their last days are their best days." They excite the tender sympathy and love, they command the esteem and respect of all who know them, even though the friends of their youth have passed away, and they are spared beyond their generation. The young "rise up and call them blessed." The unconscious influence of their presence and example is all-powerful for good. *They* never outlive their days of

usefulness; they do not live beyond their time. Even when spared to extreme old age, their bent forms seem rather to be bowed down under the pressure of the sheaves of their wisdom and goodness than under the weight of their years and physical decrepitude. With such the closing days of life are a going up into the mount of vision rather than a decline into the vale of death. As they stand upon the last verge of time, their spirits catch fresh inspiration from their nearness to the other world. Apocalyptic sight comes to them; the prophetic sense is imparted. As earthly objects fade from their vision, they see more clearly the glories of the better land. As earthly sounds strike more dimly on their ears, they hear all the more distinctly the sounds of melody coming from the heavenly world. And their departure is a glorious triumph over death—a speedy and happy flight to that fair clime where their life shall renew itself forever, by partaking of the fruit of "the Tree of Life."

THE DIVINE PRESENCE—THE JOY AND STRENGTH OF THE BELIEVER.

Rev. William Jay.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."
Exod. 33: 14.

THIS exceeding great and precious promise belongs to the Christian as well as to Moses. What is he authorized to expect from it?

My presence shall go with thee to *guide* thee, and I will give thee rest from *perplexity*. How miserable would a man be in traveling, if his journey were important, and yet he was ignorant of the way, and every moment liable to err. In this case nothing would relieve him so much as a guide who was willing to go with him, and able to show him the course he should always take. And his satisfaction would be in proportion to the confidence he reposed in the disposition and capacity of his leader. Nothing can equal the importance of the journey we are taking; life or death, salvation or perdition depends upon the issue, and "the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." If left to himself, he will err in every step, and in the greatness of his folly forever go astray. The Christian feels this, and

therefore prays, "Lead me in thy truth, and guide me; for thou art the God of my salvation, on thee do I wait all the day." And does God disregard his cry? "I am the Lord thy God, which teacheth thee to profit; which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go." This extends to doctrine, to experience, and to all his temporal concerns. He is not indeed to look for miracles; but he is under the conduct of God, and he has given no promise but shall be fulfilled. When the Jews were marching to Canaan, they had a pathless desert to go through, but they were free from all perplexity, because they had a fiery cloudy pillar to regulate all their movements. We have the same. For "this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

My presence shall go with thee to *guard* thee, and I will give thee rest from *apprehension.* A Christian has not only a pilgrimage, but a warfare to accomplish. No sooner has he set his face Zionward, than he has reason to exclaim, "Many there be which rise up against me; many there be that say of my soul, There is no help for him in God." And what wonder if, while without are fightings, within are fears? And how is he to prevail over them? He knows that, if left to himself, he must perish long before he reaches that better country. But he is not alone. There is one at his right hand who says, "Abide with me; for he that seeketh thy life, seeketh my life; but with me thou shalt be in safeguard." At the sound of this his mind is relieved, his confidence rises, and he sings, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

My presence shall go with thee to *provide* for thee, and I will give thee rest from *anxiety.* The manna was not to be hoarded, but gathered daily; and we are to feel our constant dependence upon God for the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. And is this trying? Could we wish it to be otherwise?

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." "My grace is sufficient for thee." What more can we desire? When we have trusted in God for the soul, it might be imagined that it would be easy to trust in him for the body. But temporal things are sensible, and near and pressing, and some cases would be enough to awaken all their forebodings; but he has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall want no good thing." Jehovah-jireh —the Lord will provide.

My presence shall go with thee to *comfort* thee, and I will give thee rest from *sorrow.* However you may be stripped, you shall not be destitute of consolation. Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, nor fruit be in the vine, you shall rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of your salvation. His presence is a substitute for any creature; it can more than repair every loss. Some leave us from want of principle, some from infirmity, rather than depravity. Death abridges our circles. Who can look back over a few

years, and not exclaim, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness?" Yet if the lamps be extinguished, the sun continues. If the streams fail, we have the fountain. Are the consolations of God small with thee? In the multitude of thy thoughts within thee, do not his comforts delight thy soul?

But O, when I shall gather up my feet into the bed, and turn my face to the wall; then, all creatures withdrawn, and flesh and heart failing, O what can support me in the prospect, and above all, in the experience of that event? Be of good courage. He who is with thee in the wilderness will be with thee at the swellings of Jordan, and open a way through the flood, and give thee a dry-shod passage over into the land flowing with milk and honey. He who has been with thee in life, will be still more with thee in death. And therefore you may boldly say with one before you, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

From this hour let me never forget this blessed promise, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Let me believe it with a faith unfeigned. Let me ascertain my title to it. Let me plead it before the throne of grace. Let me apply it in my perplexities, my apprehensions, my anxieties, my sorrows. Let me bind it about my neck, and write it upon the table of my heart, that when I go it may lead me, when I sleep it may keep me, and when I awake it may talk with me. Amen.

—*Morning Exercises.*

THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND MY SONG.

I SPEAK of *Christ as the old man's song.* Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school-girl asks for a schottisch or a glee; but her grandmother for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music-board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm-book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting-house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and proclaiming the good tidings of great joy.

I was, one Thanksgiving-day, in my pulpit, in Syracuse, New York, and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at ninety-eight years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said, "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight can not see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. "Do you know me?" said the wife to her aged husband, who was dying. He said "no." And the son said, "Father, do you know me?" he said "no." The daughter said, "Father, do you know me?" He said "no." The minister of the Gospel standing by, said, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh yes," he said, "I know him, 'chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely!'" Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you." Blessed the staff on which the worn out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn-book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song!

When my mother had been put away for the resurrection, we, the children, came to the old homestead, and each one wanted to take away a memento of her who had loved us so long and loved us so well. I think I took away the best of all the mementoes; it was the old-fashioned round-glass spectacles, through which she used to read her Bible; and I put them on, but they were too old for me, and I could not see across the room. But through them I could see back to childhood and forward to the hills of

heaven, where the ankles that were stiff with age have become limber again, and the spirit with restored eyesight stands in wrapt exultation crying, "This is heaven!"

I speak also of Christ as the night-song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across the bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put it there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of us. Commercial losses put out one star; slanderous abuse put out another star; domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights; and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart and you can sing,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow; no one to put a taper on the stand; no one to put ice on the temple, or pour

out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that can not any longer be patched, and tremble because rent-day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, and coming home from the bakery and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get back-pay of her husband slain by the "sharp-shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough, and the pale cheek and the lustreless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldiers in the field-hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun-shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah," said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

—*Talmage's Sermons.*

SIMPLICITY AND LONG LIFE.

ALL persons who make good claim to intelligence and balance of mind are desirous of long life; but can it be said that the larger proportion of them live in such a manner that the object of their desire is promoted? If one examine the records of the hundred or more old men and women now living in their ninety and odd, he will find that their habits in early life were simple; that they were quite regular in the matters of eating and sleeping, and were not given to practices of an exciting or brain-exhausting nature. That there are some cases of longevity whose youth or early manhood was not remarkable for a close observance of hygienic proprieties must be admitted, but it will be found that the folly of such a course was recognized ere it had made very serious inroads upon the constitutional vigor.

Not very long ago the writer received a visit from an elderly gentleman, whose age, bordering on eighty, would not have been surmised from his fresh appearance and active manner. Allusion being made to the fact that he was a very young-looking old man, he stated that at thirty he was supposed to be far gone in consumption, and, becoming thoroughly dissatisfied with the treatment

received from physicians, broke away from them, and set on foot a line of practice which had been suggested by reading some magazine articles, and which he deemed consistent with natural law. He went into the country, worked according to his strength, was out of doors a good part of every day, ate the simplest of food, avoiding everything in the way of excitement as far as he could, and found, in the course of a few months, that his health was greatly improved, the symptoms of pulmonary consumption becoming less and less marked. As the result of this experiment he changed his business, which had been of an in-door character, for another which gave him out-door life, and a continuance of simplicity in his habits established him in robust health; such bodily vigor, in fact, as he had never realized before, and which had remained his almost without intermission.

An illustrious example of regularity and simplicity, and of their effects in prolonging life, although it be surrounded with cares and responsibilities, is the present Emperor of Germany. We are told that his affairs, public and private, are regulated with the utmost strictness; that his personal habits are so simple that they have passed into proverb. "Many a man in Berlin," says a writer, "who is not an emperor, would look upon the two or three slices of *Schwarzbrod* (black bread) and bit of cold meat as very meager fare." And yet such is his daily luncheon. Confine a New York business man upon such materials for his "lunch," and he would deem himself hardly used. The Emperor is a really hard-worked man. The cares of his

great estate are heavy, and he seeks to meet and discharge them. He is, doubtless, often weary when the day is done, but he does not go to a downy, luxurious couch, but to a hard military bed, which gives him the healthful repose so much needed.

—*Science of Health.*

AN OLD MAN is like an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage, it will last for years; but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty, sixty, or even seventy, measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful, but let them also be careful. An old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale; an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion; a sudden fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine—any of these, or other similar things, may cut off a valuable life in an hour and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

— *Popular Science Monthly.*

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.

THE following by an unknown writer accords with general observation:

The deadliest foe to a man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality which can not be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice, to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limits which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intensely, who feeds on high-seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases, seeks continued excitement, gives loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

DON'T WASTE VITAL ENERGY.

THE most vigorous persons do not have too much vitality. People generally inherit a lack, or at least find that much vital energy has been permanently lost in their childhood and youth through the ignorance or carelessness of their parents. Often it is impaired by wrong indulgencies in early childhood. The endeavor with all persons should be to husband what is left, be it much or little.

Therefore, 1. Don't do anything in a hurry.

2. Don't work too many hours in a day, whether it be farmwork, shopwork, studywork or housework.

3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours of it, and that too in a well-ventilated and sun-purified room.

4. Don't eat what is indigestible, nor too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the hour.

5. Don't fret at yourself, nor anybody else; nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of passion.

6. Don't be too much elated with good luck, or disheartened by bad.

Positively—be self-controlled, calm and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs. Treat your stomach right. Keep a good conscience and have a cheerful trust in God for all things and for both worlds.

REST FOR THE AGED.

THE one constant fact about aged people is their lack of reserve force. They emphatically live by the day. They may have vigor enough to last twenty years, and yet fall suddenly under some strain on their nervous energy to which a little earlier they would have been fully equal. A slight cold may carry off the strongest. Recuperative power is exceedingly feeble,—the power to recover, whether from sickness, a nervous shock, or from the effects of any unusual demand on the system.

The *Herald of Health*, in noticing the death of the poet Bryant, who, at the age of eighty-four, had the appearance of a well-preserved man of seventy, says: "But his age, his fame and his ready talent caused him to be brought out on every public occasion, and at the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini, in Central Park, he sat for a long time on the platform in the hot sunshine, and then made a speech with his head bared and exposed to the sun. Before he reached home that day he was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. The peace and quiet which belong of right to the aged were denied him, and though stricken down at

the great age of eighty-four, we may say that he came to an untimely end."

Let friends and the public remember that "peace and quiet belong of right to the aged," and let the aged themselves be wise enough to assert their right.

THE TWO STRONG ARMS.—A great scholar in Germany went one day to church. On his way he met a poor old man, to whom he wished "Good morning." The poor man thanked him, but added he did not exactly remember ever having a bad one.

"Well, then, I wish you much luck."

"I thank you, sir; but, to tell the truth, I never yet have had bad luck. I have never yet had a sorrowful morning; for if I am hungry, I praise God; if I am cold, I praise God; if it rain or snow, thunder or lighten, I praise God, and am always joyful. And I have never had a bad week. I resign myself to my dear Lord and Saviour, and am sure he does nothing wrong."

The scholar was astonished at the faith of the poor man, and asked again, what he would do if God should thrust him into hell at last. "Thrust me into hell? *that* he will never do," answered the poor man; "but if he should, I have two arms—the arm of *faith* and the arm of *love*—with them I would grasp him, and hold him so fast that he must go with me; and where my Lord and my guide is, there is my heaven."

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"AH, JACOB, now you see all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death—and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and, when fortune smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers toward heaven.

"Ah, Jacob! I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan! you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for any thing I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. O! of all kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one blotted from my memory. Ah, my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles!"

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a low tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which to look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food, or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg," he replied, with a quick shudder—"No, Susan —we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"O, God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now; to-day."

"Then God have mercy upon us!"

"He will," murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an iceberg to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back into his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind-looking man, about forty-five years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new-comer. "Are you from the work-house?" he inquired, turning toward the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you can return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I can not call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams—that little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction—that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes, I am the man you made. You found me

a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness; I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness kindled up in my bosom has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life, I settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I know that the children of your flesh are all gone. But I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter and happier. Come, my more than father, and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me?"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan, it is not I who must forgive; God holds us in his hands."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."

BEYOND COMPREHENSION.

BISHOP JANES.



HEN Daniel Webster was in his best estate, and in the prime of his manhood, he was one day dining with a company of literary gentlemen in Boston. The company was composed of clergymen, lawyers, physicians, statesmen, merchants, and almost all classes of literary persons. During the dinner the conversation turned upon the subject of Christianity. Mr. Webster, as the occasion was in honor of him, was expected to take a leading part in the conversation, and he frankly stated, as his religious sentiments, his belief in the Divinity of Christ, and his dependence upon his atonement for salvation. A minister of very considerable literary reputation sat almost opposite him at the table, and looked at him, and said: "Mr. Webster, can you comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man?" Mr. Webster, with one of those looks which no man can imitate, fixed his eyes upon him, and promptly and emphatically said: "No, sir, I cannot comprehend it; and I would be ashamed to acknowledge Him as my Saviour if I could comprehend it. If I could comprehend Him he could be no greater than myself, and such is my conviction of accountability to God, such is my sense of sinfulness before Him, and such is my knowledge of my own incapacity to recover myself, that I feel I need a *superhuman Saviour.*

AUTUMN.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALLISON.



HERE is an "eventide" in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it, feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the field in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advance of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches, and the earth is strewed with that foliage which

once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid the apparent desolations of nature. We sit down in the "lodge of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay, and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then stop forever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene where we have disquieted ourselves in vain.

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds, which society has engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions; we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to *all;* we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten and bless them."

THE SUMMER IS ENDED.



HERE are several classes of persons of whom these words are descriptive They are *especially appropriate to the aged.* Those who are far advanced in years were once just like those who are now young. There was a time when they could hardly bridle their exuberance. They laughed, they romped, they shouted, they sang. The world was as bright to them then as it is to us now. Though they are in the October of life now, it was June with them once. They take with placidity things that once would have made them blaze with indignation. Some times they may chide us because of our vivacity; but when two or three of the aged get together I have overheard them talk in the next room about occurrences which make me believe that when they were of our age they were just like us. How fast they did drive! What strong wrestlers they brought to the earth! In what a wilful mood they upset the sleigh to see the victims crawl out of the snow-bank! How many "frolics" there were, and how many "quiltings." The aged do not talk much to us about these things. They wonder why we are not as cool as they are. Ah! the dear souls forget that July is never as cool as November. Aged Christians used to be a great

discouragement to me when I heard of their great attainments, and viewed my own spiritual backwardness; but now they are a great encouragement to me; for since I have found they were about as I am, I have come to the conclusion that the same things which have favored them will favor me, and I get some hint of what a good man I will be in my ninetieth year.

But the aged feel life going away from them. They stop at the top of the stairs, all out of breath, and say, "I can't walk up stairs as well as I used to." They hold the book off on the other side of the light when they read. Their eye is not as quick to catch a sight, nor their ear a sound. Instead of the strong stride with which they once went along the street, they take short steps now, as though about to stop in the journey. Their voice is tremulous, and their hand that failed not to send the bullet to the mark, has lost its steadiness. Too feeble even to walk out, on pleasant days the cushioned chair is wheeled to the veranda. The bloom and verdure of their life have drooped. June has melted into July. July has fallen back into Augnst, August has cooled into September. "The summer is ended."

I have noticed that in this climate, in the latter part of October or the first of November, there is a season of beautiful weather called Indian summer. It is the gem of all the year. A haziness is in the atmosphere, but still everything is pleasant and mild. And so I meet many who have come to that season. There is a haziness in their vision, I know, but the sweetness of heaven has

melted into their soul. I congratulate those who have come to the Indian summer of their life. Their grandchildren climb up on the back of the chair and run their fingers along the wrinkles which time has for a long time been furrowing there. On sunny afternoons grandfather goes out in the church-yard and sees on the tombstones the names, the very names, that sixty years ago he wrote on his slate at school. He looks down where his children sleep their last sleep, and before the tears have fallen, says, "So much more in heaven." Patiently he waits his appointed time, until his life goes out gently as a tide, and the bell tolls him to his last home under the shadow of the church that he loved so long and loved so well. Blessed old age, if it be found in the way of righteousness!

—*Talmage Sermons.*

DIVINE PROMISES TO THE AGED.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

"Those that he planted in the house of the LORD shall flourish in the courts of our God.

"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing." —*Psalm* 92: 12, 13, 14.

"And *even* to *your* old age I *am* he; and *even* to hoar hairs will I carry *you:* I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver *you.*" —*Isaiah* 46: 4.

BE KIND TO THE LIVING.



E LIVE in a world where nothing is sure. To-day our friends are about us in the freshness and bloom of health and spirits; to-morrow we bend in anguish over their still forms; and it is well if no bitter regrets mingle with the tears we shed upon their white faces. Oh, life is insecure, and the brightest and most promising of all our treasures may, perhaps, soonest droop and fade. And when one dies, how anxious we are to do him homage! We speak of his virtues, we excuse his faults and spread the mantle of charity over his vices, which, while he lived, we had no patience with. If we only had, we might have won him to a better life. Had we exercised toward him a little of the forbearance and kindness with which we now speak of him, he had had fewer faults. How often his heart ached and cried out for human sympathy—for our sympathy—we may never know, and if we could, it is too late to undo the past, too late to soothe and benefit him. We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of hope and joy; but toward those who are still left to us, who have ears to hear, and hearts to throb with pain and grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving, and kind.

Do not wait till the faithful, devoted wife, who has tried so hard to make your home pleasant and comfortable, is dead, to show her kindness. No funeral pomp, no costly monument with loving words inscribed thereon, will make up for past neglect. Could the fond kisses that are now imprinted on her cold lips, and the murmured words of endearment that fall unheeded upon her ear, have been hers while living, there would have been no woman in all this wide world fonder or happier than she.

Do not wait till the hands of the tired patient mother are folded over the heart that has so often thrilled with joy, or beaten wildly with pain on your account, to do her honor. By the memory of all the loving offices which she has performed for you from infancy all the way up to manhood, or womanhood, keep your love for her deep and ardent, dutifully respect and reverence her, repay with interest the tender love and care that she has lavished upon you, and strive to make her last days restful, happy and peaceful.

Be especially kind to the little ones. The world will deal harshly enough with them; it is a rough world at the best. Surround them with an atmosphere of love, and instil into their hearts noble feelings and principles while you may; for, sooner than you think, other and less holy influences will be brought to bear upon them.

Be kind to the sad, the sorrowful, the unfortunate, the erring and the fallen. Kind words and kindly acts cannot hurt them, and may do them a world of good.

THE ALABASTER BOX.—Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them when I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

—*Rev. D. T. Talmage.*

THE OLD MAN'S PRAYER.

"Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

"O, God, thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared thy works.

"Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto *this* generation, *and* thy power to every one *that* is to come." —*Psalm* 71: 9, 17, 18.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.—I saw a pale mourner stand trembling over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his weeping eyes to heaven he cried:

"My brother! Oh, my brother!"

A sage passed that way and said:

"For what dost thou mourn?'

"One," replied he "whom I did not sufficiently lo' , while living; but one whose inestimable worth I n. w feel."

"What wouldst thou do if heaven restored him to thee?" asked the sage.

The mourner replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every opportunity to show his friendship, if he could come back to his embrace."

"Then waste no time in useless grief," said the sage, "but if thou hast friends go and cherish the living, remembering that they will one day die also.

RECIPE FOR A LONG LIFE.

In the volume placed upon our altars to guide and instruct us, we have this recipe for a long and happy life:

"He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.

"Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace, and ensue it." —1 *Peter* 3: 11.

TRUST IN GOD.

THE happiness of the Christian is always in proportion to the sincerity and depth of his trust in God. He may be overwhelmed by affliction, his plans may be thwarted, his good name assailed, his hopes for this world blasted; and yet, if he has an unimpaired, serene, loving trust in God, his peace will be as a river, whose pure depths and strong currents are undisturbed by the things that vex its surface. Nowhere in the Bible is this trust more powerfully and sublimely depicted than in the prayer of Habakkuk: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." The sublime poetry of the Orient is in these words, but they are not too strong to express the feelings of one in any clime or age, whose mind and heart are truly "stayed on God."

In times of prosperity, when our veins are full of healthy blood, when family and social ties are unbroken, and our hopes and ambitions are not thwarted, but moving on in the full tide of success, we may easily persuade ourselves

that we are trusting in God, while in fact our faith in Him is of the feeblest sort. It is when troubles come, and all earthly supports fail us, that our faith is put to the test. If *then* our trust does not fail us, happy indeed are we. Such a faith is not too dearly purchased by any earthly calamity or loss, and to many doubtless it never comes through any other process. Any trouble or affliction that brings us near to God, and leads us to cast ourselves unreservedly upon him as our strength, our providence and our eternal hope, is a blessing for which we should be profoundly thankful. Such a faith exalts and ennobles all the virtues and graces of humanity, deepens the sources and widens the domain of character, and fits us for the highest usefulness and happiness in any sphere of life. Such a faith gives us power over men to win them from selfish and worldly ways and bring them to Christ. We may have a creed of unquestioned soundness, and know how to defend it by arguments that no man can impeach; but if we lack the "sweetness and light" that are born of a pure trust in God, and a sense of intimacy with him, our influence as Christians will be poor and small. It is well to preach Christ in our words, but far better to preach him in our example, and by all the influences that flow out of a character formed upon the model of his Divine manhood. The trust in God, of which we speak, will cause our faces to shine and our eyes to glow with a heavenly radiance, and our lives will distill an aroma so pure, that men, taking knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, will be drawn toward him by an irresistible attraction.

Trust in God is a well-spring of joy and peace in the heart, springing up evermore unto life eternal. Having this Divine inheritance, knowing God as he is revealed in Christ Jesus, and having no will but his, we can appropriate, as descriptive of our daily experience, the precious lines of Faber:

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

"Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will.

"When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

"I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine."

"THE LORD God *is* a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory; no good *thing* will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." —*Psalm* 84: 11.

REMEDIES FOR ANXIETY.



NXIETY is the poison of life; the parent of many sins and of more miseries. Why, then, allow it, when we know that the future is guided by a Father's hand. —*Blair.*

Oh, ask not thou, How shall I bear
The burden of to-morrow!
Sufficient for the day its care,
Its evil and its sorrow.
Thy God imparteth by the way
Strength that's sufficient for the day.

"Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

—*Jesus Christ, Matt.* 6: 34.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." —*Peter,* 1 *Peter* 5: 7.

"Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee." —*David, Ps.* 5: 22.

Leave the future; let it rest,
Simply on the Saviour's will;
Leave the future; they are blest,
Who confiding, hoping still,
Trust his mercy
To provide for every want
And to save from every ill.

If we are faithful to the duties of the present, God will provide for the future.

—*Bedell.*

We can easily manage, if we will only take, each day, the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

—*John Newton.*

Make a firm-built fence of trust
  All around to-day,
Fill the space with loving work,
  And within it stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars,
  Anxious for the morrow,
God will help in all that comes,
  Be it joy or sorrow.

One of the most useless of all things is to take a deal of trouble in providing against dangers that never come. How many toil to lay up riches which they never enjoy, to provide for exigencies that never happen, to prevent troubles that never come; sacrificing present comfort and enjoyment in guarding against the wants of a period they may never live to see.

—*Wm. Jay.*

Say not, my soul, "From whence
  Can God relieve my care?"
Remember that Omnipotence
  Hath servants everywhere.

—*Lynch.*

He that knows how to pray has the secret of support in trouble, and of relief from anxiety; the power of soothing every care, and filling the soul with entire trust and confidence for the future.

—*Wm. Jay.*

Doth each day, upon its wing,
Its allotted burden bring?
Load it not beside with sorrow,
Which may never come to-morrow;
One thing only claims thy care,
Seek it first in faith and prayer;
All thou mayest need beside
He thou trustest will provide.

Borrowing Trouble.—"The worst evils," says a proverb, "are those which never arrive." By way of practical counsel to all borrowers of trouble, I would say, face the real difficulties and troubles of life and you will not have time for practicing the art of self-tormenting. The most contented people in the world are those who are most occupied in alleviating, with Christian heart and hand, the sorrows that the flesh is heir to. Visit the homes of ignorance, and poverty, and vice, and in face of the terrible reality you will there witness, your own petty cares will seem as nothing. The anxieties of the future will vanish altogether, while you will be better able to bear those burdens which, though real, will seem light to you by comparison.

NEVER GIVE WAY TO MELANCHOLY.—One great remedy is to take short views of life. Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till this evening, or next week, or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by apprehension of distant misery which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it? For every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.

—*Sidney Smith.*

Christian, banish thy dark forebodings.

Ask not what to-morrow will be: to-morrow's *need* will bring with it to-morrow's *God.* Trust and be still.

—*Rev. F. Whitefield.*

AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"I have been young and *now* am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

"*He is* merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed."

—*Psalms* 37: 25, 26.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.

"Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows"

Matt. 10: 29, 30, 31.

DEACON LEE'S EXPERIENCE.

DEACON LEE, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church and especially to drive away the minister.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquired as to the reason why there had been no revival for the last two or three years.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here?"

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and, after a little thought, frankly answered, "I don't know."

"Do you think the churches are alive to the work before them?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of the troubler in Zion, and, taking courage, he asked, "Do you think Mr. B—— a very extraordinary man?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think his sermons, in their eyes, are held anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started, as if shot with an arrow, and, in a tone louder than his wont, shouted:

"No, I don't!"

"You talk so little, sir," replied the questioner, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows, solemn as eternity, and don't tempt me to break them."

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked:

"What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which he had planted him. In my blindness I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowing words, and the pews filled with those who turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were doing God a service when we drove that holy man from the pulpit and his work, and said we considered his

work done in B——, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival while we were gossiping about and criticising and crushing him, instead of upholding his hands by our efforts and our prayers, the very instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings.

"Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the spirit, as we thought, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die.

"Scarcely had he gone, when God came in among us by his Spirit, to show that he had blessed the labors of his dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken, and our wayward children converted; and I resolved, at a convenient season, to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which like long buried seed had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that he might teach me a lesson that every child of his ought to learn—that he who toucheth one of his little ones, toucheth the apple of his eye.

"I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said (and her words were like arrows to my soul)

'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish.' Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into his fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, until designing men had alienated us, been to me a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him. 'God pity me!' I cried; 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her, for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before his dying servant and receive his forgiveness.

"What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my flesh and blood; but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his eyes and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor!' Then raising his white hand he said, in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin and bring some of his fruit to him (calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ). But he was unconscious of all around him; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit. I kissed his brow and told him how dear he had been to me. I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised him to care for his widow and fatherless little ones;

but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"I stayed by him all night, and at daybreak I closed his eyes.

"I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but, like a heroine, she said: 'I freely forgive you; but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us all with his covenant God, and he will care for us.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin, and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before my dream, saying: 'Touch not mine anointed, do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for his sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for his sake, even if they are not perfect.

"And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a very extraordinary man. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget its cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask the brethren to deal with you as with one who causes divisions.

"I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago.

"Stop where you are and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the new-comer's efforts to get a minister who could make more of a stir. There is often great power in the little word "no;" but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.

—*Christian Messenger.*

A KIND WORD FOR THE AGED.

J. P. NEWMAN, D.D.

Old age may be enfeebled and incompetent, but where it is vigorous, it should not be exchanged for inexperience. If an old man will not keep abreast with the best and last thought of the times, let him retire; but let us be cautious how we displace a man simply because he has seen many years. The cry for young blood is vicious; it is a premium on babyhood. Give young men the best chance to rise to positions of trust and honor, but let them remember that their chances are lessened by impatience. The last discovery in our high civilization is, that intellectual men are in their prime at seventy. Experience is more valuable than the gush of young manhood.

EVERLASTING YOUTH.

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS.*

OLD AGE, in some of its aspects, is a most interesting and solemn mystery; though to the outward eye it is merely the gradual waning and extinction of existence. All the faculties fold themselves up to a long, last sleep. First, the senses begin to close, and lock in the soul from the outward world. The hearing is generally the first to fail, shutting off the mind from the tones of affection and of melody. The sight fails next; and the pictures of beauty on the canvas spread round us morning and evening, become blurred. The doors and windows are shut toward the street. The invasion keeps on steadily toward the seat of life. The images of the memory lose their outline, run together, and at last melt away into darkness. Now and then, by special efforts, rents are made in the clouds, and we see a vista opening through the green glades of other years. But the edges of the clouds soon close again. It settles down more densely than ever, and all the past is blotted out. Then the reason fails, and the truths it had elaborated flicker and disappear. Only the affections remain. Happy for us if these also have not

*From Foregleams of Immortality.

become soured and chilled. It is our belief, however, that these *may* be preserved in their primitive freshness and glow; and that in the old age where the work of regeneration is consummating, the affections are always preserved bright and sweet, like roses of Eden, occupying a charmed spot in the midst of snows. In old age, men seem to have grown either better or worse. The reason is, that the internal life is then more revealed, and its spontaneous workings are more fully manifested. The intellectual powers are no longer vigilant to control the expression of the internal feelings, and so the heart is generally laid open. What we call the moroseness and peevishness of age, is none other than the real disposition, no longer hedged in and kept in decency by the intellect, but coming forth without disguise. So again, that beautiful simplicity and infantile meekness, sometimes apparent in old age, beaming forth like the dawn of the coming heaven through all the relics of natural decay, are the spontaneous effusions of sanctified affections. There is, therefore, a good and bad sense in which we speak of the second childhood. Childhood is the state of spontaneity. In the first childhood, before the intellect is formed, the heart answers truly to all impressions from without; as the æolian harp answers truly to every touch of the breeze. In the second childhood, after the intellect is broken down, the same phenomenon comes around again; and in it you read the history of all the intervening years. What those years have done for the regeneration of the soul will appear, now that its inmost state is translucent, no longer

concealed by the expediencies learned of intellectual prudence. When the second childhood is true and genial, the work of regeneration approaches its consummation, and the light of heaven is reflected from silver hairs, as if one stood nearer to Paradise, and caught reflections of the resurrection glories.

But, alas! is this *all* that is left of us amid the memorials of natural decay? Senses, memory, reason, all blotted out in succession, and instinctive affection left *alone* to its spontaneous workings, like a solitary flower breathing its fragrance upon snows? And how do we know but *this*, too, will close up its leaves and fall before the touch of the invader? Then the last remnant of the man is no more. Or, if otherwise, must so many souls enter upon their immortality denuded of everything but the heart's inmost and ruling love?

How specious and deceptive are natural appearances! What *seemed* to the outward eye the waning of existence, and the loss of faculties, is only locking them up successively, in order to keep them more secure. Old age, rather than death, answers strictly to the analogies of *sleep*. It is the gradual folding in and closing up of all the voluntary powers after they have become worn and tired, that they may wake again refreshed and renovated for the higher work that awaits them. The psychological evidence is pretty full and decisive, that old age is sleep, but not decay. The reason lives, though its eye is temporarily closed; and some future day it will give a more perfect and pliant form to the affections. Memory remains,

though its functions are suspended for awhile. All its chambers may be exhumed hereafter, and their frescoes, like those of the buried temples Meroë, will be found preserved in unfading colors. The *whole* record of our life is laid up *within* us; and only the overlayings of the physical man prevent the record from being always visible. The years leave their *debris* successively upon the spiritual nature, till it seems buried and lost beneath the layers. On the old man's memory every period seems to have obliterated a former one; but the life which he has lived can no more be lost to him or destroyed, than the rock-strata can be destroyed by being buried under layers of sand. In those hours when the bondage of the senses is less firm, and the life within has freer motion; or, in those hours of self-revelation, which are sometimes experienced under a clearer and more pervading light from above, the past withdraws its veil, and we see rank beyond rank, as along the rows of an expanding amphitheatre, the images of successive years, called out as by some wand of enchantment. There are abundant facts which go to prove that the decline and forgetfulness of years are nothing more than the hardening of the mere *envelopment* of the man, shutting in the inmost life, which merely waits the hour to break away from its bondage.

De Quincey says: "I am assured that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand circumstances may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription

remains forever; just as the stars *seem* to withdraw from the common light of the day; whereas, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them, as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed, when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn."

The resurrection is the inverse of natural decay; and the former is preparing ere the latter has ended. The affections being the inmost life, are the nucleus of the whole man. They are the creative and organific center, whence are formed the reason and the memory, and thence their embodiment in the more outward form of members and organs. The whole interior mechanism is complete in the chrysalis, ere the wings, spotted with light, are fluttering in the zephyrs of morning. St. Paul, who, in this connection, is speaking specially of the resurrection of the just, presents three distinct points of contrast between the natural body and the spiritual. One is weak, the other is strong. One is corruptible, the other is incorruptible. One is without honor, the other is glorious. By saying that one is natural and the other spiritual, he certainly implies that one is better adapted than the other to do the functions of the spirit, and more perfectly to organize and manifest its powers. How clearly conceivable then is it that when man becomes free of the coverings of mere natural decay, he comes into complete possession of all that he is, and all that he has ever lived; that leaf after leaf in our whole book of life is opened backward, and all its words and letters come out in more vivid colors!

In the other life, therefore, appears the wonderful para-

dox, that the oldest people are the youngest. To grow in age, is to come into everlasting youth. To become old in years, is to put on the freshness of perpetual prime. We drop from us the *debris* of the past, we breathe the ether of immortality, and our cheeks mantle with eternal bloom.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

When the summer of our youth is slowly wasting into the night-fall of age, and the shadow of the past grows deeper, as if life were near its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of the years. If we have a home to shelter us, and friends have been gathered by our firesides, then the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken the musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching to the evening of age.

"Happy *is* the man *that* findeth wisdom, and the man *that* getteth understanding.

"Length of days is in her right hand; *and* in her left hand riches and honour." —*Proverbs*, 3: 13, 16.

EFFECTS OF RELIGION IN OLD AGE AND ADVERSITY.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.



HEN the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigor; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us—when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us—then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting is it, to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavors or elude his grasp! To such a one, gloomily indeed does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at

hand; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, to those joys which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." What striking lessons have we had on the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, and power, and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendor and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped indeed of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

GEMS.—The memory should be a cabinet, full of Christ; the conscience a witness for Christ; the will a servant of Christ; the affections the throne of Christ; and the whole character a mirror of Christ.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF AGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKES' AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

FROM all I have narrated concerning my good and evil days, some may infer that I have been on the whole a favorite of fortune; that I may very well be philosophic and maintain a rosy good humor, since, with the exception of a few self-torments of the fancy, I have seldom or never experienced a misfortune. But, indeed, I have met with what men style great misfortunes, or evils, though I never so named them. Like every mortal, I have had my share of what men call human misery. The weight of a sudden load has sometimes for a moment staggered me and pressed me down, as is the case with others. But with renewed buoyancy of spirit I have soon risen again, and borne the burden allotted to me, without discontent. Nay, more than this, though some may shake their heads incredulously, it is a fact, that worldly suffering has not been disagreeable to me. It has weaned me from placing my trust in transitory things. It has shown me the degree of strength and self-reliance I should retain, even at that period of life when the passions reign. I am fully convinced that there is no evil in this world but sin. Nothing

but consciousness of guilt spins a dark thread, which reaches through the web of all our days, even unto the grave. God is not the author of calamity, but only man, by his weakness, his over-estimate of pompous vanities, and the selfish nurture of his appetites. He weeps like a child because he cannot have his own way, and even at seventy years of age is not yet a man. He bewails himself because God does not mind him. Yet every outward misfortune is in truth as worthy a gift of God as outward success.

In common with others, I have met with ingratitude from many; but it did not disquiet me; because what I had done for them was not done for thanks. Friends have deceived me, but it did not make me angry with them; for I saw that I had only deceived myself with regard to them. I have endured misapprehension and persecution with composure, being aware of the unavoidable diversity of opinions and of the passions thereby excited. I have borne the crosses of poverty without a murmur; for experience had taught me that outward poverty often brings inward wealth. I have lost a moderate property, which I had acquired by toil, but such losses did not embitter me for a single day; they only taught me to work and spare. I have been the happy father of happy children. Twelve sons and one daughter I have counted; and I have had to sit with a bleeding heart at the death-bed of four of those sons. As they drew their last breath, I felt that divine sorrow which transforms the inner man. My spirit rested on the Father of the universe, and it was well with

me. My dead ones were not parted from me. Those who remained behind drew more closely to one another, while eagerly looking toward those who had gone before them to the mansions of the Great Father. It was our custom to think of the deceased as still living in the midst of us. We were wont to talk about their little adventures, their amusing sallies, and the noble traits of their characters. Everything noteworthy concerning *them*, as well as what related to the *living* members of the family, was recorded by the children in a chronicle they kept in the form of a newspaper, and was thus preserved from oblivion. Death is something festal, great, like all the manifestations of God here below. The death of my children hallowed me; it lifted me more and more out of the shows of earth into the divine. It purified my thoughts and feelings. I wept as a child of the dust *must* do; but in spirit I was calm and cheerful, because I knew to whom I and mine belonged.

At the beginning of old age, I could indeed call myself a happy man. On my seventieth birthday I felt as if I were standing on a mountain height, at whose foot the ocean of eternity was audibly rushing; while before me, life with its deserts and flower-gardens, its sunny days and its stormy days, spread out green, wild, and beautiful. Formerly, when I read or heard of the joylessness of age, I was filled with sadness; but I now wondered that it presented so much that was agreeable. The more the world diminished and grew dark, the less I felt the loss of it; for the dawn of the next world grew ever clearer and clearer.

Thus rejoicing in God, and with him, I advance into the winter of life, beyond which no spring awaits me on this planet. The twilight of my existence on earth is shining around me; but the world floats therein in a rosy light, more beautiful than the dawn of life. Others may look back with homesickness to the lost paradise of childhood. That paradise was never mine. I wandered about, an orphan, unloved and forsaken of all but God. I thank him for this allotment; for it taught me to build my paradise within.

The solemn evening is at hand, and it is welcome. I repent not that I have lived. Others, in their autumn, can survey and count up their collected harvests. This I cannot. I have scattered seed, but whither the wind has carried it I know not. The good-will alone was mine. God's hand decided concerning the success of my labor. Many an unproductive seed I have sown; but I do not, on that account complain either of myself or of Heaven. Fortune has lavished on me no golden treasures; but contented with what my industry has acquired, and my economy has preserved, I enjoy that noble independence at which I have always aimed; and out of the little I possess, I have been sometimes able to afford assistance to others who were less fortunate.

Happy is he who grows old with Christ as his portion, for he is ever renewing his youth. He lives like Moses, upon the mount, in full view of the promised land.

OLD AGE.

"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier; for it never melts."

THE figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scriptures represent age by the almond-tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond-tree shall flourish," the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair was turning gray, "that it looked as if Time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing."

"It never melts"—no, never; age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward; they know no retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing "I would I were a boy again," but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy scenes of early years, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, which every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! he has little more to do but to die.

"It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds

its white blessings upon the valley and the mountains, but soon, warm genial spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frosts. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed, and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven.

The young, who all wish to live, but who at the same time have a dread of growing old, may not be disposed to allow the justice of the representation we are now to make. They regard old age as a dreary season, that admits of nothing which can be called pleasure, and very little which deserves the name even of comfort. They look forward to it, as in autumn we anticipate the approach of winter; but winter, though it terrifies us at a distance, has nothing very formidable when it arrives. Its enjoyments are of a different kind, but we find it not less pleasant than other seasons of the year. In like manner, old age, frightful as it may be to the young, who view it afar off, has no terror to those who see it near; but experience proves that it abounds with consolations, and even with delights. We should look therefore with pleasure on many old men, whose illuminated faces and hoary heads resemble one of those pleasant days in winter, so common in this climate, when a bright sun darts its beams on a pure field of snow. The beauty of spring, the splendor of summer, and the glory of autumn are gone, but the prospect is still lively and cheerful.

Among other circumstances which contribute to the satisfaction of this period of life, is the respect with which old age is treated. There are, it must be acknowledged and lamented, some foolish and ill-educated young persons who do not pay that veneration which is due to the hoary head; but these examples are not numerous.

The world in general bows down to age, gives it precedence, and listens with deference to its counsels. Old age wants accommodations, and it must in justice to mankind be allowed that they are afforded with cheerfulness. Who can deny that such reverence is soothing to the mind? and that it compensates for the loss of many pleasures peculiar to youth?

The respect of the world in general is gratifying; but the respect of one's own offspring must yield heartfelt delight. Can there be a more pleasing sight than a venerable old man surrounded by his children and grandchildren, all of whom are emulous of each other in testifying their honor and affection? His children, proud of their honored father, strive who shall treat him with the most attention, while grandchildren hang on his neck, entertain him with their innocent prattle, and convince him that they love grandfather not less than they love their own father. Whoever takes a little child into his love, may have a very roomy heart, but that child will entirely fill it. The children that are in the world keep us from growing old and cold; they cling to our garments with their little hands, and impede our progress to petrifaction; they win us back with their pleading eyes from cruel care; they never

encumber us at all. A poor old couple, with no one to love them, is a most pitiful picture; but a house with a small face to fill a broken pane, here and there, is robbed of its desolateness. A little thoughtful attention, how happy it makes the old? They have outlived most of the friends of their early years. How lonely their homes! Often their partners in life have filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call comes to them. How often they must think of absent, lamented faces, of the love which cherished them, and the tears of sympathy which mingled with theirs—now all gone. Why should not the young cling around and comfort them, cheering their gloom with happy smiles?

That old man! what disappointments he has encountered in his long journey, what bright hopes have been blasted, what sorrows felt, what agonies endured, how many loved ones he has covered up in their graves. And that old woman, too! husband dead, children all buried or far away, life's flowers faded, the friends of her youth no more, and she only waiting for her summons. Ought we ever to miss an opportunity of showing attention to the aged, of proffering a kindness or lighting up a smile, by a courteous or a kind friendly word.

Why speak of age in a mournful strain? it is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the nearness of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness! Let the old exult because they are old. If any weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are

before them. It is but a temporal crown, which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and better one. —*The Royal Path of Life.*

OLD AGE.

And why should we mourn because we must grow old? With every silvery thread in the bright locks we may gather a new virtue, that shall make the setting of our sun brighter than its noon-day glory! The soul has an eternal youth, and if it is rightly cultivated, it will shine through the furrows of age, undermined by the many infirmities of mortal life. We love the aged. From our earliest childhood our heart has warmed and leaped toward them. We had rather talk with a good old man or woman—their hoary hairs a crown of glory—than with the gayest of earth's gay children.

How much experience the aged have gathered! Every word that falls from their lips is a pearl to be treasured forever. Earth is growing darker to them, and the beautiful visions of an eternal world fall upon their almost beatified spirits, making their possessor seem, at times, more than mortal. Then, why should we dread to lose our youth, when age brings so much to love? But let us rather strive to train these immortal guests that tarry within our earthly temples so carefully, that they shall impart beauty to the faded lineaments and wrinkled brows, when we, too, grow old. —*Emily F. Cross.*

GRANDFATHER'S REVERIE.

THEODORE PARKER. *

GRANDFATHER is old. His back is bent. In the street he sees the crowds of men looking dreadfully young, and walking frightfully swift. He wonders where all the *old* folks are. Once, when a boy, he could not find young people enough for him, and he sidled up to any young stranger he met on Sunday, wondering why God made the world so old. Now he goes to Commencement to see his grandson take his degree, and is astonished at the youth of the audience. "This is new," he says, "it did not use to be so fifty years ago." At meeting, the minister seems surprisingly young, and the audience young. He looks around, and is astonished that there are so few venerable heads. The audience seem not decorous. They come in late, and hurry away early, clapping the door after them with irreverent bang. But grandfather is decorous, well mannered, early in his seat; if jostled, he jostles not again; elbowed, he returns it not; crowded, he thinks no evil. He is gentlemanly to the rude, obliging to the insolent and vulgar; for grandfather is a gentleman; not puffed up with mere money, but edified with well-grown manliness. Time has dignified his good manners.

* From his sermon on "Old Age."

It is night. The family are all abed. Grandfather sits by his old-fashioned fire. He draws his old-fashioned chair nearer to the hearth. On the stand which his mother gave him are the candlesticks, also of old time. The candles are three-quarters burnt down; the fire on the hearth is low. He has been thoughtful all day, talking to himself, chanting a bit of a verse, humming a snatch of an old tune. He kissed his pet granddaughter more tenderly than common, before she went to bed. He takes out of his bosom a little locket; nobody ever sees it. Therein are two little twists of hair. As grandfather looks at them, the outer twist of hair becomes a whole head of ambrosial curls. He remembers stolen interviews, meetings by moonlight. He remembers how sweet the evening star looked, and how he laid his hand on another's shoulder, and said "You are my evening star."

The church-clock strikes the midnight hour. He looks at the locket again. The other twist is the hair of his first-born son. At this same hour of midnight, once, many years ago, he knelt and prayed, when the agony was over —"My God, I thank thee, that, though I am a father, I am still a husband. What am I, that unto me a life should be given, and another life spared?"

Now he has children, and children's children the joy of his old age. But for many years his wife has looked to him from beyond the evening star. She is still the evening star herself; yet more beautiful; a star that never sets; not mortal wife now, but angel.

The last stick on his andirons snaps asunder, and falls

outward. Two faintly smoking brands stand there. Grandfather lays them together, and they flame up; the two smokes are united in one flame. "Even so let it be in heaven," says grandfather.

LONGEVITY AND A SWEET TEMPER.

A sweet temper is promotive of a long life. An English journal, *Capital and Labor*, asserts "that while excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient and wholesome food, bad lodging, sloth and intemperance, are all deadly enemies of human life, none of them are so destructive in their effects as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all the former," says this writer, "and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irrascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passions, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life."

PIETY AND LONG LIFE.

"The fear of the LORD *is* the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the Holy *is* understanding.

"For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased." —*Proverbs*, 9: 10, 11.

A GOOD OLD AGE. *

A GOOD old age is a beautiful sight, and there is nothing earthly that is as noble—in my eyes, at least. And so I have often thought. A ship is a fine object, when it comes up into port, with all its sails set, and quite safely, from a long voyage. Many a thousand miles it has come, with the sun for its guidance, and the sea for its path, and the winds for its speed. What might have been its grave, a thousand fathoms deep, has yielded it a ready way; and winds that might have been its wreck have been its service. It has come from another meridian than ours; it has come through day and night; it has come by reefs and banks that have been avoided, and passed rocks that have been watched for. Not a plank has started, nor one timber in it proved rotten. And now it comes like an answer to the prayers of many hearts; a delight to the owner, a joy to many a sailor's family, and a pleasure to all ashore that see it. It has steered over the ocean, and been piloted through dangers, and now it is safe. But still more interesting is a good life, as it approaches its three-score years and ten. It began in the century before, or at the dawn of the present; it has lasted on through storm and sunshine; and it has been guarded against many a rock on which shipwreck of a

* From Montford's Euthanasy.

good conscience might have been made. On the course it has taken, there has been the influence of Providence; and it has been guided by Christ, that day-star from on high. Yes, old age is a nobler sight than a ship completing a long, long voyage.

On a summer's evening, the setting sun is grand to look at. In his morning beams, the birds awoke and sang, men rose for their work, and the world grew light. In his midday heat, wheat fields grew yellower, and fruits ripened, and a thousand natural purposes were answered, which we mortals do not know of. And at his setting, all things seem to grow harmonious and solemn in his light.

But what is all this to the sight of a good life in those years that go down into the grave! In the early days of it, old events had their happening; with the light of it, many a house has been brightened; and under the good influence of it, souls have grown better, some of whom are now on high. And then the closing period of such a life, —how almost awful is the beauty of it! From his setting, the sun will rise again to-morrow; and he will shine on men and their work, and on children's children, and their labors. But when once finished, even a good life has no renewal in this world. It will begin again; but it will be in a new earth, and under new heavens. Yes, nobler than a ship ending a long voyage, and sublimer than the setting sun, is the old age of a just, a kind, and a useful life.

"Mark the perfect *man*, and behold the upright; for the end of *that* man *is* peace." —*Psalms*, 37: 37.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.*

BLESSING and blessed, this excellent man passed on to old age; and how beautiful that old age was, none, who had the privilege of knowing it, can ever forget. It was the old age of the Christian scholar and the beloved man. His evening of life could not but be bright and serene, full of hope, and free from sadness. He had a kindly freshness of spirit, which made the society of the young pleasant to him; and they, on their part, were always happy to be with him, enjoying the good-natured wisdom and the modest richness of his conversation. His faculties remained clear, active, and healthy to the last. Advancing years never for a moment closed the capacity, or abated the willingness, to receive new ideas. Though a lover of the past and the established, his opinions never hardened into prejudices. His intellectual vigor was not seen to molder under the quiet which an old man claims as his right. Of him might be said what Solon said of himself in advanced years, that "he learned something new every day he lived;" and to no one could be better applied the remark of Cicero concerning the venerable Appius: "He

* From the Rev. Dr. Francis' "Memoirs of the Hon. John Davis."

kept his mind bent like a bow, nor was it ever relaxed by old age."

But it was peculiarly his fine moral qualities—his benevolence, his artlessness, his genial kindness—which shed a mellow and beautiful light on his old age. No thought of self ever mingled its alloy with the virtues which adorned Judge Davis' character. His reliance on the truths and promises of Christian faith seemed more confident and vital as he drew nearer to the great realities of the future. For him, life had always a holy meaning. A Grecian philosopher, at the age of eighty-five, is said to have expressed painful discontent at the shortness of life, and complained of Nature's hard allotment, which snatches man away just as he is about to reach some perfection of science. Not so our Christian sage; he found occasion, not for complaint, but rather for thankfulness; because, as the end approached, he saw more distinctly revealed the better light beyond.

He once expressed, in a manner touchingly beautiful, his own estimate of old age. On the occasion of a dinner party, at which Judge Storey and others eminent in the legal profession were present, the conversation turned upon the comparative advantages of the different periods of life. Some preferred, for enjoyment, youth and manhood; others ascribed more solid satisfaction to old age. When the opinion of Judge Davis was asked, he said, with his usual calm simplicity of manner: "In the warm season of the year, it is my delight to be in the country; and every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the win-

dow and look at some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of the light upon them, when the moon is up, fill me with an indescribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see those leaves falling one by one; but when they are all gone, I find that they were only a screen before my eyes; for I experience a new and higher satisfaction as I gaze through the naked branches at the glorious stars of heaven beyond."

SWEET OLD AGE.

The following beautiful picture, how rarely realized! and yet who does not appreciate its beauty?

God sometimes gives to a man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow without sign of decay. This is that sought for land Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way abide awhile to show the world a perfect manhood. Life with its battles and its sorrows lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening of calm and holy undress. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not ascended saints.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.



EN and women make their own beauty, or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks in one of his novels, of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be," and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as his life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men, and of the white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty, which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than upon a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with the grandchildren around its knees, than in the ball-room or promenade. Husband and wife, who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the

beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each others second self. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something, which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

SEASONS OF LIFE.

At a festival party of old and young, the question was asked: Which season of life was the most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said, "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think '*How beautiful is spring!*' and when summer comes and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, '*How beautiful is summer!*' When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, '*How beautiful is autumn!*' And when it is sear winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see the *stars* shine through." —*Dr. Adams.*

"The fear of the LORD prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened." —*Proverbs*, 10: 2.

THE AGED LOVER.

NO LONGER a lover! exclaimed an aged patriarch; ah! you mistake me if you think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hair falls over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am a lover still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and, above all, the silvery laugh of a child. I love the star-like meadows, where the buttercups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with ringlets flying loose in the wind, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her. Her face is care-worn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the same bitter cup with her, it seemed always sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of life; but like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have wept over the graves. Through sunshine and storm we have clung together; and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old-style kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that beat so long and truly for me; the dim blue eyes that shrinkingly front the glad day, the sunlight throwing a

parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance.

I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills through my heart till tears come. Say not again that I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God imparted eternal life within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart may hold such wealth of love that all the powers of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out its quenchless flame.

"THEY TELL ME I'M GROWING OLD,"

Said Dr. Guthrie, "because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's-feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not *me*. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not *me*. This is the house in which I live; but I am young, younger now than I ever was before." Happy the man who keeps young whilst the house he lives in is growing old. Such men we know, uniting the ripeness of age with the warmth of youth, loving, earnest and cheerful. Happy the home, the school, or the social circle that possesses such centres for respect and affection! Young men, live so as to be such old men.

BIRTHDAY TESTIMONIES.

AN AGED WOMAN'S BIRTHDAY TESTIMONY.*

NOVEMBER 28, 1842.

I AM now eighty years old. I have had thirteen children, fifty grandchildren, and twelve great-grandchildren. Five of them are Methodist preachers, proclaiming, I trust, the same glorious doctrines that Christ taught his disciples. Can I, then, do otherwise than bless God for what he has done for me and mine. It is seventy-one years since I set out in the road to Zion; and from that time to the present I have never seen a moment in which I was sorry that I had commenced the heavenly pilgrimage; but many has been the time I have sorrowed for not having lived a more holy life. I can only say, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord." Evidences that we live in a fallen world, are spread all about us. We see them on every hand. But, blessed be God! he has promised an Almighty Deliverer. Christ can save even to the uttermost. His blood indeed "cleanseth from all sin." We read that Joshua "followed the Lord with *all* his heart," and I would be like him. During the last year, especially, I have been endeavoring to live by faith, and like Enoch, "to walk with God." If I have succeeded at all, the praise

* Mrs. Widow Eastman, formerly Mrs Paddock, mother of Revs. Benjamin G and Zachariah Paddock.

is due to the God of all grace and comfort. Within the last ten years I have read my precious Bible through eighteen times. Apart from my Saviour—if, indeed, this can be separated from him—nothing is so near my heart as this "book divine." To me it is no longer a "sealed book." Light from above seems to shine from its pages. The more I read, the more I love it. With David I can say, "O how I love thy law." Instructed by its teachings, and sustained by its promises, I am kept in perfect peace. Many well-meaning men are prophesying that the end of the world and the day of judgment are at hand. If so, it is well. The judgment has no terrors for me. I feel fully prepared to see "our God in grandeur, and our world on fire." The Judge is my friend, and I feel I can rejoice to meet him in the air. To him I can now appeal and say, as did Peter, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

SIXTY-TWO.

This is my birthday; I am sixty-two. It seems but a few days, as it were, since I was sixty-one. These birthdays—these mile-stones along the journey of life—that mark my progress onward, are seemingly passed with an increased rapidity. It is sometimes alarming to think how few must remain, and how soon they will all be passed, and I shall be ushered into the world of the unseen and eternal.

I sometimes am startled to think how soon I shall be in the midst of those great realities of which I have heard and read and thought so much. Soon will they be present realities to me—objects of sight, and no longer objects of faith. I shall gaze face to face on eternal scenes. And I shall know, even as I am known.

And yet, if I am prepared, as through abounding grace I hope I am, why should I shrink back? Why should I desire to block the rapidly revolving wheels of time? They are speeding me onward to my eternal home in the skies. They are bringing me nearer and nearer to my glorious Saviour. They are hastening my companionship with holy angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven. The more rapidly I am borne onward, the sooner shall I be done with temptations and trials and sorrows, and be an inhabitant of that city where "they shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Welcome, then, the flight of time!

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is often nothing but the extract of a past life.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

GERON, an old man of eighty years, was one day sitting before the door of his rustic dwelling enjoying the bright and cheerful autumn morning. His eye rested now upon the blue hills in the distance, from whose tops the mist was stealing upward like the smoke of burnt offerings, and now upon his mirthful grandchildren, who were sporting around him. A youth from the city approached the old man, and entered into discourse with him. When the youth heard the number of his years from his own lips, he wondered at his vigorous age and his ruddy countenance; whereupon he asked the old man, whence it came that he enjoyed such strength and cheerfulness in the late autumn of life? Geron answered: "My son, these, like every other good thing, are gifts which come to us from above, the merit of which we cannot claim to ourselves, and still we can do something here below to enable us to obtain them." Having uttered these words, the old man arose, and led the stranger into his orchard, and showed him the tall and noble trees covered with delicious fruit, the sight of which gladdened the heart. Then the old man spoke: "Canst thou wonder that I now enjoy the fruit of these trees? See, my son, I planted them in my youth; thou

hast the secret of my happy and fruitful old age." The youth cast a look full of meaning upon the old man, for he understood his words, and treasured them up in his heart.

—Brumacher.

A Good Old Man is the best antiquity; one whom time hath been thus long a working, and, like winter, ripened when others are shaken down. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The next door of death saps him not, but he expects it calmly, as his turn in nature. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. He practices his experience on youth, without harshness or reproof, and in his council is good company. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion, too, when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relic.

—Bishop Earl.

THE GRANDEUR OF OLD AGE.

Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains; old rivers; old seas; old stars; and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the seas.

—Talmage.

GOD CARES.

"LET me tell you," said the friend with whom I was conversing, "how God taught me about His loving kindness, so that I have *believed* in it ever since. It was in so simple a way, that a voice from heaven addressed directly to me, would not, I think, have been more impressive. "It was some time ago, when my health was so poor, you remember, and these pecuniary troubles were pending, and everything worried and vexed me so, that it was hard to feel that God was good. In this mood I walked into the field one day to be alone a little, and rest and think. The strawberries were plentiful, and almost unconsciously I began picking a handful on the long stems, while my thoughts took the form of half soliloquy, half prayer, 'Dear Lord, dost Thou care? These anxieties are wearing me out; these burdens, petty as they seem to everybody else, are weighing me to the very dust; and are borne to no purpose either. But if I could know my Lord did care, all would be easier. Oh, show me that, poor and insignificant as I am, Thou dost think lovingly of me.' Just then, by a sudden impulse, I arose and hastened some steps in an opposite direction. Recalled by the movement to myself, I thought, with a little surprise, 'Why did I

leave that spot where the berries were large and nice?' Curiosity led me back, where I saw—what my preoccupied mind and tearful eyes prevented my seeing before—a ground-sparrow's nest, full of tiny day-old birdlings! One step more and, had I not heeded that strong impulse to turn away, I should have crushed them. Could I help knowing it was the sparrow's God that kept me from destroying them? And could I help believing, that He who watched the sparrows cared for me? That sweet, delicious sense which then came over me, that I, with my little humble interests, was daily dear to God, will, I believe, never leave me till I die. I knelt down by the little birds that brought me this great comfort, and praised God; then went home, saying over thankfully, to myself, the dear Christ's words: 'Not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

When my friend had finished her little story, we sat a few minutes in silence, thinking—

"Behold how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love."

"I *am* poor and needy; *yet* the Lord thinketh upon me; Thou *art* my help and my deliverer." —*Psalms* 40: 17.

"For he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." —*Hebrews* 13: 5.

THE REFINER OF SILVER.

SOME time since, a few ladies who met in Dublin to read the Scriptures, and make them the subject of conversation, were reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the "fuller's soap" and the "refiner of silver" were the same image, both intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ; while another observed, there is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse: "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." They agreed that possibly it might be so; and one of the ladies proposed to call on a silversmith, and report to them what he said on the subject. She went accordingly, and without telling the object of her errand, begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her.

"But, sir," she said, "do you sit while the work of refining is going on?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied the silversmith; "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver will be injured."

She saw at once the beauty, and comfort too, of the

expression, "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace; His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and His wisdom and love are both engaged in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; "the very hairs of your head are all numbered." As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention, that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure! When Christ shall see his own image in his people, his work of purifying will be accomplished.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

God knows what keys in the human soul to touch, in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftiest notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintive song, must walk in the lowly vales of life's weary way; others, in loftier hymns, shall sing of nothing but joy, as they tread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without a discord or jar, as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.



HRIST is everything to the Christian *in time of trouble.* Who has escaped trouble? We must all stoop down and drink out of the bitter lake. The moss has no time to grow on the buckets that come up out of the heart's well, dripping with tears. Great trials are upon our track as certain as greyhound pack on the scent of deer. From our hearts, in every direction, there are a thousand chords reaching out binding us to loved ones, and ever and anon some of these tendrils snap. The winds that cross this sea of life are not all abaft. The clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying, like flocks of sheep on heavenly pastures; but wrathful and sombre, and gleaming with terror, they wrap the mountains in fire, and come down baying with their thunders through every gorge. The richest fruits of blessing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor; it is weathering a gale. It is not sleeping in a soldier's tent, with our arms stacked; it is a bayonet charge. We stumble over grave-stones, and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of graves. Trouble has wrinkled your brow, and it has frosted your head. Falling in this battle of life, is there no angel of mercy to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with

so many things to hurt, and none to heal? For this snake-bite of sorrow, is there no herb growing by all the brooks to heal the poison? Blessed be God, that in the Gospel we find the antidote! Christ has bottled up an ocean of tears. How many thorns He has plucked out of human agony! Oh! He knows too well what it is to carry a cross, not to help us carry ours. He knows too well what it is to climb the mountain, not to help us up the steep. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows too well what it is to be sick, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to die, not to help us in our last extremity. Blessed Jesus, Thou knowest it all. Seeing Thy wounded side, and Thy wounded hand, and Thy wounded feet, and Thy wounded brow, we are sure Thou knowest it all. Oh! when those into whose bosoms we used to breathe our sorrows, are snatched from us, blessed be God the heart of Jesus still beats; and when all other lights go out, and the world gets dark, then we see coming out from behind a cloud something so bright and cheering, we know it to be the morning star of the soul's deliverance. The hand of care may make you stagger, or the hand of persecution may beat you down, or the hand of disappointment may beat you back; but there is a Hand, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle, that it wipeth all tears from all faces.

—*Talmage.*

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven, there shall no evil touch thee." —*Job* 5: 19.

AN ADDRESS TO CHRISTIANS OF FIFTY AND BEYOND.

REV. HOOPER CREWS, D.D.*

THE very large army of Christians who have attained or exceeded the age of half a century, is a most interesting one. The call upon me to address you who have reached that mature age, has surprised me; but I shall try to improve my opportunity with modesty and great honesty.

You, my fellow pilgrims, have come into your second majority. You are free from those mistakes and follies that result from inexperience and superficial knowledge. It is reasonable to suppose that Christians fifty years old and over, know what Christianity is. They know it as a Divine influence and positive communication from God, through the agency of the Holy Ghost, shed upon penitent believers. It has produced that radical change by which we pass from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. You know that in Christianity there can be no substitute for this spiritual change, called in the word of God, regeneration, the new birth, a creation in Christ Jesus. Those who have thus been born again, are called

* While this volume was passing through the press, Dr. Crews finished his work and passed to his reward.

new creatures. They have put off the old man, and put on the new man, Christ Jesus. I feel freer to address those of your age, because I am included; and I can take to myself all I say to or of you. As the Apostle Peter addressed the elders, being himself an elder, and exhorted them to feed the flock of God, and take the oversight thereof, not by constraint, nor for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; so I, being one of you, exhort you to consider your age, and look upon the children and youth among you who need your example, your knowledge, and your wisdom, and the strength and light that God has given you. It is true of every man, of every age and rank in society, that none can live to himself. God has so linked mankind together, that every man is a force bearing upon all persons around him. His influence may be more, or it may be less, but he has some—enough to affect some person or persons for good or for evil. In spite of ourselves, we have influence, and do modify our fellow-beings. I am glad we can determine what that influence shall be. If we choose our life and character to be good, we shall benefit ourselves and profit others. I am confident that no one class of persons exerts a greater influence than those whom I address. A Christian fifty years old, is known. Judgment by the public has passed upon him. He may not for many years have professed the Christian religion, but with few exceptions he has been a Christian long enough to show his character so fully, that observers will see the manifestation of the grace of God that is in him, so as to win confidence. The elements of character that carry influence are all supposed

to be within reach of men of such an age. Those who have been so neglectful as to reach that age without attaining such elements of character, are hardly worthy of being called Christians. Yet, my friends, when I think of you, and at the same time think of the full meaning of the word Christian, I am sure of your influence for God and his cause, if you will only take heed to yourselves.

Try to realize where you are, what you are, and what you may be, and do. You are a subject of saving grace, brought into family relationship with Christ, your elder Brother. You are an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ. As such, you are counted worthy of some position in the Church. If you have, for a few years, been a real, loving, earnest, zealous, working, spiritual Christian, you have become a necessity to the Church, and to that office or position with which the Church has honored you. There has been no unholy ambition on your part. You have sought to prove, in your experience, the length and breadth, the depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, that passeth knowledge. Your fidelity had no motive but to discharge your obligations to Him who loved you and gave Himself for you. Your rich experience of grace gave you such an humble view of self, such exalted conceptions of your Saviour, as caused you to feel that your highest privilege is to love and serve the cause of such a friend. Everybody loved you, because you loved everybody.

Now, through sound conversion and faithful service, we all may exert an influence for good. We may be so loving,

so true, so active, so constant, so free from selfishness, and all ostentation, that our influence will be a benediction wherever we go. Piety may crown the intelligence, knowledge and refined culture of all who have attained to the age mentioned at the head of this address. What floods of light, of life and comfort such persons must shed upon the world of mankind as God's ordained mediums of Divine communication, and as instruments of his great salvation. What glorious things God would do through you. How mighty would be your agency for good. It is true, you differ greatly as to condition in life, as to social position, as to means and opportunities for culture, as to education, and general knowledge. You are in all ranks of society, engaged in all kinds of legitimate business; you are in the crowded city, or scattered through the rural districts. You are in the best cultivated and most improved portions of the land, or you reside in its wild and unsubdued frontier. Some direct and some execute; some lead and some follow; but all may be true and good, each in his sphere. I may therefore address you as the Apostle addresses all Christians: "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one, members one of another." Having differing gifts, let us "so use our varied talent" in the common cause of religion that we may be workers together with God. Whether we have one, two, or five talents, we owe the entire devotion to Him, and owe the one as much as others owe the five. Let us not receive the grace of God in vain. Whatever may

be our difference in position, in natural or acquired talent, in all points of Christian obligation, we are the same before God. We are alike required to be examples to others; to let our light shine; to so live that the great conservative power given us shall save. However silent it may be, it must be felt. No difference is noticed by the great teacher when he said, "ye are the salt of the earth. If the salt have lost its savor, it is thenceforth good for nothing."

As to active work, God has made us to differ in some respects. Under his moral government, circumstances, and surroundings, largely beyond our control, have made us to differ; but that providential difference fits us for the different work there is to do, and for the different places where that work must providentially be performed. Hence, among those whom I address, we have teachers, professors, presidents of colleges and universities, pastors of churches, of various positions. Some filling pulpits of great controlling power, others of less influence, and more obscure. We have also bishops, who are pastors of pastors, whose learning and deep piety, zeal and fidelity make them worthy of the confidence and trust which the Church has bestowed upon them. Yet our greatest men are required to shine—not to display their learning, though that may be good in its place, and worthy. The eminent must not so shine before men that their good works shall praise them, or praise the good works. The high and the lowly must glorify their Father which is in heaven. In practical life, Jesus gave a model character. It is true, he was Divine, but he never

used his Divinity for his support in any absolute sense. When he was tempted, he resisted the devil by the use of the Scriptures. When he was hungry, he did not use his Divinity to turn stones to bread. He used alone the words that proceeded out of the mouth of God, until in some natural way he was provided for. He was tempted; so are we. He depended for his daily supplies, as we do. He prayed to God, and received answers to prayer. His pure unselfish life shows us how to live after that model. How little did he think of this world; how all its influence was thrown off as to its effect on his human character. He said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and finish his work." My brethren, had we the devotion to one work, which he had, could we say, as he said, and with the same force of meaning, "I seek not my own glory, but the glory of Him that sent me;" and could we keep our spirit alive by constant practice and prayer, as he did, how much nearer to our model would we attain! It is our duty and our highest privilege, to live as he also lived. The Christian's new life is an indwelling Christ—a life in Christ —a life hid with Christ in God. To shine, is to be like him in character—to have the same loving disposition, the same cheerful, willing obedience, the same meek, self-sacrificing devotion to the best interests of all men, the same independent love of truth, and confidence in it, and a bold utterance of the truth. We should not live as if we doubted God's authority, but should have a bold, authoritative expression like Paul when he said, "I know in whom I have believed." Such a character, exemplified as nat-

urally as the fruit grows, would be to let our light shine. Our good works would be seen, as the fruits of the true vine, of which all true Christians are the branches. Now here is where we reach a common level, and become one in Christ Jesus. Great and small, learned and unlearned, must realize that without Christ they can do nothing, absolutely nothing. But through Christ's strength they can do all things that are required, in order to the most complete development of Christian character in all the beauties of holiness. Whether we do great things, or small things—have one talent or five—whether we have a high or low position, we must show Christ. We must be found not having on our own righteousness, but that which is by faith in Christ Jesus. If we make our Christian profession a success, it will be by following the example of those who have escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust; who said, as facts in their exprience, "I am crucified to the world, and the world to me. I live, and yet not I; but Christ liveth in me. This one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Such an experience as Paul had, is the experience we all ought to have. Does he not mean as much, when he says, "Those things which ye have both learned and received, and heard, and seen in me, do." If we accept his doctrine, and hand it down, ought we not also his example, and convey the same to those who come after us? It is little matter what else we have, if we are lacking

in character, and it becomes known, we can accomplish nothing for the cause of religion. We may lack education, and all our qualifications for public service, but if our lives are known to have been governed by the words of Jesus, and consistent with what is expected of his disciples, then the way is opened for usefulness. Every effort will leave an impression, every word produce an effect, of some lasting good. We can not dispense with consistent piety. If we have it, and have other qualifications, all the better. If piety, when almost alone, will be efficient in doing good, how much more will it accomplish when permitted to lead and direct all other helps and instrumentalities. Any one, who will, may be pious. Its substance is from God, and it is His good pleasure to bestow it. It is for all, and whoever will receive it, and cultivate it, shall have more abundantly. "LIGHT" is another word for piety. In the darkness, light is good for him who carries it, and for those in whose company he walks, giving out the light to others, which is thereby made no less useful to himself. It is so with piety. It guides the way of him who possesses it, and sends out its influence on all who are associated with him. As he who carries a light is thereby the giver of light in the darkness, so the genuinely pious is a guide that it is safe to follow in a long common life, in the discharge of its duties in the shop, on the farm, in the store, in the bank, in the family—everywhere.

Such piety would shine and be useful in all Christians; but it would be pre-eminently so in you. Your age is such that you are known to more persons than those who are

younger. Your character is more fully established. You have matured in body and mind. Let all Christian men of fifty and over, who are not thoroughly consecrated to God, at once yield to the divine claim, and become permeated and filled with all the fullness of God.

Your influence on the younger Christians is needed. Many of you are in some official position in the Church. Most of you professed conversion many years ago. You are generally known to the coming generation. The children and youth will get their impression of practical piety and of experimental religion from you. If you remain faithful, their impression will be correct, and may lead them in the way of righteousness. Be sure of one thing, you are each a model for some one. Some one, or more, are looking to you, shaping and shading after the pattern you have set before them. Wise, sensible persons ought never to wish others to do as they say, and not as they do. Wise counsel, if it succeed, must be illustrated closely by a harmonious life. The whole body of believers need this decided, outspoken religion. Many of you have been pained by a bold profession, that has been followed by a faithless life. The great fault is in the lack of stability, and the want of fidelity. That at which men become offended, is Christian inconsistency. Salvation means deliverance from the power as well as the guilt of sin. Therefore, let us be decided in our profession of Christ, but let us at the same time abhor that which is evil "and walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness, and meekness, with

long-suffering, forbearing with one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit, and the bond of peace." There is one body, "one hope of our calling, and one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." My brethren, let us lose sight of all we have read or heard from men, who have disputed about the perfection or imperfection of Christian character; and let us take the words of Jesus and his Apostles. Let us believe the promises they have made to us through the merits of that Redemption we have in the blood of Christ. Let us come to the fullness of these provisions as we are invited, and accept all that is offered, and prove for ourselves that Jesus is able to save to the uttermost.

Since we began life, what changes have been made in our facilities for worship through the increased wealth and taste of our cultivated civilization. What helps we have for aggressive work, in better church building, better salaries, and other modern improvements. The people, as a whole, are in a better condition. They live in better homes. More capital is used in business. Better schools, general intelligence, increasing facilities for gaining and circulating knowledge—all is constantly improving. How greatly have Sunday-schools multiplied. What a wonderful growth in its literature, in its songs and hymns. What an absorbing grip it has on much of the greatest and best cultivated talent of our times. Such is the vast machinery which it now works, and such is its power, that the whole Christian world is affected by it.

To an anxious Christian, the question is unavoidable:

"Are the spiritual, fervent parts of worship improved as these externals would indicate?" While we enlarge and beautify the house of God, step noiselessly upon its soft carpets, or sit or kneel in its pews or at its altars, upon its well-prepared cushions, are our hearts enlarging, are we adorning ourselves with the beauties of holiness? Are our hearts, in the sight of God, made as invitingly lovely and pure, for the reception of the Holy Ghost, as our seats and altars for our own reception? Does our learned, well-paid ministry flame with zeal, and their beautiful, appropriate words fall with power; and are the zeal and power of the Church increased proportionately? Are the fruits we gather from our Sunday-schools, with all their improvements, the money invested, the talent used, time employed in the way of conversions, of real Bible knowledge obtained and religious benefits received, equal to the great advance in these facilities? I do not ask these questions in the spirit of a doubter, but on the contrary, I approve of it all. Neither do I intend to find fault with any of the developments of the times to which I have alluded. I simply call attention to a few facts: The persons whom I address have had more to do in planning these things than any other portion of community. Your money has been invested, and your credit strained in many instances, to execute these plans. As far as I have been able to learn, you have had good motives in view. You aimed to provide for the public in your respective churches and communities. You wished to save the young people, by making religion and its surroundings as attractive as possible. You wanted to reflect

honor upon your denomination. You sought to keep pace with this advancing age. If there be failure at all, it has been a lack of what our Saviour calls "a single eye." This pure aim was above everything else—to honor God. These motives are good, but their place is to honor God. All these are good, but nothing can be a substitute for a lack of earnest piety. The religion that shines through the medium of a holy life, permeates, sanctifies, and throws its influence over all else, so it will accomplish the ends you had in view in all you have done. Not fine churches alone, nor large, popular Sunday-schools, nor great preachers, can do the work of saving. After all that has been done in the way referred to, I am told the disposition to attend church is decreasing; our young people are becoming skeptical in many of our Sunday-schools. We have all we need of outward means. We need now, purity, honesty; a religion that will make all its subjects reliable in the highest sense. We want a religion that will live and shine in all business circles, in all social walks of life, as well as in the Church; a religion that will make a man as honest in his politics, and as sincere a Christian as he is at the table of the Lord's Supper.

We have too many revivals like shaving fires. Now, we want revivals like a fire of anthracite coal, that will warm, and shine, and burn night and day. You who have spent sleepless nights over your church debts, paid your money, and then, after all, found yourselves so nearly defeated that financial salvation was doubtful, try the power of a holy life, a flaming zeal, a love for God, so intense that your

heart and flesh will cry out for the living God. Crowd His Temple at all your social meetings, and on all occasions. Let such a spirit become general, and abide, and live, bringing its fruits of righteousness; then you will be satisfied, and the peace of God will keep your heart.

I may say, of those whom I address: Some of you have nearly finished your course. You have kept the faith. You can now do but little else than *shine*. Who can tell the power and usefulness of a cheerful, happy old age? Bright it may be, by the test of three-score years! Loved and honored for the long and faithful services rendered, the heart full of love to God, and a longing desire to be with Him, and go out no more; he stands and smiles, and waits, until it shall be said, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." All of you, my brethren, have passed the meridian of life. We all need to put everything in order, for we shall die. Let us correct our mistakes, and repair our breaches. If, in a review of the past, we see wasted time and neglected opportunities, let the life we live for the few months, or years to come, be such, that no one can doubt our profession of faith as a disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. We can do no better for ourselves than to begin now a life of unreserved devotion to the best interests of our present and eternal good, and the good of all over whom we exert any influence, great or small, so "an abundant entrance shall be administered unto us in the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ."

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO UNCONVERTED PERSONS, WHO ARE FIFTY OR MORE.

REV. Z. PADDOCK, D.D.*

"THREE-SCORE years and ten" have, for a long time, been supposed to form the ordinary limit of human life. The words quoted occur in the nineteenth Psalm, the title to which attributes the authorship to Moses, the Jewish law-giver. If it is his composition—and we probably have no reason to call it in question—the Psalm dates back to a period in the history of the race much earlier than the time of David. At a still earlier day than even the time of Moses, for wise and beneficent reasons, men lived much longer than they did afterward. Several of the first patriarchs counted their years by centuries. Precisely at what time the curtailment of human life began, cannot now be determined; but from incidental allusions in the sacred text, it would seem probable that, so far back as nearly two-thirds of the way to the time when "man became a living soul," his life had even then been shortened to seventy years; and has so remained ever since.

The persons then to whom these words are specially

* Since writing this letter, Dr. Paddock has passed from labor to rest.

addressed, are supposed to have passed through five-sevenths of the time allotted to them on earth. Having lived fifty years, they have now only twenty remaining. They may live longer, and they may not live so long; though our present appeal takes it for granted that a score of probationary years may still be their possible if not probable inheritance.

And now, to see how the residue of their days should be employed, it may be well for them to pause and look back. As moral and accountable beings, it was, beyond all question, their duty to devote to their Maker, if not the very buds of being, at least the earliest blossoms of their opening intelligence. God said to them then, just what he has been saying to them ever since, "My son, give me thy heart." But even to this tender and eminently reasonable requisition, they have either turned a deaf ear, or listened but fitfully, and in a way adapted to produce no saving result. In sickness they may have sought the Lord, but in health they have forsaken him. Their goodness, if they have shown any, has, like that of Ephraim and Judah, been as evanescent as the morning cloud and early dew. And what an amount of guilt must be the consequence of their protracted, nay, their persistent course of rebellion against the God of love.

And then, how much these people have lost of personal enjoyment. These many long years they have been utter strangers to "the soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy" experienced by every true follower of the Saviour. They have had afflictions like other people; afflictions

personal, domestic, circumstantial. But in the time of trouble, they have had no God to go to, and have run blindly to their own broken cisterns, which bitter experience should have convinced them, years since, can hold no water. The sport of conflicting currents, they have been like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

Nor is this all. By declining to live a life of piety, they have lost, to a painful extent, the privilege of doing good. They may have been very just and very kind to their fellow-men, and in this regard deserve well of the world. But they might have been, *should* have been, an incomparably greater blessing to this same world. Their moral influence might have been diffused upon an indefinite scale —it might have gone to the ends of the earth. Indeed, so far as other moral beings are concerned, it has had, and probably can have, no limits. Certainly they might have been a blessing to those near them—their children, their companions, their neighbors. But, neglecting their own souls, how could they do good to the souls of others? Living without God and without hope themselves, it must have been impossible for them purposely to lead others to Christ. They may not have *intended* to obstruct the way of their families and friends, but they *have* obstructed it. Encouraged by their example, those who should have been led by them in paths of righteousness, have gone almost fearlessly in the way of transgression. Nay, very possibly, indeed, have already gone where hope never comes that comes to all this side the grave, and will have good reason in the

last day to charge their hopeless ruin, in part at least, upon those who should have led them in the way to heaven.

And now, dear friends, let me appeal to your sober judgment. Is it not high time that at once you reverse your course of action? As so much precious time has already been wasted, can it be wise to waste any more? Should you not *now*, without any further delay, turn your feet to the Divine testimonies? Consider how much you have already taxed the Divine forbearance. Is it not wonderful that He should have thus long borne with you? But the patience of God will not last forever. There is a day coming in which it will give place to wrath, and that wrath will be greatly aggravated by the patience that has preceded it. To delay any longer, therefore, may be not only to jeopard your all, but greatly to enhance your ultimate condemnation. Your only safety is in the immediate acceptance of a proffered salvation. And remember, God has spared you on purpose to save you. Such has been His gracious design in keeping you in a probationary state these fifty years or more.

It is true, that abused patience may aggravate our miserable doom; but this is only incidental to God's plans and purposes. His long forbearing goodness is designed and calculated to lead us to repentance; but by impenitence and unbelief, we may defeat this gracious purpose, and force destruction from His reluctant hand. And how many there are who are acting a part that must, in the very nature of things, lead to just this disastrous issue. They live on, day after day, week after week, month after

month, and year after year, until they come to consider life and all its advantages as mere matters of course. Indeed, some seem to act just as if they really thought Divine justice would be in their debt, should they not be allowed to live long enough to count, at least, their threescore years and ten. But, alas, how often are we compelled to witness the abrupt termination of all such schemes and imaginary prospects.

Let us ask those, for whose special sake we now write, to look back again to the days of their childhood and youth. How many who were then their companions in folly have been summoned away! And where are they now? We dare not, can not answer the question. But we know where *you* are, and feel more comfort than you will be likely to imagine, that we can still address you as prisoners of hope. But you must know your sun passed its meridian some time since, and is now rapidly sinking in the vale of years. Do you not see the shades of evening gradually gathering around you? You have but a little time more to work for God, for humanity, and especially for your own souls. Every moment now seems to connect itself almost directly with the destinies of the unseen world. Another slighted opportunity may seal your final doom, and then you will be left to exclaim with the despairing Jews, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!"

But then, apart from your personal salvation, and late as it is in the afternoon of life, you still have a great work to do before the sun of life goes down. Your children, and other relatives are, perchance, yet unsaved, and may

remain so, without that influence which you alone can bring to bear upon them. It is not unreasonable to suppose that they would have repented, perhaps, long since, had you set them the right example. They have said to themselves, if the religion of the Cross be what it professes to be, why have not those who are older and wiser than we, become its patrons? If reasoning like this has not been the sole cause of their continued impenitence, the strong presumption is, that it has had much to do with it. It may, indeed, have been the very factor that has determined their unhappy conclusion. If so, how important that you hasten to remove this stumbling-block. Can you reconcile yourself to the thought of being accessory to their final impenitence and consequent ruin? To avoid such a fearful res[illegible] you should, like the inspired Psalmist, "make haste, and delay not to keep the commandments" of God. By doing so, you may save both yourself and those who are more or less controlled by your example. And O, what a motive is this to a life of piety during your few remaining years. And how prompt should you be to govern yourselves by it. St. Paul's words, "redeeming the time, because the days are evil," can scarcely have been any more applicable to the Ephesians than they are to you. To redeem time absolutely, is impossible. Once gone, it is gone irrecoverably. The meaning doubtless is, doubly tax your passing moments. Get more out of each one of them than would seem to be its intrinsic value. Make it tell to the utmost on your own immortal destinies and the destinies of those around you.

If your sun has already passed its meridian, or gone even further in the moral heavens, you have still a *whole* day's work to perform. And how else can you do it, but by doubling your diligence, as well as laying out every particle of your strength? O, "work while the day lasts, for the night cometh when no man can work."

He who now addresses you, has gone a decade beyond the ordinary limit of human life, and though for more than sixty years he has been toiling in the Master's vineyard, he is abashed in view of the little he has done. He earnestly invites you now to join him in deep humiliation and unreserved consecration to God. From this hour, let us be wholly His. Doing our whole duty, and trusting implicitly in the great atonement, we have nothing to fear. We shall not only be tranquil and happy during the remainder of life's journey, but shall find death a vanquished foe. O, how sweet it will be, if, as we approach the final close, we can say with a good man of old: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." To die in peace, and go home to heaven, will a thousand times more than counterbalance any little sacrifice we may have made in becoming Christians. So thought St. Paul: "For I reckon that the suffering of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

CHARACTERISTICS WHICH ADORN OLD AGE.

REV. W. X. NINDE, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

 E RARELY hear old age referred to as beautiful. We speak of childhood as beautiful. A grace still more attractive is associated in our minds with youth. Even ripened manhood and womanhood have superior charms; but we gloomily anticipate age as the period of mental degeneracy and physical decay. The freshness of life wasted; the bloom gone from the cheek; the light from the eye; the vigor from the step. Patient, quenchless love may retain its respect, and still perform the offices of kindness; it may even discern a spiritual beauty back of the furrowed cheek and lustreless eye; yet, in the common estimation, old people are a burden to themselves, and, however much the faithful heart may revolt at confessing it, a burden to their friends. But is this estimate correct? On the contrary we are convinced it is very far from true. Undoubtedly there are instances where old age is not only uninteresting but positively repulsive. There is neither outward comeliness nor inward grace. The unhappy subjects have lost all relish for life. Existence has grown to be a burden moodily

borne, and yet is often convulsively clung to from spectral fears of the dying hour. Such an old age—impatient, exacting, unloving and unlovely—exhales no fragrance and exhibits no bloom. It is a sapless trunk, which spreads no grateful foliage and bears no luscious fruit. But such is by no means the universal experience. Innumerable are the instances where the evening of life exhibits a richer radiance than even its purpling morn—its declining sun suffusing the western sky with an almost supernal glow. Recurring to such instances, it is no extravagance to speak of old age as beautiful. It may be so richly adorned with rarest virtues as to prove surpassingly attractive. We know how the picture of home life is heightened in interest by the variety and even contrast of elements which it presents. We should certainly miss from it the face of blithesome childhood, but with no less regret the snowy locks of benignant age. Many a household is blessed with the lingering presence of an aged inmate who proves its very center of attraction and happy influence—and when that revered form is missed, at length, from the familiar place, and the arm-chair is vacant, there is the uprising of a sorrow as profound and real as sore bereavement can ever bring. But a beautiful old age is not adventitious. It is the outshining of a beautiful character. It springs from the harmonious assemblage of lovely traits—traits which are due to the patient, wholesome discipline of a lifetime. Those who are younger can not give too careful consideration to this fact. We shall all reach old age sometime, if God spares us. The frosts of its stern winter will invest

us sooner or later. But they need not quench the genial warmth within. Nor need they rob the outward life of its bloom and sweetness. A pure youth, and a manly manhood, will conduce to a refulgent old age. Let us refer to some of its comely traits.

1. There is something highly impressive in the venerable appearance and corresponding sober manners of elderly men and women. We can scarcely characterize these otherwise than as beautiful. The silver hair, indicative of life's lengthened journey; the mild glance, gleaming no longer with the fires of energy or passion, but mirroring a heart brimming with affection's treasures; tones soft and tremulous with the pathos of a thousand tender memories; and a sweet unruffled sedateness, which offers a happy counterpoise to the rush and turmoil of our excited modern life—what could be more thoroughly engaging and attractive. What an asylum of peace—what a very haven of repose, is the quiet but cheery room allotted in the mansion to revered age. It cannot be a secluded cloister. It is too bright and inviting for that. There is a presence there which unconsciously allures all hearts. Playful childhood seeks entrance whenever its door is ajar, and tired manhood will often surcease its cares within its quieting portal. Dearer than the rarest charms of face and form, of wit and all envied worldly accomplishments, is that fatherliness and motherliness which breathe their benediction upon us from the sequestered nooks of life. There is really such a thing as growing old gracefully. There is no clearer evidence of unabated mental vigor—of the pos-

session of sterling "round-about sense"—than the disposition promptly to recognize and cheerfully to accept the inevitable changes of life. And not only this, but with ready tact to adapt one's self to them. Nothing is more offensive to a correct taste than the disguises so often assumed to conceal the sure advances of old age. In the divine economy every period of life has its natural adornments. There is a grace which is peculiar to the aged,—a grace than which earth can scarcely claim a fairer. It will never be ours, until our steps falter under the weight of added years, and the winsome helplessness of our second childhood evokes toward us the same tenderness which gives to the first childhood so hallowed a place in human affections. Let it not sadden us then to find that the silver threads are multiplying over the temples; that the voice is not quite so round and assured in its tones as once it was; that a strange blur comes occasionally over the page as we read, and that the step is losing somewhat of its elastic vigor. These are the unmistakable marks—shall we say it—of approaching decrepitude. And yet there may remain for us many years of enjoyable, serviceable life; years crowned with the peculiar glory of venerable age.

2. There is a rare excellence, which is also the property of those who are advanced in years, which we may distinguish as MELLOWNESS—the autumnal ripeness of a matured character. Some persons mature much earlier than others. We have known comparatively young people, who seemed patterns of propriety. They were as dignified and consistent as sextenarians. Yet such cases are exceptional. That

delightful poise and self-control—that happy equilibrium of mind, which the friction of life can not easily disturb, comes with the sobered feelings of years. It is usually the fruit of much severe but wholesome discipline. It is esteemed a rare grace wherever found. We admire and covet it, yet find it so difficult to attain. It is this dignity of demeanor —this ripened manliness of feeling and conduct, which makes age venerable. Associated with this, is the lustre of tried virtues—admirable traits, which have been so often exhibited, and on such a variety of occasions, that we esteem them marked and permanent characteristics. Our aged friends are endeared to us, not by one or two signal services, but by a multitude of grateful memories. The fugitive years have robbed the mortal frame of its beauty, and perhaps impaired in some measure the mind's vigor, but they could not efface the record of a generous life. And that record sheds an unsullied glory upon life's decline. Wrinkled hands are always beautiful, if they have ministered to us unspeakable kindnesses through the changeful years; and the breaking voice has for our ear enchanting music, if in childhood and manhood its familiar tones solaced our sadness, and kindled our noblest aspirations.

3. But old age is not only endeared by fragrant memories—but by its present worth and richness as well. I speak of an ideal old age—the closing stage of a life that has been fruitful, both of outward service and inward culture; which has been marked by a steady and healthful growth. A life which has courted all refining associations,

and assimilated all enriching truth—cautiously selective in its affinities—gathering out of its manifold experiences, enduring treasures of costliest wisdom. Happily, this conception is not wanting in living examples. What inner wealth such souls possess. What boundless resources, to sate them in the retirement of age, and amid the paucity of outward novelties. And this ripeness of understanding—these rich hoardings of wisdom, afford their possessor a unique and most enviable capability of serving others. Their theories of life are not mere speculations—they are tested knowledge. They have learned much through the march of three-score years—much which we shall never know as they know, till we also reach that nearing milestone of life.

"The sunset of age
Brings us mystical lore."

It is this multifarious mental affluence which makes the society of elderly people often so agreeable and even fascinating. Thoughtful souls, wearied of the frivolities and vanities of gayer circles, turn with delight to the sober, edifying converse of men and women who have lived to purpose, and whose companionship is, in a superior sense, both entertaining and stimulating. We say *entertaining*. The talk of intelligent old people is uniformly rich in *reminiscences*. And these are often of thrilling interest. Even where they relate to matters of local or family interest, they are attractive to those immediately concerned, and often from their inferences to wider circles. We sometimes complain that the company of our aged friends is a

little tedious—that our constrained attention to the oft-repeated tale, is a tax upon the habitual deference we pay to honored age, yet we readily confess that we have known few happier hours than those spent in the society of intelligent people, whose experience of life has been a varied and extensive one, and who delight to convey to other minds, with graphic delineation, the pictorial impressions of their own.

4. Some, who are far along in life's pilgrimage, have never lost their youthful freshness of feeling and eager interest in current events. They keep step with the march of Time, and are always in sympathy with the better spirit of the New. And this trait is the more charming because of its rarity. The natural tendency, as we grow old, is to seek seclusion—to withdraw more and more within ourselves. It will not be strange if we become morose and even acrid, lamenting what seems to us a degeneracy of manners; complaining of our isolation even while we seek it, and thus filling our declining years with needless sorrows. Old age has its inevitable and substantial trials, which are sufficiently hard to bear. How unwise to separate us from those sweet amenities which are marvelously fitted to solace and relieve. Why need the heart ever grow old: "While the outward man perisheth, the inward man is renewed day by day." There is a wonderful preserving power in the companionship of the young. It is a most unhappy circumstance, that there exists so often a gulf of incompatability between the youthful and the aged. They both need the reciprocal influence of

mutual friendship. Happy, if we grow old without a sapping of the rich sources of our youthful enthusiasm—maintaining a vigorous relish for life even amid growing physical feebleness, attracting the young to us by a geniality that can share their innocent recreations, and sympathize with their most exhilerating hopes—ever taking a cheerful outlook upon life, and refusing to be counted out of its stirring actualities. But all this requires a mind of rare vigor—a will of unusual sturdiness. Or rather, we should say, it demands a character whose solid worth represents long years of faithful culture. Our efforts at self-culture bear their richest fruitage in old age. In fact, our cherished and habitual moods appear in their most graceful or graceless forms in life's decline. A sordid nature will not fructify at the last into unwonted fragrance and bloom. It will rather wither into a more cheerless and repulsive death. And so the radiance of an unselfish and unsullied life will grow more serenely bright as its history expands. It is for us to say, whether our own shall be a happy or a sombre old age.

5. This freshness of feeling, which is so graceful a characteristic of many elderly people, is usually joined with a comely ambition to retain to the last a healthy activity. I think it is Chalmers who beautifully refers to old age, as the Sabbath period of life; and no doubt this is true of extreme old age, whose infirmities forbid any serious exertion. Nothing remains then, but a restful waiting for the coveted transition to a fairer clime. But in our own references to old age, we have in mind not a career which has

passed into utter decrepitude—which is literally exhausted, but to one which has a reasonable expectation of continuance, perhaps for many years. We call people old who have reached their sixtieth birthday, yet that day finds many a one in his highest vigor, both of body and mind. Never was he more buoyant, ambitious and active. This is noble and ennobling. Frail as are the ends of life, it is a healthy temper which anticipates its continuance to extreme age, and which thereupon plans largely, and works in cheerful expectation of proportionate results. Nothing more clearly betokens a serene religious faith, than such a sturdy reliance. It is a most laudable disposition which seeks to crowd the fleeting years of our brief mortal life with beneficent work—which, as time wears on, refuses to think of the end as rapidly approaching, but toils with unabated vigor—entering with undiminished relish into its accustomed activities, till at length the absolute incapacity for labor puts a period to its protracted service.

Let us bear in mind that "activity is life." If we have reached a stage where failing strength forbids our full employment, we may be partially busied. Ours may still be a serviceable life. Many elderly persons, whose past usefulness might well purchase them ease for their remaining years, are as eager as ever to engage in beneficent work. They insist that they can only be happy as they are thus employed. They take a positive delight in wholesome activities. If they have no family cares of their own, they are eager to relieve those who have. If they are blessed with worldly means and ample leisure, they employ both

in relieving distress, and ministering to the sick, the forlorn, and the sorrowing. In manifold ways may we "still bring forth fruit in old age." Their very presence is a benediction and "their daily life an unspoken prayer." Earth has no richer benisons than those which grateful hearts breathe upon their honored heads. And when they disappear from the homes of the living, many a grief-laden heart feels that it has lost a friend. The more intimate family circle is bereft. The helping hand has been withdrawn. The responsive eye is closed. The voice so sweet to soothe, so wise to counsel, is forever stilled. The breast that pillowed the head of fretful childhood, is beneath the sod. Such a loss is sincerely mourned. It is felt to be irreparable. Yet the fragrant memory will remain, making our cares lighter and our trials easier to be borne, and life in its nobler aspects seem to us divinely beautiful.

6. Wholesome personal habits, especially simplicity and neatness of attire, are among the characteristics which adorn old age. Nothing is more ridiculous than the attempt of old people to appear youthful by dressing in the height of fashion and exhibiting manners manifestly incongruous with their period of life. A sober, dignified demeanor, united to a cheerful affability, and apparel such as good taste would suggest, are what we naturally look for in those whose spirits have been chastened by time—who have outlived, we might hope, earth's vain ambitions and proved the hollowness of its empty forms. Habits of cleanliness and good order, formed perhaps in early life, and sedulously cultivated afterwards, will seem especially

admirable in old age. We have known those in very humble circumstances, and with physical infirmities which might have gone far towards excusing seeming negligence, who were nevertheless models in these regards, exhibiting both in the care of their person and of their apartments a scrupulous neatness, which seemed, in their case, not only an economic excellence but a moral virtue.

7. Nothing, however, will prove such an ornament to old age as a luminous, consistent PIETY. There is no beauty to be compared with the beauty of holiness. All other graces pale before this. Crowned with this, old age is always beautiful. There will be a light in the eye more refulgent than the fire of youthful enthusiasm, and a sweetness on the countenance surpassing all charms of color and form. Destitute of a cheerful and sustaining faith, old age, however fortunate its earthly surroundings, and however varied and rich its mental capacities, is scarcely less than pitiable. We can see nothing to admire in a soul just ready to encounter the grim realities of an imminent eternity, unsustained by an immortal hope. We turn away from the spectacle with unutterable sadness. A sadness, too, which is aggravated by disappointment. That old age should be devout, seems in the highest sense appropriate. That its highest delectation should be the marvelous revelations of Christian faith, nobly befits that last stage, before the pictures of hope are transformed into measureless, overwhelming realities. And when, in strange contrast with this, we find the aged clinging to the vain things which perish in the grasp, and averting their thoughts from their nobler

heritage, the incongruity not only saddens but harrows us. Happy the tired traveler who knows that the long journey he has taken is not a bootless one—who firmly believes that every measured pace has brought him nearer the goal—that soon his feet shall press the immortal shore,

> "Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
> Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame."

Beautiful—serenely beautiful is life's decline, when its shadows are illumined by omens of the coming dawn. And unspeakably refreshing is the companionship of the aged saint. We seek his presence—we court his society. Conversing with him, we seem to hear the voices of the blessed, and to catch glimpses of the far-off land. And when at length his hour of release comes, the natural fear of death is swallowed up in the fullness of the triumph. Witnessing his departure to the heavenly mansions, we can only follow with the prophet's wondering farewell: "My father—my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

By Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D.D.

Bishop of The Reformed Episcopal Church.

WITHOUT any attempt at an exhaustive presentation of the all-important subject of Immortality, we may be able to give, in brief, an outline of the arguments by which the doctrine is supported. Although they will not be arguments amounting to demonstration, they will afford the highest probability to every thoughtful Christian mind, that if a man die, he shall live again.

I shall avoid, as far as possible, a dry, metaphysical treatment of the question, and avail myself more of the logic of the heart, than of the understanding.

We are met on the threshold of our theme with the fact, that among all the nations of the earth the idea of Immortality has been held. This is a signal proof that the idea is true. It does not affect the validity of the position taken, that the ideas of these various nations were incorrect as regards the nature of the future state. The clearing up of all doubts, the dispelling of all mists, depends upon revelation. The function of God's revealed truth is not to discover new and fundamental ideas to the universal intelligence of man. It is to clarify them of all error in their

application; to bring them out into fullness and prominence; to make them nutritive and determinative in the moral and spiritual life.

While holding to the transmigration of the soul, the ancient Hindoos believed in its essential immortality. It was taught by them, "as a man throweth away his old garment and putteth on new, so the soul, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not. The water corrupteth it not. The wind drieth it not away. It is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible."

Herodotus says of the Egyptians: "They were the first of mankind who had defended the immortality of the soul."

Lord Bolingbroke, free-thinker though he was, declares that "the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments, began to be taught before we have any light into antiquity. And when we begin to have any, we find it established that it was strongly inculcated from time immemorial." Volney admits that all the earliest nations taught that the soul survived the body, and was immortal.

It has been the belief of earlier and later peoples. The nations of Northern Europe, the fierce, restless hordes who forced the gates of the Eternal City and crushed the Roman power, believed that the slothful and cowardly, at death, went into dark caves underground, full of noisom creatures, and there they groveled in endless stenc and misery. But those who died in battle, went imm

diately to the vast palace of Odin, their god of war, where they were entertained in perpetual feasts and mirth.

Among civilized and uncivilized nations, on continents and islands, in every quarter of the globe, the belief in immortality has been entertained. Whence came the idea? Some of the deniers of the soul's inherent immortality have attempted to answer the question. Philosophers and statesmen, they allege, "practicing a pious fraud" upon the people, foisted it upon them. It was found necessary to bring in the idea of a future life, to hold the masses in subjection; to secure their allegiance to the State, and uphold the dignity of philosophy. Plato is represented as quoting a Pythagorian philosopher, who taught that, "as we sometimes cure the body with unwholesome remedies, when such as are most wholesome have no effect, so we restrain those minds by false relations which will not be persuaded by the truth." In like manner, it is claimed, the philosophers and statesmen reasoned, and so invented the idea of immortality to compass their ends.

We have only one question to ask. *What* philosopher, or *what* statesman, invented it? When his name is ascertained, we may entertain such an unfounded assertion. He will be found closely akin to the one who invented the love of the beautiful, the sentiment of harmony, the love of children, the fact of conscience, and the idea of God. If the historical argument for immortal existence were pressed no further than the admitted position that it is congenial to the universal mind of man, a strong presumption would be created in favor of the doctrine. But it goes much

further, and proves that the idea of continued being is *native* to the human soul. The consent of all nations, is the grandest affirmation possible of what the consciousness of man teaches.

The philosopher, the statesman, and the priest may have played upon the credulity of the people, and held them fast in dire superstitious bondage; but it was through a perversion of the instincts and principles God had implanted in the very constitution of man himself.

II. I may adduce the metaphysical and moral argument.

In the Kensington Museum, in England, I saw some of the sketches from the master hand of Turner. Rough and rude they were, but yet such only as his hand could draw. Over against them were the finished pictures, with all their faithfulness of detail, accuracy of expression, and magnificence of execution.

The best human life here, with its marvelousness of inventive powers, its royal reach of reason, its sublime daring of genius, its amplitude of affection, its deeds of goodness, is but an imperfect sketch; and yet a sketch that the hand of God only could draw. It is but the alphabet out of which the stately, glowing, and immortal epic of a Paradise regained shall spring from a Paradise Lost. It is but the wail of a new-born child compared with the symphonies of angels.

No clearer truth does the open book of Nature unfold to the wise and reverent reader, than the existence of a plan in the development of the animal kingdom.

No St. Peter's or St. Paul's can more clearly indicate the idea of Michæl Angelo or Sir Christopher Wren, than the *four* great types on which organic life is built, the *idea* of the Great Architect of the universe.

This plan, in its four-fold manifestations, implies predetermination, and involves consummation. Every organ, however rudimentary at any particular stage of the unfolding, becomes a function somewhere on the line of development. It is sure to be employed down in the scale of existence. Some animals have fingers, which are never used. They are given them by the Being who unvaryingly adheres to His plan. They are there, because when man, the lord and head of the kingdom, comes to the throne, bringing forward and *completing* all the lower and preceding types, he *must* and does possess five fingers on each hand, of varying length and strength. Those rough and rigid protuberances, in the structure of his inferior relations, prophesied the free, facile and flexible use of the most perfect instruments for carrying out the thought of the brain and the love of the heart. If there be no immortal life, all the prophecies of Nature fail—suddenly and unaccountably fail.

In the splendid make and mechanism of the body, compared with which the most cunning piece of man's workmanship is a bungling performance, every promise has been redeemed, and every prophecy fulfilled. It is correlated to the world about it. Light has been made for the eye, sound for the ear, food for the palate. Nay, in the very constitution of the mind, axioms have been

given to the reason, truth to the intellect, and beauty to the æsthetic taste. Still further, the conscience has asked for light and cleansing, and they have been given; the soul has cried out for God, for the living God, and "the invisible appeared in sight, and God was seen by mortal eye."

We have the instinctive fear of death—the unutterable dread of annihilation—the passionate longing for continued existence. We have powers capable of endless progression; faculties which find no appropriate sphere on earth, which are caged and confined as the panting bird, aspiring after liberty, beats its breast against the restraining bars.

We *feel*, we *know* our kinship with the skies. This world now can not bound our intellect; burning worlds and burnt-out worlds, swinging in their brilliant and gloomy orbits, throw up no barriers against the swift feet of our soaring imaginations. Beyond the uttermost limits of creation, we send our thoughts, our adoring love; beyond prostrate cherubim and seraphim, above the very throne itself, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, God over all, blessed for evermore.

This light of intellect to be quenched in oblivion's waters! These powers to be stamped out by annihilation! These longings to be unsatisfied, these hopes to be mocked! O, what a superb farce is this!

The God of Nature is the father of the immortal soul. The brute attains its ends. Man would be a little lower than the brute, if he did not attain his. There is no annihilation of a single *substance* in Nature, though the *form*

may be endlessly changed. There is no annihilation of spirit. The body may wax and wane. "I call it *mine*, not me." Connected with it, I yet know, that from it, "I am distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood." My thought, emotion, and will are not acids and phosphates. Our essential instincts are not a supreme forgery. Our faith in the God of Nature, and man, is not in vain.

> "'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
> 'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
> And intimates eternity to man."

In the same line of thought is the revelation of God to man, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who taught us to say, in the most perfect form of words, at the beginning of his universal prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven." In that sublime and comforting teaching, Father, and heaven, and man are brought together in vital relationship.

Edward Everett, in his just and glowing eulogy of Daniel Webster, mentions the following incident: "I happened one bright starry night to be walking with Daniel Webster, at a late hour, from the Capitol at Washington, after a skirmishing debate, in which he had been speaking at no great length, but with much earnestness and warmth, on the subject of the Constitution as forming a united government. The planet Jupiter, shining with unusual brilliancy, was in full view. He paused, as we descended Capitol Hill, and, unconsciously pursuing the train of thought which he had been enforcing in the Senate, pointed to the planet, and said: 'Night unto night showeth knowledge;' take away the independent force, emanating

from the hand of the Supreme, which impels that planet onward, and it would plunge in hideous ruin from those skies into the sun; take away the central attraction of the sun, and the attendant planet would shoot madly from its sphere; urged and restrained by the balanced forces, it wheels its eternal circles through the heavens." The underlying thought in that majestic mind, was this: These several States must be bound by supreme law to the one central government; "broad based upon the people's will;" not clashing in endless confusion, but moving on in harmony, progressiveness, and light.

But a still grander thought does the illustration illumine and glorify.

We lift up our eyes and our hearts to that Supreme One whose hand "guideth Arcturus with his sons, bindeth the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and looseth the bands of Orion," and it is the hand of "Our Father in Heaven."

There is the point of man's original departure.

> "Not in entire forgetfulness,
> Not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God who is our home."

You never can think of the Christian's God without thinking of the Christian's *home*. You never can take that endearing name of "Father" upon your lips, and leave out the Father's house in which are many mansions. The two are forever united. Try to cut loose from God, you swing away from the heaven in which he dwells. Try to shut out from your vision that heaven, and you send the "sun

of the soul" under an eclipse. If there is a *real* God, there is a *real* heaven.

You can not sail upon the ocean, out of sight of land, without calling upon the heaven and its orbs of light to aid you. You must rectify your compass and your course by its central sun. You can not sail life's sea without life's heaven. Your compass of philosophy, history, political economy, of statesmanship, and civilization must have the rectification of the skies, or you never can reach the heaven of humanity's hopes.

Break away from the Heaven-Father, and you are plunged in the blackness of darkness, and the horrors of chaotic ruin. You have read that poem on Darkness, by one of the most gifted but sadly erring writers this earth has ever held. It was

> "A dream which was not all a dream.
> The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
> Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
> Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
> Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

You know the rest. The prayer for light; the watch-fires of thrones, and palaces, and huts; the burning cities, the blazing homes, the crackling trunks of forest fires; the crouching of the freezing multitudes before their ineffectual flames; the looking up with mad, disquiet awe on the dull sky, the pall of a past world; the cursing, the gnashing of teeth, the howling of despair in the dust; the shrieking of the wild birds and the flapping of their useless wings; the wildest brutes becoming tame and tremulous;

the crawling vipers, hissing, but stingless; the glut of war — the gorging with blood; the death of love; the pang of famine, the dropping dead; the last two who survived — enemies, "scraping with their cold, skeleton hands the feeble ashes;" the gaze of each upon the other; their shriek, and death from mutual hideousness!

> "The world was void, the waves were dead,
> The tides were in their grave;
> The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
> And the clouds perished; *darkness* had no need of aid
> From them, she was the universe!"

Extinguish those greater and lesser lights of God and immortality from our sky, and you make the poet's dream a fearful reality on our earth.

In that awful winter, which shall bring icy death to man's religious nature, and to his instincts, and aspirations for the life to come, all else that we hold dear below, government, home, social order, civilization, faith, hope, love, shall perish with eternal frost. And the horrors of the vision of atheism, seen by the philosophic Jean Paul, shall be added to those of the poet Byron: "Raising his eyes toward the heavenly vault, he beheld a deep, black, bottomless void! Eternity, resting on chaos, was slowly devouring itself!"

The end of the life of that greatest of American statesmen, foremost of American lawyers, and most commanding of American orators, whose language I have quoted from Mr. Everett, came in the course of time. Too feeble to hold his pen, he said in a whisper to Mr. Curtis, his biographer,

"I had intended to prepare a work for the press, to bear my testimony to Christianity; but it is now too late. Still, I would like to bear witness to the Gospel, before I die. Writing materials were brought, and he dictated: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief. Philosophical objections have often shaken my reason with regard to Christianity, especially the objections drawn from the magnitude of the universe contrasted with the littleness of this planet; but my *heart* has always assured me, and reassured me, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a divine reality;" and these words are carved on the marble that rests over his sacred dust at Marshfield. But, as that brilliant orb was going down behind the western hills, he asked, as if still intently anxious to preserve his consciousness to the last, and to watch for the moment and act of his departure, so as to comprehend it, "whether he were alive, or not." On being assured he was, he said, as if assenting to what had been told him, because he, himself, perceived it was true, "*I still live!*"—his last words. The sunset had come; but it was a sunrise to know no more setting. His earnest soul repeated, I think, the last words he spoke on earth as his first in heaven—*I still live.*

III. I may mention, lastly, the argument adduced by the Apostle Paul from the resurrection of our Divine Lord. Make clear the fact of the resurrection of Christ, it will be a fact that chimes with humanity's unutterable longings, and fits in as the key-stone of the radiant arch of its hopes. Make clear that fact, and then, as the meridian sun brings out in all their boldness the mountains and all their beauty,

the swarded valleys faintly descried in the dim twilight, so will a risen sun of righteousness bring out these hints, and truths, and ideas, in controlling power over the intellect and influence over the practical life. Make clear that fact, and one simple-minded Christian believer, full of resurrection power, shall chase a thousand carping rationalists, and two shall put ten thousand to flight. Our faith in God, asks of God—a risen Redeemer.

St. Paul claims, if Christ be not risen, faith in Him is vain. So interwoven with the very life, and teachings, and death of Christ was the truth of His resurrection, that to deny the latter would be to destroy, root and branch, all faith in Him as Teacher and Saviour. He had said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it again." After the surpassing glory of the transfiguration, he had commanded, "Tell the vision to no man until the Son of man be risen from the dead."

He must either have been unconsciously deceived, and then he would have shown himself a weak, erring man, and no longer entitled to the claim of a teacher sent from God; or he must have been a willful impostor, and thus have sunk in the mire trodden beneath the feet of indignant, deluded men. If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain; your faith in Him as a Saviour is vain. Your Christian consciousness is a nullity, and a lie. There has been no atonement. Ye are yet in your sins. Life, death, resurrection, all enter into the redeeming work of Christ. He was "delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification." "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, the Lord Jesus,

and believe in thine heart that God raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." No resurrection, no salvation.

He asserts of the apostles: "We are found *false* witnesses." We, who were fully competent by reason of our numbers, to be believed, for there were the eleven apostles, the two Marys, Cleopas, the most of the seventy, and five hundred others beside. Nearly all were living, and ready to testify. Fully competent, as to our powers of judgment and varied experience; fully competent, from the opportunities we have enjoyed of knowing the facts to which we bear witness. We have been with the Saviour; we have known him intimately; we have treasured up His words. His image is stamped upon our hearts; we beheld His miracles; we knew He was crucified; we went to the tomb, expecting to find the body there; we saw Him alive again; we saw His pierced hands and wounded side; we heard the familiar voice; we received our high commission; we saw Him ascend into glory.

We have gained nothing, from an earthly standpoint, but loss of home, of friends, of reputation. We are made the filth and offscouring of the world. We are made a spectacle unto angels and to men. Stripes, bonds, imprisonment are before us. The headsman's axe glitters in the sun. "To the lions, to the lions!" rings in our ears. Covered with pitch, and set on fire, we shall light the streets of Rome by midnight! If in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

How the apostle, with jubilant utterance, turns away from the loathsome impossibility he has presented.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." The irrefutable fact stands forth in all its glorious majesty and infinite sweep of meaning.

The Gospel records must be torn to tatters, and scattered with the rent sybilline leaves, never more to be regathered. The whole colossal fabric of Christianity must have been built upon an abyss. The head and founder of the Church must have been created by the Church. A man must have been the father of his own ancestors, before this fact can be successfully denied.

Christ is risen from the dead. His own words have been justified. Christ is risen from the dead, and God has given the seal and sign manual to his Messianic mission. He has declared Him to be the Son of God, with power. Christ is risen from the dead, and an unsetting sun—the new and unfailing center of attraction—has burst forth in glory from the darkness of the tomb. Christ is risen, and we, too, shall rise. Every charnel house is robbed of its terrors. The sting has been plucked from death, and the grave been robbed of its victory. The darkness has forever passed. *It is morning!*

In that beautiful city of the dead, Greenwood cemetery, where the precious dust of so many loved ones reposes—that city, on its eminence, graced with flowers, fit resurrection emblems of life and loveliness springing from decay, and melodious with the music of birds—that city, overlooking the city of the living below it, and the river and the sea beyond it, contains here and there a

broken pedestal, which speaks of plans unrealized, and expectations unfulfilled; of aspirations unsatisfied, and ends unachieved. But on some of them is a hand pointing upward. A risen Christ is the inspiration of the thought. The upward pointing is the mute and eloquent suggestion, that on the plains of the New Jerusalem, the column of life shall be erected.

A limited sphere here, a boundless amphitheatre there. Seeming failure here, assured success there. Dead hopes here, living realizations there. Bafflings, disappointments here; unimpeded progress there. Home there, rewards there, friends there, Jesus there. Can we doubt the life beyond? "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain, in the Lord."

THE CERTAINTIES OF THE REDEEMED IN THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

Rev. W. Reddy, D.D.

MUCH labor and learning have been expended in writing upon the future state; but those writers who have followed no other guide than human reason, have left their subject in the dark, and their readers in a state of perplexity, uncertainty, and fear. Reason is a precious gift of God, and when used properly, is a blessing of incalculable value; but its powers are confined within narrow limits; its province is bounded by the phenomena of Nature; beyond these it can not pass, without the aid of Divine revelation.

The discoveries of science, especially by means of the microscope, are indeed wonderful. It has demonstrated, with certainty, many vastly important facts. It has penetrated to hitherto unknown depths, and uncovered mines of rich treasures of knowledge; but it can not penetrate the arcana of Hades, nor inform us of what lies beyond. "For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him; even so the things of God knoweth no man, save the spirit of God;" as it is written, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us

by His spirit, for the spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God."

Modern philosophers, therefore, are as unable to discover, or to describe the heavenly world, as were the learned men of Greece and Rome; and if, in general, the former have a seeming advantage over the ancients, it is because of the reflected light of Divine revelation, for which, however, proper credit has not been given.

"The things of a man," come within the scope of science and reason; but the things of God, lie beyond their sphere and ken.

Since, then, we are dependent entirely on revelation for all reliable knowledge of the invisible and heavenly world, let us carefully scan what the "lively oracles" teach, especially in regard to the *certainties* of the redeemed in heaven.

1st. It is *certain* that there *is* a heavenly world, where God dwells in majesty and glory. It is called "Heaven,"—the superior heaven, above the visible, the atmospheric, the starry heavens. It is the dwelling place of the immediate presence of God—the abode of God and his glory, and of the glorified Messiah, and of the angels, and of the spirits of the just after death—the home of the blessed; the abode of bliss; and, generally, of everything which is said to be with God.

The first intimation of such a place recorded in the Bible, is the translation of Enoch: "He walked with God, and was not, for God took him." He "was translated, that he should not see death." He was taken, body and soul, to dwell with God in the heavenly world.

The *dream* of Jacob, at Bethel, was a further proof of the heavenly world. The "Ladder" which he saw, whose foot was upon the earth, and whose "top reached to heaven," denoted a medium of communication between this and the heavenly world. The Lord stood above it, and said, "I am the God of Abraham." "And behold, the angels of God ascended and descended upon it;" and our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the medium of all communications between heaven and earth, applies the emblematical ladder to Himself. (John i. 51.)

Elijah's translation strengthens the evidence of the point under consideration. He went up by a whirlwind, into heaven. His ascent was visible. [In the early days of Enoch, when there was no written revelation, it seemed necessary to give some ocular demonstration to the skeptical world, of the reality of another world; and in the days of Elijah, the issue between the worship of the true God and idolatry—between the sensuous and the invisible—had become so positive and direct, that God saw best to add this instance of bodily translation; thus rebuking the infidelity of the times, and strengthening the faith of his true worshipers.]

In the transfiguration of Jesus upon the Mount, Elijah appeared with Moses, and talked with him, and spoke of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. These representative saints came from the heavenly world; the one, a representative of the disembodied saints; the other, as the first specimen of a glorified humanity, entire.

The proto-martyr, Stephen, was favored with a partial

view of the heavenly world, and gave a dying testimony of its reality: "I see heaven open," said he, "and the son of man standing on the right hand of God."

St. Paul was "caught up into the third heaven;" but "whether in the body, or out of the body, he could not tell;" and if he could not tell, who else can positively affirm or deny?

St. John, on the Isle of Patmos, had an open vision of that blessed place. He saw the throne of God, and a bright train of ministering spirits ever waiting to receive the high commands of God and the Lamb. The purity, order, and the glory of the heavenly world appeared to him without a veil. He saw that happy world, where hosts of holy persons have taken up their abode, after their departure out of this vale of tears.

Thither our Saviour ascended from Mount Olivet, while the disciples "stood gazing up into heaven." To this invisible company, the Church on earth, under the Christian dispensation, has already come by faith, and with that company they are already in unity and fellowship. (Heb. xii. 22–25.)

"By faith we are come
To our heavenly home;
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens, is Love."

2d. Heaven has locality. It is a *place* as well as a *state;* but where in the vast dominion of God the blessed abode is located, has not been revealed to man; nor

can he, by any research of his intellectual powers, discover it. But this is not important.

It is said to be *above.*

Jesus declares that He is "the way" to it, and to God. Angels are familiar with the heavenly route. They have traveled it since the "foundations of the earth were laid," for then they "shouted for joy" at the "laying of the corner-stone thereof." The metaphors employed to represent heaven, the names by which it is designated, the representations of the Christian life which leads to it, the distinctive contrast between it and the world of torment, all go to determine it as a *place.*

It is said to be "a better country" (Heb. xi. 16). It is an "inheritance" (1 Pet. i. 4). It is called "the city of the living God; the heavenly Jerusalem" (Heb. xii. 22). It is our "Father's house, where are many mansions;" "a *place prepared* for the saints;" "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. v. 1). It is the end of the Christian pilgrimage, to which "the ransomed of the Lord are returning and coming;" "with songs and everlasting joy upon their head" (Isa. xxxv. 10). One of these Pilgrims thus sings:

"The gates of pearl now open wide to me,
Thou city of the blest;
To me who oft have longed and prayed for thee,
And thy refreshing rest;
Ere sighs, and tears, and sorrow,
Ere pain, and grief, and woe,
Were changed to this rejoicing,
That all thy children know."

—*John Matthew Meyhart.*

3d. It is certain that *Christ* will be there; and this will constitute the chief element of the blessedness of "the saints in light."

"Not all the harps above
Could make a heavenly place,
If Christ his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face."

Christ "went away" to "prepare a place" for his followers, and he is now "at the right hand of God, making intercession for us." He is "highly exalted above every name."

In his priestly prayer, recorded in John, chapter xvii., he asks that "those whom the Father had given him might be *with him*," that "they might behold his glory." What that glory will be in the heavenly world, will far exceed our present conceptions. When he appeared to Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, "a light above the brightness of the sun," in his noon-day splendor, shone "round about" that persecutor and his companions; and when he appeared to John, on the isle of Patmos, "his countenance was as the sun shining in his strength."

But how transcendently glorious will be his appearance in heaven! Where all is light and perfection, and where every saint will be strengthened to behold and bear the weight of his glory!

This appearance of the Lord in his ineffable glory, will be a source of indescribable joy to all his followers. Heaven will ring with the high praises of the Lamb that was slain, but who liveth again. And his sacrificial death

will be proclaimed in songs of everlasting praise. The wondrous plan of redemption and salvation will be opened to view, in all its vast extent, and in all its depths and heights. Well has our own divine poet expressed the thought, that the presence of Jesus will be the secret and the sum of heavenly bliss—

"But when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see;
My fullness of rapture I find
My *heaven* of heavens in thee."

4th. It is certain the saints will be *with Jesus* in the heavenly world. As he hung on the cross, in the midst of his dying agony, he assured the dying, penitent malefactor, that "to-day he should be with him in Paradise."

The dying martyr, Stephen, commended his departing spirit to him, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." St. Paul, in the midst of the strife for the faith of the Gospel, had "a desire to depart and *be with Christ*, which was far better" than to abide in the flesh. And he declares, that he was "confident and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be *present with the Lord*," so that the Christian may confidently say:

"With him, I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word."

The ancient, but revived error, that the soul will remain in a state of unconsciousness from death to the resurrection, had no place in St. Paul's creed, and should have no place in the creed of any one calling himself a Christian.

Leave to infidels and materialistic scientists the gloomy speculation concerning the dependence of the soul for its existence and consciousness upon physical organism; but let the Christian believer assert his faith in the assurance of his Lord, that "Whosoever liveth and believeth in him, shall never die." The body may "sleep;" but when Jesus comes, the spirits of them whose bodies sleep, "will God *bring with him*," and then, "soul and *body* shall his glorious image bear," and be caught up together with the changed living, "to meet the Lord in the air, and so be ever *with the Lord.*"

"Forever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality."

5th. There will be no *suffering* in that blissful abode. "Here are afflictions and trials severe." "Many are the afflictions of" even "the righteous." "Those which have the first fruits of the spirit, groan within themselves, waiting for the adoption, the redemption of their bodies."

It seems not a little mysterious that God should permit his own dear saints to suffer in this life; but this has ever been the case since the days of the ancient worthies, "who wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy."

When *Annanias* hesitated to go to Saul, at the house of Simon, in Straight street, at Damascus, the Lord said to

him, "He is a chosen vessel unto me—for I will show him how *great things he must suffer for my sake.*"

"The disciple is not above his Master; but he that is perfect shall be as his Master." The bliss of the heavenly world will be heightened by contrast with the sufferings in this. "For I reckon," says St. Paul, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "For our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Plainly, this "weight of glory" excludes all suffering; for the Pilgrims, as they reach their heavenly "Zion, obtain joy and gladness, and *sorrow and sighing* flee away." Hence, there will be no *death* in all the society of the redeemed. Death is vanquished; his sceptre is gone; for death, as the "last enemy" of the saints, will have been "destroyed." "Death is swallowed up in victory."

"The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return manifold in the ear;
By death comes life—by loss comes gain;
Heaven's joy for a tear—heaven's peace for the pain."
—*Harbaugh.*

6th. It follows as a corollary, that *perfect happiness* will be the allotment of the saints in heaven.

Two things will conspire to render heaven a place of ineffable delight: the first is, the absence of all evil; and the second, the presence of all good.

In "God's presence there is *fullness of joy;* and at his right hand are *pleasures* forever more."

"There will be no want of any thing good or necessary, to complete the felicity of God's family."

"There is no sighing
O'er the unloving or the dying;
There, eloquent smiles the fond lips wreathe;
There, hearts of deathless friendship breathe;
There, where love tokens ever more are thronging,
Is no more longing." *Marianne Farningham.*

The thought may arise in some minds—How can the saints be perfectly happy, free from all mental sufferings, with the certain knowledge that some of their near earthly relations are suffering the miseries of the lost? In response to such an inquiry, it may be said:

How can the *holy angels* be perfectly happy, with the certain knowledge that many of their fellow angels are "held in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day," with no ray of hope of pardon, or reprieve, or limitation to the punishment; but they must suffer "the vengeance of eternal fire?" But further: How can a Christian be happy with the certain knowledge that so many, even of his own kindred, are daily sinning, and daily suffering untold wretchedness, as the result of their own sinning? These sequences of sinning are appointed by God, though He pities the sinner. These sufferings in this life, as permitted and appointed, are consistent with the wisdom and goodness of God, else they would not be, since He has *power* to prevent them. And no intelligent Christian can, for a moment, impugn God because of them. "The Judge of all the earth doeth right."

In like manner, the miseries of the finally impenitent will be but the extension of the principles of the Divine economy, in their application to the future world; and "the saints in light" will so clearly see, and so fully acquiesce in the appointments of God, as being infinitely wise, and for the best good of the Universe, that they will see no room for dissent or regret. Besides, there is too much stress laid on human *sympathy* and mere *natural affection*, in contemplating the relation of the condition of the lost, to that of the saved in the future world.

The mere *feelings* of the natural heart, in contemplating the condition of suffering kindred, are by no means a criterion of the state of the affections of those who are *sanctified*, and are in perfect harmony with God. The *natural* in the latter case, is swallowed up in the fullness of the *supernatural;* and the triumphant pæan of the redeemed will be, "The song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, 'Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty: Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints; who shall not fear Thee and glorify Thy name; for Thou only art holy, for all nations shall come and worship before Thee, *for Thy judgments are made manifest.*'"

In the awards of the final judgment by Jesus Christ, God will not act so much, if at all, in His *parental*, as in his *regal* and *judicial* character, "rendering to every man, according as his work shall be;" and "we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth."

"Great day of revelation!"
"Great day of termination to the joys of sin;
To the joys that grew on mortal boughs; on trees
Whose seed fell not from Heaven, whose top
Reached not above the clouds."

7th. The crowning element of this happiness will be, the *Holiness* of the place and of all its inhabitants.

God is holy! thrice holy! Hence, the highest order of the heavenly hosts veil their faces, and cry, "*Holy, holy, holy*, Lord God of hosts!" His holiness is expressed by "His being covered with light, as with a garment," and that "in Him is no darkness at all."

Jesus is "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." He is "the *brightness* of His Father's glory, and the *express image* of His *person.*" Hence, nothing unclean can dwell in that holy city and holy presence.

The four and twenty elders before the throne, are clothed in *white raiments*, expressive of their purity.

The angels are *holy*, and the saints are *holy*, for they "washed their robes and made them *white* in the blood of the Lamb."

Holiness is the *bridal robe* of the Lamb's wife; the "wedding garment," of all the guests. To the bride "was granted that she should be arrayed in clean and white linen, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."

No individual will be found there without entire sanctification; for "there shall in nowise enter into it (the heavenly city) any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever

worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of Life" (Rev. xxi. 27).

8th. *Heaven* will be *glorious!* The *landscape* will be glorious! Fields ever green; the pure and flowing river; trees whose leaves never fade, whose fruit never decays; flowers, infinitely variegated and ever fragrant, all contribute to regale the spiritual senses.

The *city* will be glorious! Jasper walls, pearly gates, golden streets; perpetual light, endless day, and the "glorious high throne," will render it so.

The *society* will be glorious! Forms of beauty—the dew of youthful freshness on every brow; sweetest intercourse—mutual love and kindness; songs of delight with no dying cadence, all, all these in infinite variety will conspire to render heaven most glorious! And to crown all, the glory of God and the Lamb will encircle the inhabitants, and fill the place.

9th. The *society* of heaven has been involved in the discussion of the previous items enumerated. But there is one element of that society which demands special attention. It is that of *friends*. We use the term friends instead of *relatives*, because *friendship* is not confined to earthly relatives, but embraces *kindred spirits*, who have been intimately joined in heart and sympathy here; and because, also, that we reckon among our earthly friends, our kindred according to the flesh; many of whom are not the "friends of Jesus"—are not "in the Lord;" and as to the term "*relatives*" in heaven, all the saints are *relatives*, because the family of heaven is *one;* it is a *royal*

fraternity, for all became "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."

Those whom we have known and loved on earth as *friends in Jesus*, whether kindred in the flesh or otherwise, will be there to make up the sum of bliss, and to be our companions forever.

Recognition.

But shall we know them? Will they know us amid the innumerable throng? We can not doubt such recognition, though precisely by what marks of identity we may not certainly affirm. There are grounds for expecting this recognition in advance of direct Scripture statement. The *yearning of the heart* for the departed, must forever remain unsatisfied without it. The *communion of the saints* in heaven, is impossible without personal recognition. *Forgetfulness* will make up no part of heaven. And knowledge acquired in this life would be largely useless without this personal recognition. The *unraveling* of the mysteries of this life demands it; and the *consummation of heart friendships* in this life would never be realized without it.

Scripture Testimony.

But the Scriptures come to our aid, and relieve the heart of doubt in regard to this matter. John, the Revelator, saw "the souls of them which were beheaded for the Word of God, and the testimony which they held." They were under the altar. He must have known them as *martyrs*.

"The rich man saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in

his bosom," himself being in torment. David said his child "should not return to him, but he should go to it."

Moses and Elias must have known each other, when on the Mount of Transfiguration; since the disciples, still in the flesh, recognized them.

Finally, the doctrine of the resurrection, as taught in the Scriptures, implies a *recognized individuality. Cheer, then:*

"O, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones,
In that land of perfect day.
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers;
Murmured in my rapturous ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers:
We shall know each other there!" —*Anon.*

10th. The *resurrection of the body* is among the assured *certainties* of the heavenly *world;* and this is necessary to the full realization of all the foregoing anticipations. This is the crowning glory of the redemption scheme; this was the *key-stone* of the Gospel arch. The resurrection of Christ is the *proof*, the *pledge*, and the *pattern* of the resurrection of the righteous.

Jesus has gone to heaven with his own resurrection body—"a glorious body"—and St. Paul, in comforting the saints concerning their deceased friends, says: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the dead

in Christ shall rise," and those of the saints "which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord," "shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," and "be caught up together," and with the risen dead, "meet the Lord in the air, and so be ever with the Lord."

As it did not fall within the scope of the apostle's design, in the passages alluded to in the foregoing, to discuss the resurrection of the "unjust," we omit that topic here for the same reason. The resurrection of the bodies of the saints is clearly taught, and that their "bodies shall be fashioned like unto Christ's most glorious body, according to the workings whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

Many of the descriptions of the heavenly world, already brought to view, doubtless relate to the resurrection state, and will not have their complete fulfillment until after the second coming of Christ, and of the final judgment. Nevertheless, they are *certainties*, which are assured, and will be realized.

Where the final location of the metropolis of "the kingdom, prepared for the saints from the foundation of the world," will be, is a question not so definitely stated as to preclude doubt, and therefore the discussion of it is here declined. *Certainties* is what we seek to ascertain and assert. It is enough to know that Jesus the "King, when he shall come in his glory, and all his holy angels with him, will sit upon the throne of his glory," and will "say to those on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, *inherit* the kingdom prepared for you." This "inherit-

ance" involves the possession of all the mental and moral elements of nature—refined, exalted, glorified; of individuality, of society; of worship, of *music*, of *beauty*, of riches, of *home*, of government and order, of employment and *activity* of love; kindness; of progression in knowledge, of gradation—perhaps of mutual dependence and mutual happiness—certainly of mutual attraction toward a common center, and toward each other, with eternal *security* against disease, decline, or the possibility of a fall.

"We're going home, we've had visions bright
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home;
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing 'round.
Oh, that beautiful world! Oh, that beautiful world!

"'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear,
When the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.
Oh, that beautiful world! Oh, that beautiful world!"

POSSIBILITIES OF A REDEEMED SOUL IN THE FUTURE LIFE.

REV. S. A. W. JEWETT, D.D.

THE fact of a future life for man, is a chief corner-stone of Religion. Next to the being of God, it is the most important truth within the range of human thought. Immortality gives to man his highest dignity and worth. Blot out the light of that great truth, and man sinks in value immeasurably. The difference between a creature, whose existence ends with the few brief years of our earthly life, and a spirit created for eternity, is greater than any words can tell.

> "'Tis Immortality deciphers man,
> And opens all the mysteries of his make.
> Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
> Without it, all his virtues are a dream."

It is the peculiar glory of the Gospel, that it gives certainty to man's longing hope of personal immortality. It teaches that, to the children of God, death, with all its gloom, is only a brief eclipse, through which the redeemed spirit passes for an hour, and then enters upon eternal day. To the child of God, death is the birthday of everlasting life.

But while the Gospel reveals to us the glorious secret of a blissful immortality for every child of God, it does not tell us everything pertaining to the future life which our excited curiosity desires to know. "It doth not appear what we shall be." We must wait till death shall disclose to us the hidden glory. Still, with all this reticence of revelation, now and then a little corner of the curtain is lifted, and some glimpses of the coming glory break through the window to inspire and intensify our hope. "For we know, that when He"—our glorified Redeemer—"shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Even the brightest joys and most glorious experiences of this life must be unspeakably mean and poor in comparison with that future life, which brings us into perfect fellowship with "Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant," and with "angels and the spirits of just men made perfect."

The glory that shall then be revealed in us, will be, in part, the glory of an exalted and mature intellectual life. Some there are who think very little of heaven as a place for intellectual activity, and the joys that attend it. They care very little for this view of heaven, because they have small interest in mental culture here, and little taste for intellectual pleasures. Their opportunities for mental improvement have been limited, perhaps, and their occupations have been unfavorable to intellectual pursuits. Hence they have never acquired that keen relish for study, and that intense love of knowledge, which inspire the enthusiasm of the scholar and the thinker. There are some among the children of God "called to be saints," whose

circumstances and mode of life have given them only a very low appreciation of intellectual joys and pursuits. But of these it may be said, that the attributes of saint-hood which they possess involve the latent capacity for all the joys and higher activities of the intellect. Earnest love of all spiritual excellence, and intense desire for complete likeness to Christ, are elements of all true Christian experience. And where these exist in the mind, as fixed habits of thought and feeling, the latent capacity for all high activities of mind, and for delight in them, must surely be present. Association with angelic minds, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, will develop this latent capability. The tuition of heaven will awaken the love of knowledge, and inspire delight in all intellectual work. That goodness of heart, which invites the revelations of God—hidden from the wise and prudent of this world—when it has moulded all the habits of the soul into harmony with the spiritual laws of the universe, and fitted it for the pure and exalted society of heaven, will then—the disadvantages of this life being cast aside—open up before the redeemed spirit a career of advancement in wisdom and knowledge, such as no college curriculum or university course devised by man on earth has ever furnished.

Wiser teachers than the best endowed schools of earth can command, with better methods of instruction, will attend the redeemed soul with loving care, and lead him rapidly onward in the path of knowledge; while at every step new and unexpected joys break upon the rap-

tured spirit. Angels that excel in strength—old in wisdom and experience, but having the vigor and beauty of immortal youth—will be ready to teach him. They all are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation in this world. In these holy ministries they have watched the growth of human minds from infancy to age, and so are acquainted with all the laws and processes of human thought. They must be masters in the art of teaching. By long and tireless study of the noblest themes of thought, and in all science and philosophy possible to created minds, through the past centuries, they have gathered all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. What inexpressible pleasure, to be guided in the noble studies of heaven by teachers such as these!

Varied talents in our instructors may be a benefit. Heaven will afford us that advantage. The spirits of just men made perfect will be there, ready to help us in our studies. Paul could give us lessons from the treasures of wisdom he has gathered during the happy eighteen centuries since he entered Paradise. He could thrill us with interest, as he recited his experiences during those three silent years he spent in Arabia. Abraham, the father of the faithful, could tell us much we do not know about that wonderful call of God, which led him out from his father's house in Mesopotamia to sojourn a stranger in the land of Canaan. And Isaiah, whose fiery eloquence has so often thrilled our hearts; and David, so full of the noblest poetry of earth when a shepherd boy, now doubtless more full of the poetry of heaven; and John, the beloved dis-

ciple, who leaned upon his Master's breast—all could minister to our advancement in knowledge. And in heaven, we may take lessons again from the mother who first taught our infant lips to lisp the blessed name of Jesus.

Contact of mind with mind is helpful to intellectual culture. That is one of the benefits of institutions of learning. The student lives in a society the spirit of which perpetually stimulates and inspires mental activity. So the fellowship of kindred minds in heaven, will not only be a direct source of joy by calling into exercise the purest social affections and sympathies, but it will be a perpetual inspiration and help in intellectual advancement. A more perfect method of communcating thought, than we know in this world, may be possessed by the redeemed spirits of heaven. Language is one of God's noblest gifts to man. Yet we often find it entirely inadequate to the full expression of our best thoughts and deepest emotions.

"How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

And yet how slow and imperfect is the speech, at times, with which we vainly try to express that glance of the mind! But among the redeemed, thought may flash from mind to mind, as the telegram flies along the wire beneath the ocean wave; and with a force and precision far beyond the power of the most eloquent human speech. Any one

acquainted with the telegraphic art, may stand in the office on the Atlantic coast, and reading by sound, listen while messages are transmitted across the ocean, of such thrilling interest to the nations that they shake the world. So the redeemed spirit, placed in telegraphic communication with all the glorious circles of angelic spirits, may stand by and listen entranced, while angel talks with archangel across the sweep of the Third Heavens, upon the mightiest themes of angelic thought.

The vast capacity of the soul for growth in this life, opens up to our thought a measureless possibility of development in all moral and intellectual excellence in the future life. The power of growth is everywhere a characteristic of life. A cedar cone, no larger than one can grasp in the closed hand, was planted on the Nevada mountain about the time that Abraham was born, in Ur of the Chaldees; and growing on through the ages, rocked by the tempests of forty centuries, weaving its trunk and branches from air and sunshine, according to the plan which God had wrapped up in the little cone at first, it built up a mighty pile of forest architecture three hundred and fifty feet high and eighty feet in circumference. The vast power of growth exhibited by this giant of the forest fills us with wonder. But how much more wonderful the growth of a human mind, from the feebleness of infancy to the mature intellectual power of a Newton! And if such growth is realized in this brief life, what shall be the development of the soul in heaven, when it has measured out there the lifetime of a mountain cedar? Let imagination stretch her

wings for her loftiest flight, as we attempt to conceive the future advancement of the redeemed soul, as, rising from glory to glory, it reaches a mountain summit far above that measureless height on which Gabriel now stands!

The power of growth which belongs to the human soul, reveals the possibility, for the redeemed spirit, of ever-increasing capacity for holy love and the "joy unspeakable and full of glory," which springs from the exercise of pure affection. Like all other powers of the soul, the power of loving the pure and good, is developed and enlarged by exercise. The boy who most deeply and truly loves a noble mother, if no blight falls upon his affectional nature, will give the richest love to wife and family when he grows to manhood.

It is the property of mind to see and appreciate moral excellence more vividly the more deeply we love the person who has it; and the brighter vision will, of course, intensify the love that gave it. Every new perception of the glory of our Redeemer will kindle the flame of love to Him more brightly in our hearts; and the increasing intensity of love will help us more and more to see Him as He is. Thus, love of God, and of all the good and pure in Heaven, will constantly grow, as our fellowship with them continues. And growing love means increasing joy. For the richest joy possible to the human soul, comes from the play and exercise of pure and noble affection. It is so in this world, and doubtless will be so forever. Hence, we are told, that in Heaven, where love is perfect, there is "fullness of joy, and pleasures forevermore."

We undoubtedly have a very meagre conception of the real greatness of the human soul. Here, where alone it manifests its powers to us, it is limited by the infirmity and weakness of this frail body of ours. Who then can properly estimate its untold grandeur and power, as they shall be revealed after ages of development, in association with the spiritual body of the future life, fashioned after the most glorious body of our Redeemer. Of the possibility of an ethereal spiritual body—equal to the tireless energy of the immortal soul, we have an intimation in some of the vital organs of our present body, which are distinguished from others by the fact that they never tire during life, but continue their ceaseless action from birth to death.

What new faculties and powers our souls will reveal in the future life, we do not know. But we are now only in the infancy of our being, and it is quite possible that there are within our minds undeveloped germs of intellectual powers which must await the higher conditions and activities of the future world for their growth; and which, in their maturity, may add an inconceivable glory and grandeur to the redeemed soul—"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Reader, let this subject speak to your heart. "He that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he is pure." All this fadeless glory is meant for you. You have native capacity for it. But neglect of God, and of spiritual culture, will dwarf and kill out that noble capability of your soul. Oh, let us live like the immortal spirits, which we are. When the cunning hand of death shall untie the silken

cords that bind the spirit to the body, he will at the same moment abruptly break every thread that connects you with the activities and possessions of this world. And if you have no inheritance beyond this life, you will be a bankrupt in the dying hour. The dark waves of death's cold river may be now beating nearer your path than you think. In a few hours the wave may come which shall break your last foothold and bear you away from the shores of time.

"Over the river they beckon to thee,
Loved ones who have crossed to the farther side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are hushed in the dashing tide."

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH."

[Extracts from a Discourse delivered at the funeral of Rev. Benjamin G. Paddock.]

Rev. J. B. Foote.



E OBSERVE a proclivity in the human mind to unbelief. What can be reasoned out, traced by some logical process, or carried through a mathematical demonstration, is promptly credited; but what is impalpable to the senses, or undiscoverable by the mind, or incomprehensible to human reason, is set aside. Such a course is not always honorable to the mind itself. Faith is as legitimate and honorable as reason; they should go hand in hand, and supplement each other. "Faith is the right and reason the left wing of the soul, as she goes flying through the universe to find her Father." Let the right wing be crippled, and she veers around and falls upon the frozen waste of rationalism. Let the left wing be broken, and she plunges into the fiery floods of superstition. But let each pinion be strong and fleet, and she lifts herself sublimely from earth, shuns the realms of ice and of fire on either hand, and soars home to her Father's bosom.

To die, seems terrible; but to die in faith, is glorious!

To see one die, is agonizing; but what faith then sees so changes the scene that we exclaim:

"'Tis not the Christian, but Death itself that dies!"

Our precious friends who once knelt with us at the communion rail, sang with us the sweet songs of Zion, and to whom we have been united by a thousand endearing ties —where are they? Alas! how many lie beneath the willow or the cypress? The prophets—Isaiah, Daniel, Malachi; the apostles—Paul, and John, and Thomas; the martyrs—Stephen, Ignatius, Polycarp; the reformers and fathers—Luther, Wesley, Asbury, Hedding, Gary, Puffer, Ninde, and a host of dear and honored ones—where are they? Departed, gone, dead! These have "all died." But what an important modification of the thought is given by the completed sentence, "These all died in faith!" Let us notice:

1. They died *in the faith of a living God, of a personal, Divine Christ, and of a holy and all-sufficient Sanctifier.*

A faith like this, which, beginning in God, sweeps through the vast realms of his providence; starting from the present, penetrates eternity; finding the soul polluted in sin, purifies it in the cleansing blood of a Saviour; and, from the mouth of hell, lifts it to the portals of heaven; a faith for the life that now is, and for the life to come.

Christian faith, in its central element and saving quality, is faith in Jesus; recognizing, taking him as the one Divine and perfect Saviour; as the proper and sufficient ground

of our confidence, object of our love, center of our hope, source and substance of our joy, here and hereafter. This is the root of the Christian life. This is the principle which vitally allies the soul to God, gives it to partake of the Divine nature. This gives the Christian now, in this life, a positive and abiding sympathy with those eternal realms of purity and bliss which Christ creates and fills with his own presence. This is the principle of victory and power. It conquers sin, gives vigor to effort, scales the heights of difficulty, removes mountains, endures afflictions, scatters the fears of death, and opens the eye upon enrapturing visions of celestial glory. In such a faith the saints of all ages lived and triumphed. And they all died in this faith.

2. They died *in the faith of a future, conscious, and joyous life.*

Every man reflects with anxious inquiry upon his future destiny. Whether our experience is limited by the bounds of this life, and if not, by the thought, what shall be the character of that existence, is a question which stirs the depths of every human soul. When my body is pulseless and cold; when my friends gather around to take a last look of my lifeless form; when they place me in the dark and silent grave, and leave me there to moulder; and when they are visiting occasionally the cypress shade, to drop at my tomb the tear of sad bereavement—shall *I* be anywhere? Shall I stop thinking and feeling, when my body shall cease breathing? If not, *what* shall I be thinking? what the character of my feelings? I have an inex-

pressible anxiety to know these things. As I bend over the graves of my loved ones, as I gaze down the dark, mysterious labyrinth of the unexplored future, my solicitude to know something about death and its sequences is absolutely irrepressible

The Bible alone furnishes the key which can unlock the problem of the soul's immortality. But once revealed, we not only find nothing opposed to it in nature or reason, but much to corroborate it. Yes, reason joins with revelation to proclaim,

"Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath."

The philosophical argument drawn from the innate longing after continuance of being; from the distinctive character of the soul's existence in its essential attributes and functions; from the consciousness of personal identity; from the disparity often seen between our bodily powers and mental achievements; from the universal notion of a future life; from the incongruities and absurdities of nature on any other hypothesis; and from other considerations, goes far, if not to suggest a future state, yet certainly to corroborate the Scripture statement.

But we enjoy the higher privilege of standing within the Bible temple, and where the voices of clear, well-demonstrated, divinely-attested truth are sounding all about us. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not

made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." We can not take time to extend quotations or remarks, but how inspiring to feel,

"Here is firm footing, here is solid rock."

"The stars may fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of nature, and the crush of worlds."

3. They died *in the faith of a glorious resurrection.* Human nature asks not only after the departing spirit, but the dear forms we loved so well. Shall we ever see *them* again? We place them in a beautiful casket; we adorn the spot where we lay them; we erect the enduring monumental marble, and plant the rose and myrtle, but—shall we ever see *them* again? To this irrepressible question, revelation alone gives a clear answer. Yet nature furnishes interesting and corroborative analogies, to some of which the apostle alludes in his masterly argument in first epistle to the Corinthians. We deposit the seed; it dies, but it soon reappears in real life. Our flesh is sown—sown a natural body; and it is raised again—raised a spiritual body; raised in incorruption. The sun goes down, and darkness comes on; but wait! the brightness of a new day triumphs over the night. After the night of the grave, shall not the morning dawn? After winter—the

cold, the night, the death of winter—comes the spring. It visits the same fields, and summer clothes the same valleys with robes of beauty. Will not spring visit the mouldering urn? What a striking emblem is the chrysalis! The worm envelops itself in a case and remains dormant for awhile; then, bursting its covering, comes forth a beautiful, winged creature, to soar above the earth with freedom. Will not the dead burst from their case, and walk forth in robes of beauty? Will not the fairest of earthly forms outrival the groveling worm?

But ask the inspired teachers, and we get not inferential but authoritative statements. Question Enoch. His translation is the world's first picture of its last and greatest triumph; at once a picture and a prophecy. Inquire of Job. I see the venerable patriarch, with his long, white, but now disheveled locks, clad in a coarse cloth, sitting in silence. Property gone in a day; children swept off at a stroke; wife turned against him; malignant, loathsome disease upon him; his neighbors, under the guise of friendship, using hard, reproving words. But I see him rising from the ashes. He brushes back his hoary locks. Hark! I hear him speak: "O that my words were written in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen in the rock forever!" What words, dear, sad, but triumphant old man? "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another." Ask David. "My flesh

also shall rest in hope." How speaks Isaiah. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they rise; awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead." As the dew-drop moistens the bud on the plant, opens it, and sends forth the beautiful flower, so the dew on thy dust shall bring from the opening bud the resurrection flower to bloom above forever. Inquire of Daniel. "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake. Some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." O may you and I be there to shine—to shine as the stars, forever and ever! And let us listen to the words of Jesus: "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth." When Martha suggested in reference to her brother, "I know he shall rise again at the last day"—the Jewish faith in the doctrine—Jesus confirmed it, and added to it by saying, "I am the resurrection and the life." "Marvel not, for the hour is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Paul repeats it: "There shall be a resurrection, both of the just and unjust," and argues it at length; and John's Apocalyptic visions of "the dead, small and great, standing before God," presented in the

final book of Revelation, gives us the climax of the argument, and leaves nothing necessary to confirm us in this most inspiring faith of a prospective and glorious resurrection.

How sublime these views suggested by our text: "These all died in faith." How rich the spiritual realizations! What sublimity of hope! How inspiring to the soul! Such a faith uplifts a man, is soul-girding, ennobling, unites to God, and opens heaven. By this we rise superior to foe, or fear, or death. Let consumption quaff my life's blood, let fever scorch and burn my brain, or the pestilence sweep by like a fierce sirocco, yet I shall live! Let fire burn my house, I have a better! Let floods of water destroy my property—all take wings and fly away, I have unfailing treasures! How consoling, when we bury Christian friends, as we often must, for

> "Friend after friend departs—
> Who has not lost a friend?"

to realize that they are not lost; we know where they are, and how to find them! They are only gone in advance of us, and when the Master bids, we shall be permitted to join them.

THE SAINTS DIE WELL.

A HAPPY OLD AGE, AND A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

REV. BENJAMIN G. PADDOCK.



ANY people, possibly indeed most, suppose that old men are necessarily peevish, sour, sorrowful, melancholy, or the like. That many old men are so, can not be denied. The tide of unchanged, unsanctified human nature, is doubtless in that direction; and hence the palpable fact, that there are aged people who feel nothing but darkness and gloom within themselves, and *see* nothing but darkness and gloom in all that surrounds them. The sources of sensual enjoyment now all dried up, they see no other sources open to them. The retrospect of the past, the facts of the present, and the anticipations of the future are alike unsatisfactory; so that the spontaneous inquiry is, "Who will show us any good?"—a query not to be solved by any light at their command. No wonder, then, that they are wretched. It would be wonderful, were it otherwise. Such, however, is not the destiny of those who "live not unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again;" who have dedicated themselves to God, and to humanity; in a word, have practically

regarded it as the chief end of their being, to glorify God on earth, as well as to enjoy Him forever in heaven.

Thus it was with the good man, of whose last days we are now speaking. Though conscious of many short-comings, and deeply sorrowful that he had done so little for God, and for the salvation of his fellow-men, yet feeling that he had *aimed* at doing his whole duty, and exercising an implicit faith in the great atonement, he not only rejoiced in hope of the glory of God, but had a smile and a friendly hand for every human being. Nor did the progress of disease much abate his cheerfulness. His flesh and his heart might fail, but God was the strength of his heart, and his portion forever. Down to the last moment, God was his light and his salvation. The dark valley had no terrors for him. He felt assured that the heavenly Shepherd would not only attend him through it, but lead him to living fountains of water beyond it. He was going home, and rejoiced at the prospect.

He had expressed solicitude to see his brother before he went hence, and especially, as he wished to leave in his hands papers he had been writing. That brother, being informed of the critical state of his health, and of his earnest desire to see him, hastened to Metuchen. When he reached his bedside, the dying patriarch stretched out his hand, and grasping his brother's, said—a smile playing on his cheek, and joy sparkling in his eye—"*Zechariah, I shall beat you, after all;*" referring, doubtless, to a supposed prospect that had for a time previously existed, that his brother might precede him in the final journey. Noth-

ing could have been either more characteristic, or more affecting to those who stood about the bed. The brother replied: "It looks so now; but I want to say to you, in language I used to hear you sing a long time since,

"'If you get there before I do,
Look out for me, I'm coming too;
Glory alleluia!'"

It would be difficult to describe the effect which this quotation had upon the dying patriarch. While it transported him back to other days and other scenes, it seemed at the same time to open to his view the glories of the celestial city. As if borne onward and upward, by a tide of irrepressible emotion, he broke out in transports of joy, almost literally saying with the dying Fletcher, "O for a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth!" The scene suggested to one present, Rev. 19: 6, which was quoted as being appropriate to the feelings of a good man, when he contemplates the government of God—even though he should be passing through the Jordan of death. He seized upon the words, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and repeated them again and again, with an emphasis and a power that might not inaptly be characterized as unearthly. An hour or two later, in the evening, being left alone with his son-in-law, Dr. Lathrop, of Cooperstown, N. Y., he said to him, "I know you do not sing; but when you see that the struggle is over, and I am gone, I want you and all present to say, 'Alleluia; the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;'" as if at that solemn moment he would have the chorus of earth mingle with

the chorus of heaven. This was on Tuesday evening, the second day of October. He lingered in the same heavenly frame till the following Saturday evening, when he entered into rest. About noon of that day, he evidently thought himself dying; and turning himself slightly in bed, said, very distinctly, though in a whisper, "Farewell; alleluia; all is well!" These were the last words he ever uttered. Whether conscious or not, he made no further effort to be understood, but quietly breathed on till about nine o'clock, when

"The wheels of weary life stood still."

At the moment this occurred, not only the family, but many others were present, all of whom joined in the Apocalyptic "Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" with unutterable emotion.

JOHN WESLEY'S OLD AGE AND DEATH.

On his last birthday, he writes: "This day I enter into my eighty-eighth year. For above eighty-six years, I found none of the infirmities of old age; my eye did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated. But last autumn, I found almost a sudden change; my eyes were so dim, that no glasses would help me; my strength forsook me, and probably will not return in this world. But I feel no pain, from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted, and, humanely speaking, will sink more and more, till 'The weary wheels of life stand still at last!'"

He preached his last sermon at Leatherhead Woods, February 3, 1791, from Isaiah 55: 6—"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." He concluded the service by singing Charles Wesley's hymn, commencing,

"O that without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

His death occurred on the 2d of March following. The *is* is described as follows:

The dying hour came. The Christian warrior of many battles is about to lay off his armor, and retire to rest. Looking over the whole of an extended life of great labor and wonderful success, he exclaimed,

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

The day following, he was heard to say: "There is no way into the holiest, but by the blood of Jesus."

He frequently, with a full heart, sang his rapturous hymn:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

The tide of life is rapidly ebbing, but light from the realms above reveals to his enraptured soul the glories of his eternal home. Collecting all his remaining strength he joyfully exclaims: "The best of all is, God is with us." The chamber where the good man gathers up his feet death seems radiant with the divine glory. A few of

preachers and intimate friends were there—Bradford, long his traveling companion; Whitehead, afterward his biographer; Rogers, and his devoted wife, Hester Ann, who ministered to him in his last hours; the amiable widow of Charles Wesley, and a few others. They knelt around his couch. Bradford prayed, and the dying saint exclaimed, "I'll praise! I'll praise!" then with a low and almost angelic whisper, he said, "Farewell." It was his last. And while they lingered in silent pleading, without a struggle or a sigh,

"The weary wheels of life stood still."

Hester Ann Rogers, who was present, says: "A cloud of the Divine presence rested on all; and while he could hardly be said to be an inhabitant of earth, being now speechless, and his eyes fixed, victory and glory were written on his countenance, and quivered, as it were, on his dying lips. No language can paint what appeared in that face."

PAYSON'S JOYFUL EXPERIENCES, AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

He was asked, by a friend, if he could see any particular reason for this dispensation. He replied, "No; but I am as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand reasons."

In a letter dictated to his sister, he writes: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some time such a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is

full in view. Its glories beam upon me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafted to me; its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears as an insignificant rill, which can be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

On being asked, "Do you feel reconciled?" he replied, "O, that is too cold; I rejoice; I triumph; and this happiness will endure as long as God himself, for it consists in admiring and adoring Him. I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me to the great fountain. It seems as if all the bottles in heaven were opened, and all its fullness and happiness have come down into my heart. God has been depriving me of one blessing after another, but as each one has removed, he has come in and filled up its place. If God had told me sometime ago, that he was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and that he should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing from me all my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing his purposes. Now, when I am a cripple, and not

able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expected to be.

"It has often been remarked, that people who have passed into the other world, can not come back to tell us what they have seen; but I am so near the eternal world, that I can almost see as clearly as if I were there; and I see enough to satisfy me of the truth of the doctrines I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer had I been really there."

"Watchman, what of the night!" asked a gray-headed member of his church. "I should think it was about noonday," replied the dying Payson.

The ruling passion being strong in death, he sent a request to his pulpit, that his people should repair to his sick-chamber. They did so in specified classes, a few at a time, and received his dying message.

To the young men of his congregation, he said: "I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth; a family to which I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well; but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this.

"Death comes every night, and stands by my bedside in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These grow worse and worse, till every bone is almost dislocated with pain. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, my soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful. I lie here and

feel these convulsions extending higher and higher, but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable! I seem to swim in a flood of glory, which God pours down upon me. Is it a delusion, that can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is a delusion better than any reality. It is no delusion. I feel it is not. I enjoy this happiness now. And now, standing as I do, on the ridge that separates the two worlds—feeling what intense happiness the soul is capable of sustaining, and judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness forever, my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life, and not death. I long to present every one of you with a cup of happiness, and see you drink it."

"A young man," he continued, "just about to leave the world, exclaimed, 'The battle's fought, the battle's fought, but the victory is lost forever!' But I can say, The battle's fought—and the victory is won—the victory is won forever! I am going to bathe in the ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness, to all eternity. And now, my children, let me bless you, not with the blessing of a poor, feeble, dying man, but with the blessing of the infinite God." He then pronounced the apostolical benediction.

A friend said to him, "I presume it is no longer incredible to you, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack?"

"No," said he; "I can easily believe it. I have suffered twenty times as much as I could in being burned at

the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome."

At another time, he said: "God is literally now my all in all. While He is present with me, no event can in the least diminish my happiness; and were the whole world at my feet, trying to minister to my comfort, they could not add one drop to my cup."

To Mrs. Payson, who observed to him, "Your head feels hot, and seems to be distended;" he replied: "It seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through with an angel's energy, and I trust with no small portion of an angel's feeling, until it mounts on high."

"It seems as if my soul had found a new pair of wings, and was so eager to try them, that in her fluttering, she would rend the fine network of the body in pieces."

The Closing Scene.

On Sabbath, October 21, 1827, his last agony commenced, attended with that labored breathing, and rattling in the throat, which rendered articulation extremely difficult. His daughter was summoned from the Sabbath-school, and received his dying kiss, and "God bless you, my daughter." He smiled on a group of church members, and exclaimed, with holy emphasis, "Peace, peace! victory!" He smiled on his wife and children, and said, in the language of dying Joseph, "I am going, but God will surely be with you!"

He rallied from the death conflict, and said to his physician, "that although he had suffered the pangs of death,

and got almost within the gates of Paradise, yet, if it was God's will that he should come back and suffer still more, he was resigned." He passed through a similar scene in the afternoon, and again revived.

On Monday morning, his dying agonies returned in all their severity. For three hours, every breath was a groan. On being asked if his sufferings were greater than on the preceding Sunday night, he answered, "incomparably greater." He said the greatest temporal blessing of which he could conceive, would be one breath of air.

Mrs. Payson, fearing from the expression of suffering on his countenance, that he was in mental distress, questioned him. He replied, "Faith and patience hold out." These were the last words of the dying Christian hero.

He gradually sunk away, till about the going down of the sun, his chastened and purified spirit, all mantled with the glory of Christian triumph in life and death, ascended to share the everlasting glory of his Redeemer, before the eternal throne.

THE BEST OF ALL.

Bishop Butler, upon his death-bed, sank into despondency under a sense of his sinfulness. "My Lord," said his chaplain, "you forget that Jesus is a Saviour." "True," replied the Bishop, "but how shall I know that he is a Saviour for me?" "My Lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.'" "True," said the Bishop, "and I have read that Scripture a thou-

sand times, but I never felt its full value until this moment; stop there! for now I die happy."

"For all I have preached or written," said Mr. James Durham, "there is but one Scripture I can remember, or dare grip to. Tell me if I dare lay the weight of my salvation upon it. 'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.'" His friend replied, "You may, indeed, depend upon it, though you had a thousand salvations at hazard." A glance of joy lighted up the soul of the dying saint, under the radiance of which he was ushered into the glory and brightness of eternity.

The following incident is another example of one who, in his low estate, grasped this cord let down to reach the lowest—grasped it with feeble, dying hands, and was drawn forth by means of it into life and light and full salvation.

It was a sorrowful company to whom I was introduced, composed of old and young, but a wasted figure in the chimney-corner fixed my attention. He was crouched on a low stool, with his head buried in his hands, and leaning on the great wooden coal-box, which served as a sofa for the feebler patients. His life was evidently drawing near to its close, and he seemed scarcely able to support himself on his seat. But he suffered more in bed he said, and so he sat up as much as possible. In the course of conversation, I repeated the various offers and invitations of "Him with whom we have to do," ending with these words, "*And him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out.*" In feeble, faltering accents he repeated them after me, adding, "I think that is the best word in all the Bible."

BISHOP HAVEN'S LAST HOURS.

To a friend he said: "The first Sunday in the new year I shall spend in glory." So real was this "glory" to the man who was so soon to enter it, that he and his widowed sister, Mrs. Cox, spoke together of the message which he was to take from her to her husband. "Gilbert, you know what I told you to tell Wilbur?" "Yes," was his reply, "I will remember it all, and will deliver your message." As time drew on, he remarked that he had in the morning sent for Dr. Garrett, who had promised to come to him at four o'clock that afternoon. "You will countermand the order to Dr. Garrett," he said; "I have no need for him. I am going where the inhabitants shall never say, 'I am sick.'" To his friend, Dr. Upham, he said: "Preach a whole Christ, a whole Gospel, a whole heaven, a whole hell, a whole Bible." To another he said: "Stand by the old Church." Then, referring to his own experience, he said: "It is so delightful dying—it is so pleasant, so beautiful—the angels are here—God lifts me up in his arms. I can not see the river of death—there is no river—it is all light—I am floating away from earth up into heaven—I am gliding away unto God." One of his friends inquired of him: "Is it all right?" "Yes," said he; and again, "I have not a cloud over my mind; I believe the gospel, all through," with a characteristic emphasis on the "all through." It was now four o'clock, and the sun of that winter day was going down; but to him there was no darkness. The last of the throng of visitors at this strange

"reception" was Prof. Lindsay, to whom, when taking his leave, the Bishop said: "Good evening, Doctor. When we next meet it will be, good morning."

After all the visitors had retired, he said: "Now we are alone, and must have a little time with our own family. Here are my two sisters, my two children. Where is my mother?" And when she was brought in, they stood in a circle around his bed in order that he might see them all. But his sight was failing, and looking around the circle, he said: "Are we all alone?" And upon being satisfied upon this point, he gave the last of himself away to God, and to those on earth whom he loved the best; taking their hands one by one and saying, "This is my dear, dearest mother; Mamie, my little sunbeam—dear, pretty one; Willie, my noble son;" and then recurred the name which he was ever whispering in the intervals of conversation: "Precious Jesus, blessed Jesus."

There was another name, also—the name of her who had been a constant presence in his soul, though for fourteen years she had also been a presence among the angels of God.

On the night before his election to the Episcopacy, being in the company of a few choice friends, he said: "I would willingly start and make a pilgrimage around the earth, on foot, to spend one hour with my Mary." And when he knew he was about to die, he said, as if overwhelmed by the weary labors and journeyings through which and over which he had dragged himself in spite of sickness and sorrow and pain, for all these long, lonesome years: "After I have seen the Lord, I shall want to rest for the first thousand years with my head in the lap of my Mary."

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal; every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it our duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in secret.

Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the one overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living!

Oh! the grave! the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender

recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of even an enemy, and not feel a compunctuous throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him. —*Irving.*

DYING WORDS.

THE late Rev. Dr. Putnam wrote, on his last birthday, to a friend, the following touchingly beautiful description of the state of feeling in which he saw his end approaching: "There are two kinds of happiness for man. The first and best is *work*—useful, unimpeded work. This is highest. It gives a sense of life and growth. With reasonable success, it is God's best boon. The second is *rest.* When the powers flag, and the work can not be done, to sit still, and think, and remember, and hope. This last kind I am trying, and I succeed in it. I enjoy life about as well as ever I did. I get reconciled to doing nothing. I miss the bounding delight of exertion, but I escape the partial sense of failure, the haunting feeling that I do not quite come up to the mark, and the anxious uncertainty about further efforts. I sit waiting. Friends are kind, children good, and the world goes fairly well with me. I think, on the whole, I never liked living better. The summer is beautiful. I wait for winter, and for summer again, if it comes, with placid expectation, but shall not be disappointed if it does not come. Then I shall have the great beyond instead. . . . . My cup is full. Providence is kind. If I am dying, it is enthanasia."

UNDIVIDED IN DEATH.

An aged husband and his old wife went hand in hand to the gate of death. Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, for convenience in attendance during their sickness, were placed in separate bed-rooms. The heads of the beds were placed against a thin partition, which, having an open door, permitted the two old people to converse, though not able to see each other.

The night before the husband died, his wife heard him groaning, and was anxious to be with him. Soon she was informed that he was dying, and in order that they might be near each other, the beds were so moved as to bring them parallel with the partition, the heads opposite the door.

This done, the fond wife reached out her hand, grasped her husband's hand, and held it during his last moments. Thus, death found them—as fifty-one years before the marriage ceremony left them—joined hand in hand. It was a simple and affectionate token of the love of a long life. The day following, the wife folded her arms in the sleep of death.

THE OLD MAN OF DARTMOOR.

There was an old man of Dartmoor, who for many years obtained his livelihood by looking after the cattle distributed over those wild moorland hills. At last, through infirmity and old age, and the constant and unusual exposure

to all kinds of weather, his sight entirely failed him, so that he had to seek an asylum in one of the west of England infirmaries, to end his brief remaining days. While there, he was frequently visited by one of his granddaughters, who would occasionally read to him portions of the Word of God.

One day, when this little girl was reading to him the first chapter of the first epistle of John, when she reached the seventh verse, "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," the old man raised himself, and stopped the little girl, saying, with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again; I never heard the like before."

The girl read again:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it."

So she took the old blind man's hand, and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now read it to me again."

The little girl read, with her soft, sweet voice:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words:

"And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

And with that, the old man withdrew his hand, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose "blood cleanseth us from all sin."

DEATH OF MRS. REV. BENJAMIN G. PADDOCK.

Her death is thus described: And now heaven on earth was begun. Adequately to describe the scene would be impossible. Though the process of dissolution had actually commenced, faith was still triumphant. At about two o'clock in the morning, her family were called to receive her last blessing, and a few relatives summoned to witness the closing scene. The manner in which she took leave of her husband and children, was appropriate and affecting in the highest degree. She addressed a few words of advice to each, and exhorted all to meet her in heaven. This done, she had nothing to do till her change should come. She had her reason, and was able to adjust her clothes, and to dispose of her person up to near the last moment. The writer had the privilege of being present, and a privilege, indeed, he felt it to be. Again, and again, did that expressive line in the "Night Thoughts" occur to his mind:

"Virtue alone has majesty in death."

Not satisfied with praising God herself, she called on all

present to magnify the riches of his grace. In the most expressive way, she was continually saying, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Her husband said:

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

when, with her pale and quivering lips, she instantly responded:

> "While on His breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Being told by a brother, who had his finger on her pulse, that she probably would not live sixty minutes longer, she raised her hands in holy triumph, and said: "Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Thus she entered into rest.

DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM H. PADDOCK,

A SON OF THE ABOVE.

Rev. William H. Paddock, an Episcopal clergyman, when too weak even to sit up in bed, said to his brother, Rev. Wilbur F. Paddock, of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia, "I am so hungry, *so* hungry." His brother, thinking it was food he wanted, inquired, "What do you wish? What can you eat?" His large eyes were raised to his brother in seeming surprise, that he should be so misunderstood, and in a faint, distressed voice, he answered, "No,

no; not that! I am so hungry for Christ." He repeatedly said to the same brother, "How imperfect! If I could live my life over, I would preach Christ more—Christ, only Christ!" "Tell them," said he one day, as he laid on his bed, "tell them [meaning his brethren in the ministry] to preach Christ. O, that I could tell them! There is nothing else to preach: there is nothing else to live for." His end was peace.

DEATH OF MADISON F. MYERS,

A LAYMAN IN THE M. E. CHURCH, IN THE WYOMING VALLEY, PA.

Rev. G. Peck, D.D., in his "Life and Times," says of him: "His last illness was protracted, and during its progress, I saw him almost daily. I was with him when he breathed his last. Such a death is seldom witnessed. Sometimes he seemed to be in an ecstacy of joy. Once he called upon us to 'sing, sing praise.' We began to sing the well-known hymn,

"'Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;'

and with big tears of holy rapture falling from his eyes, he joined in the chorus,

"'There will be no sorrow there.'

"He summoned to his bedside, not only the members of his own family and his relatives, but every person in his employ, that he might take them by the hand, and give them kind words of advice, and his last blessing. A little

while before he died, he seemed to be transported with the most sublime conceptions of the other life, and the utter insufficiency of the things of this world. With intense emotion, he exclaimed, 'O, what should I now do, what can any one in my condition do, without hope in Christ? Millions of gold, millions of acres, are worthless, and I count them as dross.'"

TOPLADY'S DEATH.

His death was happy and triumphant, as his life had been holy and devoted. When, in answer to his inquiries, his doctor informed him that his pulse was getting weaker, he replied, with a smiling countenance, "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching. And, blessed be God! I can add, that my heart beats stronger and stronger every day for glory!" He frequently called himself the happiest man in the world. "Oh," said he, "how this soul of mine longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in its cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh! that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever!"

Shortly before his death, waking from a slumber, he said: "Oh, what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?" And when blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding, so that he could still think with clearness, he broke out, with rapturous delight, "And what is most of all, is His abiding presence, and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Less than an hour before his departure, he said: "It will not be long now before God takes me, for no mortal can live" (and he burst into tears of unutterable joy as he spoke), "no mortal can live after the glories God has manifested to my soul."

BISHOP MORRIS' DEATH.

On the Friday morning before his death he suddenly grew worse, and inquired of his wife if she thought he would die before night. She said that she had no such thought; but added, "We can not tell what a day may bring forth." He replied, "Whatever the result may be, all is well—*all is well.*"

On Saturday morning, he was observed to draw the bed-quilts closely around him, as if cold. On being asked, by his wife, if he thought it was a chill, he said, "Why, no, wife; it is a death coldness."

On the following day, Sabbath, Phillip Phillips, accompanied by a few friends, spent an hour with him in singing and prayer. He greatly enjoyed this service, and frequently, during the singing, said, "How sweet! How beautiful!" On Monday evening, when his wife expressed a fear that he might soon be called away, he said promptly, "All is right; all is right." She asked him, then, how the future looked, and his cheerful, ready response was, "The future looks bright!" And in this frame of mind he lingered until Wednesday, September 2d, at noon, when he slept in Jesus.

THE GLORIOUS BEYOND.

VICTOR HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.



E were dining at Victor Hugo's. Four of us were believers, and four atheists—not speaking of the ladies, who were all too clever to be infidels. Victor Hugo, of course, was among the believers.

"To believe in God is to believe nothing," said one of the atheists.

"To believe in God is to believe everything," cried Victor Hugo; "it is to believe in the Infinite, and in one's immortal soul. I will prove it to you."

His face was bright with a heavenly halo. You know he was born with the century. His face is crowned with white hair, but it is the volcano under the snow. His eyes shine like burning coals; his brow is arched like an Olympian's; the nose is refined, with distended nostrils; the mouth is eager and smiling, still full of valiant teeth; the chin finishes a profile designed after the laws of artistic grammar. It is a well-made head, on a robust body. By robust, I do not mean enormous. He has not the stature of a giant, nor the torso of a Hercules. But he is a man of steel, with no sign of old age about him. He has all the

agility, the suppleness, the ease, and grace of his best years. He is now enjoying his third or fourth youth; I do not doubt he will see the century through.

"I feel in myself," he continued, "the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul the more luminious when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal Spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I can not say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland, and because the truth compels me, as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My

work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundations. I would be glad to see it mounting, and mounting forever. The thirst for the Infinite, proves infinity."

—*Arsene Houssaye.*

THE GLORY BEYOND.

REV. H. W. BEECHER.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."—*Psalms* 17: 15.

WHAT the other life will bring, I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness, and see Him as He is. If a child had been born, and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible it would be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy; they might heap up the sands into mounds, and try to show him, by pointing to stalactites, how grass, and trees, and flowers grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true idea of the unknown land. But when he came up, some May morning, with ten thousand birds singing in the trees, and the heavens bright, blue, full of sunlight, and the wind blowing softly through the young leaves, all a glitter with dew, and the landscape stretching away, green and beautiful, to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all his fancyings, and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without; and how would he wonder

that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his old abode!

So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where spring growths are, and where is summer, and not that miserable travestie which we call summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!

Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying! I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but, while I gazed, their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest; but, when I behold Thee, O God, I shall be satisfied!

"IT DOTH NOT YET APPEAR WHAT WE SHALL BE."

REV. JOHN KER, D.D.

THE first step of the soul into another state of being, is a mystery. No doubt it continues conscious, and its conscious existence, in the case of God's children, is most blessed. "*To depart and be with Christ, is far better.*" But the existence of the soul separate from the body, and from all material organs, is incomprehensible.

The place of our future life is obscure. How there can be relation to place, without a body, we do not know; and even when the body is restored, we can not tell the locality of the resurrection-world. Nothing in reason, and noth-

ing certain in revelation, connects it with any one spot in God's universe. It may be far away from earth, in some central kingdom, the glittering confines of which we can perceive in thick-sown stars, that are the pavement of the land which has its dust of gold. It may be, as our hearts would rather suggest, in this world, renewed and glorified —a world sacred as the scene of Christ's sufferings, and endeared to us as the cradle of our immortal life. Or that great world, heaven—the heaven of heavens—may gather many worlds around this one, as the center of God's most godlike work—may inclose the new and old, the near and far, in its wide embrace. "It doth not appear."

The outward manner of our final existence, is also uncertain. That it will be blessed and glorious, freed from all that can hurt or annoy, we may believe. We may calculate that, in the degree in which the incorruptible and immortal body shall excel the body of sin and death, our final home, with its scenes of beauty and grandeur, its landscapes and skies, shall surpass our dwelling-place on this earth. Whether we may possess merely our present faculties, enlarged and strengthened, as a child's mind expands into a man's, or whether new faculties of perception may not be made to spring forth, as if sight were given to a blind man, we find it impossible to affirm.

* * * * * * *

There are some minds which trouble themselves with the fear, lest the present life and its natural affections should be irrecoverably lost in the future world. The place and circumstances seem so indefinite, and must be so different

from the present, that they are tossed in uncertainty. Will they meet their friends again, so as to know them; or will they be separated from them by the vast expanse of that world, and by the varied courses they may have to pursue? We may have our thoughts about these things, tranquilized, if we bring them in connection with Christ. Our eternal life begins in unison with Him, and it must forever so continue. If we are gathered around Him in heaven, and know Him, and are known of Him, this will secure acquaintance with one another. It is strange that it could ever be made matter of doubt. And when we think that He gave us human hearts, and took one into His own breast—that He bestowed on us human homes and affections, and solaced Himself with them—we need not fear that He will deny us our heart's wish, where it is natural and good. Variety of pursuit and temperament need no more separate us there than it does here, and His own name for heaven—the "Father's house of many mansions"—speaks of unity as well as diversity; one home, one roof, one paternal presence.

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

THE following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George D. Prentiss: "The fiat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from that great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade, as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that

bloom, and wither and fade in a day, have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore.

"Men seldom think of the great event of death, until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion, the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks, if they should meet again; to which he responds: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But, as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty, that can not wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'"

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

IF there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of Nature are not made to roll backward; every thing presses on towards eternity; from the birth of Time, an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature—is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine; leaving nothing for the last fire to consume, but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified, shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city "which hath no need of the sun—neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us "seek the things that are above," and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly leave, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell forever. Let us follow in the track of those holy men, who have taught us by their voice, and encouraged us by their example, "that having laid aside every weight, and the

sin that most easily besets us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us." While everything within us, and around us, reminds us of the approach of death, and concurs to teach us that this is not our rest, let us hasten our preparations for another world, and earnestly implore that grace which alone can put an end to that fatal war which our desires have too long waged with our destiny. When these move in the same direction, and that which the will of heaven renders unavoidable shall become our choice, all things will be ours—life will be divested of its vanity, and death disarmed of its terrors.

RECOGNITION AFTER DEATH.

DEAN ALFORD.

WITH respect to this subject—the probability of meeting and recognizing friends in heaven—I have thought a good deal, and have searched the Scriptures on the subject. This passage, from Thess. 4: 13–18, appears to me almost conclusive:

"But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

"For, if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive, *and* remain unto the coming of the Lord. shall not prevent them which are asleep.

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive, *and* remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

"Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

Tennyson says:

> "To search the secret is beyond our lore,
> And man must rest till God doth furnish more."

Certainly, if there has been one hope which has borne the hearts of Christians up more than another, in trials and separations, it is this. It has, in all ages, been one of the loveliest in the checkered prospect of the future; nor has it been confined to Christians; I mean, the idea. You will excuse me, nay, you will thank me, I know, for transcribing an exquisite passage from Cicero's treatise on *Old Age*. It is as follows: "O glorious day, when I shall go to that divine assembly and company of spirits, and when I shall depart out of this bustle, this sink of corruption; for I shall go not only to those great men of whom I have before spoken, but also to my dear Cato [his son], than whom there never was a better man, or one more excellent in filial affection, whose funeral rites were performed by me, when the contrary was natural—namely, that mine should be performed by him. His soul not desiring me, but looking back on me, has departed into those regions where he saw that I myself must come; and I seem to bear firmly my affliction, not because I did not grieve for it, but

I comforted myself, thinking that the separation and parting between us would not be for long duration." This passage from Cicero is considered one of the finest, if not the finest, in all the heathen authors. It certainly is very fine; but now, when you have admired it enough, turn to 2 Tim. 4 : 6–8, and compare the two.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished *my* course, I have kept the faith:

"Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

Blessed be He, indeed, who has given us such a certainty of hope!

THE SOUL'S CAPACITY FOR GROWTH.

THE soul's capacity for growth, and its yearnings for something higher, are themes often discoursed upon, but they are oftener themes of deep and earnest thought. This paragraph, from David Thomas, is well expressed:

"The soul has a capacity for indefinite growth. It is too often spoken of as illimitable, as if it were a vessel, which it is our duty to fill up with virtue and knowledge; or as a block, which we have to mold into certain forms of grace and loveliness; or as a soil, whose fallow ground we have to break up, and into whose bosom we have to deposit the seeds of goodness and truth. Such views of the soul

are so partial, as frequently to give a wrong idea of its nature. If the spiritual existence is to be represented by material objects, I select the *seed* as the fairest type. It contains the germs of all that it will ever become.

> "'Lo! in each seed, within its slender rind,
> Life's golden threads in endless circles wind;
> Maze within maze the lucid webs are roll'd,
> And as they burst, the living flames unfold.'

"A comparison between barbarous hordes and civilized states—between Milton with his toy in his nursery, and the sightless bard thrilling the ages with his harp—furnishes illustrations of man's capacity for growth. There is, however, one peculiarity in this spiritual growth. The individual germ of every other life exhausts itself in growing; but in growing, mind seems to increase its capacity for growth. The soul which reaches the highest point, however advanced in years, is the most spring-like and useful; the morning dew lies on its budding powers. Exhaustless are the germs within these breasts of ours—germs that shall appear in new branches of vigor, new forms of beauty, and new clusters of fruit, as ages roll their round. But in addition to this capacity for growth, there is in our souls an innate ever-pulsating desire for growth; men are nowhere satisfied with the attainments made. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth for a higher state. The desire of the child to reach the stature of physical manhood, but dimly shadows the impulse of the inner nature to ascend; it seeks to burst the shell, and spring into a life where it shall have a wider range, and play a nobler part."

A HAPPY FUTURE.

ALEXANDER MCLAREN.

"WE know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." We have a future which is an object, not of a dim expectation and trembling hope, but of knowledge. Our word is not "it may be," but "it will be." We have a certainty, not a possibility, or a probability, for our hope. That which is to be, becomes as firm reality as that which has been. Hope is truer than history. The future is not cloud-land, but solid, fruitful soil, on which we may plant a firm foot.

And therefore, the habit of living in the future, should make us glad and confident. We should not keep the contemplation of another state of existence to make us sorrowful, nor allow the transciency of this present to shade our joys. Our hope should make us buoyant, and should keep us firm. It is an anchor of the soul. All men live by hope, even when it is fixed upon the uncertain and changing things of this world. The hopes of the men who have not their hearts fixed upon God, try to grapple themselves on the cloud-rock that rolls along the flanks of the mountains; but our hopes pierce within that veil, and lay hold of the Rock of Ages, that towers above the flying vapors. Let us then be strong; for our future is not a dim peradventure, nor a vague dream, nor a fancy of our own, nor a wish turning itself into a vision; but it is made and certified by Him who is the God of all the past, and of all the present. It is built upon His Word; and the brightest

hope of all its brightness, is the enjoyment of more of His presence, and the possession of more of His likeness. That hope is certain. Therefore, let us live in it, and "reach forth unto the things which are before."

EXTRACTS FROM PAYSON'S WORKS.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

Do the rays of light grow weary in their flight from the sun? or does the thunder-bolt need to pause and seek refreshment in the midst of its career? as little do the inhabitants of heaven become weary in praising and enjoying God. As little do they need refreshment or repose; for their spiritual bodies will be far more active and refined than the purest light, and their labor itself will be the sweetest rest. Hence, heaven is styled the *rest* which remains for God's people, and they are represented as serving Him unceasingly in His temple above. They will not, therefore, lose a third part of eternity in sleep. No night will be necessary to refresh them; the pulse of immortality will beat stronger in every vein; the golden harp will never drop from their hands; their tongues will never grow weary of extolling their God and Redeemer, but will, through eternity, pour forth songs of praise as unceasing as the displays of those glories which excite them.

AND THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF.

THE unfathomable flood of light and glory which unceasingly flows from the Father is collected and concentrated in the person of His Son, for He is "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." Heaven is, therefore, illuminated not only with God's glory, but with the brightest and most dazzling effulgence of divine, uncreated light—a light which enlightens and cheers the soul, as well as the body. Of the nature and degree of this light, who but the happy beings that enjoy it can form any conception! There are, indeed, several passages in Scripture which seem intended to give us some idea of it, but they serve little more than to convince us that it is altogether inconceivable.

For instance, St. John informs us that he saw, in vision, a mighty angel come down from heaven, "and that the earth was lightened with his glory." But if the glory of a single angel was sufficient to lighten the earth, what must be the glory of the Lord of angels; and how overpowering the light of heaven, where millions of angels continually reside, and God and the Lamb display their brightest glories!

Again: when Christ appeared to the same apostle, "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and His feet as brass glowing in a furnace, and His countenance as the sun shining in his strength;" so that, unable to support the sight, St. John fell at His feet as dead. But if His glories were thus overpowering when, in condescension to the weakness of His servant, He drew a veil over them, what must they be in

the regions above, where they are seen in all their brightness, without any interposing veil?

Once more: when Moses came down from the mount, after a short interview with God, his face shone with a lustre so dazzling, that even his brother, and the elders of Israel, were unable to gaze upon it. But, if a transient view of the glory of God, seen as it were through a glass darkly, could impart such a lustre to a piece of animated clay, what insufferable splendor must the constant presence of Jehovah give to the diamond walls, the pearly gates, and the golden streets of the New Jerusalem? How must they glory and shine, as in a furnace, when the Sun of Righteousness pours upon them His effulgent beams in a full tide of glory! and how must the spiritual bodies of their inhabitants, which resemble the glorified body of their Redeemer, eclipse all that is called brilliant and dazzling on earth? We are, indeed, assured that all the righteous shall shine forth in the kingdom of their Father, and as the brightness of the firmament, for ever and ever. Say then, my friends, does the New Jerusalem need any created luminaries to shine in it, or do its inhabitants need the light of the sun, when every individual among them is himself a sun? Not only the moon, but the sun itself would be invisible, amid these celestial glories; or, if visible, it would appear only as a cloud, or a dark spot on the face of the celestial sky. "Then," says the prophet, "shall the moon be confounded, and the sun ashamed, when the Lord of hosts shall reign in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem, and before His ancients gloriously."

THE NEW JERUSALEM AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BEHOLD a city, built with the most perfect regularity, extending in every direction farther than the eye can reach, surrounded by a wall of jasper, of immeasurable height, and entirely composed of gold, pearls, diamonds, and precious stones. See its golden streets thronged with inhabitants, whose bodies, composed of light seven times refined, are far more dazzling, bright, and glorious than all the sparkling gems which surround them. See among them the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, and martyrs, distinguished from their fellow-saints by their superior brightness. See the gates guarded, and the streets filled by thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand of angels and archangels, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, each one of whom seems sufficiently glorious to be himself a god. See the golden streets, the diamond walls, and pearly gates of the celestial city, reflecting from every part streams of light and glory, which flow in a full tide from all directions, not from the sun, but from a throne more dazzling bright than ten thousand suns, raised high in the midst. See the innumerably stirring throngs of saints and angels, enveloped in the boundless flood of light and glory, all falling prostrate before the throne, and with one voice praising Him who liveth for ever and ever. Hear their united voices, as the voices of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, exclaiming, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Blessing, and glory, and honor, and power

be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever." Then raise your eyes to contemplate the object of this worship, Him who fills this throne. See the Ancient of days, the great I Am, the Being of beings, the Being who is, the Being who was, the Being who shall be forever. See at his right hand a man, the friend, the brother, the Redeemer of man, clothed with the brightness of His Father's glory, the express image of His person. See Him with a countenance of mingled majesty, meekness, condescension, and love, surveying the countless myriads of His people around Him, and His eye successively meeting their eyes in turn, and pouring into their souls such ineffable happiness as is almost too much for mortals to bear.

A THOUSAND YEARS AS ONE DAY.

You have doubtless often observed, that when your minds have been intently and pleasantly occupied, you have become almost unconscious of the flight of time; minutes and hours have flown away with, apparently, unusual swiftness, and the setting or rising of the sun has surprised you long before you expected its approach. But in heaven, the saints will be entirely lost and swallowed up in God; and their minds will be so completely absorbed in the contemplation of His ineffable, infinite, uncreated glories, that they will be totally unconscious how time, or rather, how eternity passes; and not only years, but millions of ages, such as we call ages, will be flown ere they are aware.

Thus a thousand years will seem but as one day, and so great, so ecstatic will be their happiness, that one day will be as a thousand years. And as there will be nothing to interrupt them, no bodily wants to call off their attention, no weariness to compel them to rest, no vicissitudes of seasons, or of day and night, to disturb their contemplations, it is more than probable that innumerable ages may pass away before they think of asking how long they have been in heaven, or even before they are conscious that a single hour has elapsed.

HEAVEN,—FIGURES OF.

DR. BEAUMONT.

IT is held forth to our view as a BANQUET; where our souls shall be satisfied forever; the beauties of Jehovah's face, the mysteries of Divine grace, the riches of redeeming love, communion with God and the Lamb, fellowship with the infinite Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, being the heavenly fullness on which we shall feed.

AS a PARADISE: a garden of fruits and flowers, on which our spiritual natures and gracious tastes will be regaled through one ever-verdant spring and golden summer; a paradise where lurks no serpent to destroy, and where fruits and flowers shall never fade and droop, nor die.

AS an INHERITANCE: but then an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away—the inheritance of the saints in light.

As a KINGDOM, whose immunities, felicities, and glories are splendid and vast, permanent and real, quite overwhelming, indeed, to our present feeble imaginings.

As a COUNTRY, over whose wide regions we shall traverse in all the might of our untried faculties, and in all the glow of new and heaven-born energies, discovering and gathering fresh harvests of intelligence, satisfaction, and delight.

As a CITY, whose walls are burnished gold, whose pavement is jasper, sardonyx, and onyx, through which flows the river of life; the inhabitants of which hunger no more, thirst no more, sicken no more, weep no more, die no more; a city where there is no end of the sun by day, in which there is no night at all, and of which the Lord God Almighty is the light, and the Lamb the glory.

As a PALACE, where dwells the Lord our righteousness, the King in His beauty displayed—His beauty of holiest love; in the eternal sunshine of whose countenance bask and exult the host that worship at His feet.

As a BUILDING that has God as its Maker, immortality for its walls, and eternity for its day.

As a SANCTUARY, where the thrice-holy divinity enshrined in our nature in the person of Immanual, is worshiped and adored, without a sigh, without an imperfection, and without intermission; where hymns of praise, halleluiahs of salvation, and hosannahs of redemption, uttered by blest voices without number, ever sound before the throne.

And as a TEMPLE, bright with the divine glory, filled with the divine presence, streaming with divine beauty,

and peopled with shining monuments of divine goodness, mercy, and grace.

HEAVEN A HOME.

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

HOME! Oh, how sweet is that word! what beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around it; compared with it, house, mansion, palace are cold, heartless terms. But home! that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains the sailor in his midnight watch, inspires the soldier with courage on the field of battle, and imparts patient endurance to the worn-down sons of toil. The thought of Home has proved a seven-fold shield to virtue; its very name has a spell to call back the wanderer from the paths of vice; and far away, where myrtles bloom, and palm-trees wave, and the ocean sleeps upon coral strands, to the exile's fond fancy, it clothes the naked rock, or stormy shore, or barren moor, or wild Highland mountain with charms he weeps to think of, and longs once more to see.

Grace sanctifies these lovely affections, and imparts a sacredness to the homes of earth, by making them types of heaven. As a home, the believer delights to think of it. Thus, while lately bending over a dying saint, and expressing our sorrow to see him lay so low, with the radiant countenance rather of one who had just left heaven than of

one about to enter it, he raised and clasped his hands, and exclaimed in ecstacy, "I am going home!"

"THERE SHALL BE NO PAIN THERE."

This promise is one of the golden clusters that grew on that vine planted for the healing of the nations—the *Bible!* How blessed a promise of the life that is to come, is this one, those only can know who have walked long and frequently under the shadows of weariness and suffering.

"No pain there," to struggle with, and endure; no burdens to lay upon the eager spirit, which the weak frame can not sustain; no work under which heart and strength fail, and which is at last laid mournfully aside; no long hours of fever and restlessness; no overtasked brain and nerves in the homestead of those whom God shall number as His jewels.

So be comforted, ye that mourn! Green and shining rise the banks beyond the dark valley, and sweet healing is in the winds that blow off from the meadows, freighted with blossoms fairer than the roses and lilies of earth!

Take through the pilgrimage this promise—let it be a new incentive, and strength, and comfort to you—"There shall be no pain there." *V. F. F.*

SHORT GEMS, ANECDOTES, ETC.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRILLIANT PREACHING.



IR ASTLEY COOPER, on visiting Paris, was asked by the surgeon-in-chief of the Empire, how many times he had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. He replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times. "Ah! but, Monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times. How many times did you save his life?" continued the curious Frenchman, after he had looked into the blank amazement of Sir Astley's face. "I," said the Englishman, "saved eleven out of the thirteen. How many did you save out of the one hundred and sixty?" "Ah, Monsieur, I lose them all; but de operation was very brilliant." Of how many popular ministers might the same verdict be given! Souls are not saved, but the preaching is brilliant. Thousands are attracted and operated on by the rhetorician's art, but what if he should have to say of his admirers, "I lose them all, but the sermons are very brilliant." —*Spurgeon.*

CHRIST, NOT THE PREACHER, is to be conspicuous. The Judean king was addressed by Ahab, in these words: "I will disguise myself, and go to the battle, but put thou on thy robes." The true preacher of the Word will say: "We preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ the Lord." Let Him be the central object, "chief among ten thousand," clothed in majesty.

A GOOD SERMON.

"THAT was a good sermon, was it not, that we heard last Sunday."

"True, for you, yer honor; an illigant one! It done me a power of good, intirely."

"I'm glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?"

"Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all."

"And yet you say it did you a power of good."

"So it did, sir; I'll stick to that."

"I don't see how."

"Well, now yer honor, look here. There is my shirt that the wife is often washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and soap, and the starch that is gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water, or soap, or starch, or blue—has stayed in, d'ye see? And that's just the same with me and that sermon. It's run through me, yer honor, an' it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it."

NOT REMEMBERED, YET NOT LOST.

Bishop Hoskyns, of old times, thus encourages those readers and hearers of the Word, who, though earnest in their desires, yet sometimes fail in their efforts to keep in memory the lively oracles: "I have heard of one, who, returning from an affecting sermon, highly commended it to some; and being demanded what he remembered of it, answered: 'Truly, I remember nothing at all; but only while I heard it, it made me resolve to live better; and so, by God's grace, I will.'"

There is a story to the same purpose, of one who complained to a holy, aged man, that he was discouraged from reading the Scriptures, because he could fasten nothing upon his memory. The hermit bade him take an earthen pitcher, and fill it with water. He then bade him empty it again, and wipe it clean, that nothing should remain in it. This being done, "Now," said he, "though there be nothing of the water remaining in it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before; so, though thy memory retain nothing of the word thou readest, yet thy heart is cleaner for its very passage through."

To the above may be added the following, of later date:

"What a sermon we had last Sunday!" said a poor woman, who kept a small shop, to a neighbor.

"What was it about?" asked her friend.

"I don't remember," she replied.

"What was the text?" she then asked.

"I can not quite think," she replied; "but I know that when I got home, I took and burnt up my bad bushel."

A GENTLEMAN was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching-ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you will look at this web on the grass, you will see, as fast as ever I put the water on it, the sun dries it all up, and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter!"

JESUS, JESUS IS ALL.

THE world—O what a bubble, what a trifle it is! Friends are nothing, fame is nothing, health is nothing, life is nothing; Jesus, Jesus is ALL! O, what will it be to spend an eternity in seeing and praising Jesus! to see him as he is, to be satisfied with his likeness! O, I long, I pant, I faint with desire to be singing, "Worthy is the Lamb!" to be extolling the riches of sovereign grace, to be casting the crown at the feet of Christ! And why may we not do all this on earth? —*Payson.*

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking forward to enjoyment, does not pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice, while he is learning his trade; the merchant, while he is making his fortune. If he fail to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

An Italian bishop, who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied: "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," replied the bishop. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business is to get there. I then look down upon earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad in the world, and see what multitudes are, in all respects, less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all my cares must end, and

how little reason I ever had to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful. And to live in this spirit, is to be always happy."

When the celebrated Haydn was asked how all his sacred music was so cheerful, the great composer replied: "I can not make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

A CHEERFUL WAY.

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to a well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me, how strange to look at it in that way," said the bucket. "How I enjoy the thought, that however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you will be as cheerful as I am."

THE RIGHT MOTIVE.

When Andrew Fuller went into his native town to collect for the cause of missions, one of his acquaintances said:

"Well, Andrew, I'll give five pounds, seeing it is *you.*"

"No," said Mr. Fuller, "I can take nothing for this cause, seeing it's *me,*" and handed the money back.

The man felt reproved; but in a moment he said,

"Andrew, you are right. Here are ten pounds, seeing it's for the *Lord Jesus Christ.*"

"I HATE life," wrote Voltaire to his friend, "and yet I am afraid to die."

Paul wrote to Timothy 2: 6–8: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished *my* course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

LIVING is death; *dying* is life. We are not what we appear to be. On this side of the grave, we are exiles; on that, citizens; on this side, orphans; on that, children; on this side, captives; on that, freemen; on this side, disguised, unknown; on that, disclosed and proclaimed as the sons of God. —*Beecher.*

TRIUMPHS OF FAITH.

DURING an earthquake that occurred a few years since, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, but they were at the same time surprised

at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length one of them, addressing the old lady, said: "Mother, are you not afraid?" "No," said the mother in Israel; "I rejoice to know that *I have a God that can shake the world.*"

NOTHING in this world should deter us from the daily and hourly discharge of duty. When a supernatural darkness shrouded the face of Nature, and predictions had been made that the DAY OF JUDGMENT was about to dawn, petitions were sent to Sir Matthew Hale, to adjourn the court. "No," said he, with great emphasis, "if this is the end of the world, I wish to be found doing my duty."

A LEARNED divine accosted a simple-hearted Christian in this way: "Well, John, it is a long and hard way to heaven, is it not?" "Oh, no, sir," he answered; "it is only three steps." "How is that, John?" "Why, first step out of yourself: second, step into Christ: third, step into heaven." The minister acknowledged his indebtedness to the poor rustic for one of his most comprehensive lessons in experimental theology.

THE CHRISTIAN A ROYAL PERSONAGE.

A POOR but pious woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who, regardless of her poverty, invited her to sit down with them in the drawing-room, and entered into

conversation with her upon religious subjects. While thus employed, their brother, a dashing youth, by chance entered, and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus engaged. One of them instantly exclaimed, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, though she has not yet put on her fine clothes."

ANY spiritual blessing is worth more than the most costly temporal good. A devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose, is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water with right motives to an humble servant of God, than to have been flattered by a whole generation.

—*Dr. Plumer.*

THE BIBLE JUDGED BY ITS FRUITS.

A ROMAN Catholic priest, in Belgium, rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "*Bad Book*," pointing to the Bible. "Mr. Priest," she replied, "a little while ago my brother was an idler, a gambler, a drunkard, and made such a noise in the house that no one could stay in it. Since he began to read the Bible, he works with industry, goes no longer to the tavern, no longer touches cards, brings home his money to his poor old mother, and our life at home is quiet and delightful. How comes it, Mr. Priest, that a bad book produces such good fruits?"

INFIDELS should never talk of our giving up Christianity till they can propose something superior to it. Lord Chesterfield's answer, therefore, to an infidel lady, was just. When at Brussels, he was invited by Voltaire to sup with him and Madame C. The conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England, "I think, my lord," said Madame C., "that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men in the kingdom?" "True, madam, they are generally supposed to be so." "What, then, can be the reason they tolerate so great an absurdity as the Christian religion?" "I suppose, madame," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better in its stead; when they can, I do not doubt but in their wisdom they will readily adopt it." —*Arvine.*

OBJECT OF LIFE.

LADY HUNTINGDON, one evening, was on her way to a brilliant assembly; when suddenly there darted into her soul these words, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever," which she had committed to memory years before in learning the Westminster Shorter Catechism. From that hour her whole life revolved round a new center. The guilty, trembling sinner, hitherto occupied with her own poor self, gazed on the face of Him who died for her; and, as she gazed, her conscience found peace, and her heart a satisfying rest. Her whole life became one "living sacrifice."

WHAT IS WANTING.

A COURTIER, riding with his sovereign amidst the acclamations and splendor of a triumphal procession, asked him, "What is wanting here?" And very emphatic was the reply, "Permanence." Yes, that is wanting. The music, the huzzas, the parade would soon be over. And so with all those things on which, aside from God, we depend for happiness.

ONLY ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A LADY had met with a serious accident which made a painful surgical operation necessary, and many month's confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work, and was about to take his leave, she asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here?" "Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer. The poor sufferer was comforted for the moment; and many times during the following weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

THE PROMISED STRENGTH.

DR. DODDRIDGE was walking out one day, in a very depressed state of mind. His trials at that time were peculiarly heavy; he saw no way of deliverance from them, and he was greatly discouraged. As he passed along, the door of a little cottage was standing open, and he heard a child's voice reading the words, "AS THY DAY

SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE." The effect produced on his feelings was indescribable; his heart was filled with peace and joy. One divine promise like the above is enough to chase away all our fears, and cheer our hearts. Our wants and weaknesses are many, but He knows them all, and is both able and willing to supply our every need.

A HAPPY RELIGION.

CHARLES FINNEY and Judge Andrews once went to see an old Christian lady. The Judge was then a stranger to religion. This woman, who was no half-hearted, but a full-souled disciple, and whose religion made her happy, began to tell what Christ had done for her with so much cheerfulness, that she rivited the attention of Judge Andrews. It was not long before a tear moistened his eye. She continued her evidently happy and joyful story in God, and he listened for forty-five minutes, and became deeply impressed. When he and Mr. Finney left, he said to him, "If this is the religion of Jesus Christ, I am determined that I will not rest till I possess it, and know what it is."

BLAMELESS, NOT FAULTLESS.

No Christian is, or can be, faultless before the Lord. Blameless all may, and ought to be. The child that does its needle-work faithfully, is commended, though not a stitch is perfect. The child is blameless, but the work not faultless. The Christian who lives up to his light and

ability, is blameless, but in God's sight faulty. He is not conscious of his defects, his eyes are not sharp as God's; his best efforts are like the needle-work of the little girl, well done for her, but so defective in fact, that every stitch must be removed, and done again by a more skillful and experienced hand. Saints sometimes judge themselves perfect because they are not conscious of sin. They may be innocent, but surely are not perfect. With more light and culture they would discern defects. Others of more experience, observe them now, because sufficiently educated or advanced in wisdom. The novice that paints a horrid daub, thinks it beautiful; and it is well done for him. He has done his best, and is blameless, but a few months of training make him hide his earlier works in shame. Jesus keeps blameless trusting souls, and step by step leads them to higher culture, richer wisdom, purer tastes, until they attain His likeness in glory.

BOTH SIDES.

After one of the noted London infidels had concluded one of his infidel lectures, in a village in the north of England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge, but an old, bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer, and said:

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with

eight children, utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has *your* way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort, but———

"Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting found vent in uproarous applause, and the skeptic lecturer had to go away discomfited by an old Christian woman.

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

You hear old Christians say: "Well, it's all for the best:" and you may think it is cant. There is no cant about it. They have learned that all is for the best in their life's history. Bernard Gilpin was to be tried for his faith in God, and to be put to death. He was in the habit of saying: "It is all for the best; it is all for the best." Starting for London to be tried for his life, and to be executed, he broke his leg. His associates said in derision: "I suppose you think this is for the best?" "Of course,"

said he, "it is for the best my leg is broken." So it proved. Before he got well enough to go to London, Queen Mary died, and, instead of Bernard Gilpin going to London to be tried and burned for Christ's sake, he went home free. It is always for the best. "All things work together for good to those that love God."

"SITTING UNDER HIS SHADOW."

MANY years ago, one stormy winter day, a minister was visiting one of his people, an old man, who lived in poverty in a lonely cottage a few miles from Jedburgh. He found him sitting with the Bible open upon his knees, but in outward circumstances of great discomfort, the snow drifting through the roof and under the door, and scarcely an ember of fire upon the hearth.

"What are you about to-day, John?" was Mr. Young's question, on entering.

"Ah, sir," said the happy saint, "I am sitting under His shadow wi' great delight."

Oh wondrous "consolation in Christ," the river which, from the beginning of time to the end, "maketh glad the city of our God!".

"WHOM RESIST, STEADFAST IN THE FAITH."

THERE was an old man living in this country, a Primitive Methodist. He was one day talking with a Christian brother about the Bible, when Satan was spoken of as

"very wise." "O, no," said the old man, not wise, or he would have stayed in heaven; but he is very artful. Never parley with Satan, else he will trip you up. When he comes to trouble me, I never speak to him, but I always introduce him to his betters at once."

—*Henry Varley.*

SOME one speaking in the hearing of the late Daniel Webster, of the sublime poetry of the Old Testament, the latter at once and seriously replied, "Ah! my friend, the poetry of Isaiah, and Job, and Habakkuk is grand, indeed; but when you have lived, as I have, sixty-seven years, you will give more for the 14th or 17th chapter of John's Gospel, or for one of the Epistles, than for all the poetry in the Bible."

CHRISTIANITY is not talking of Christ, but walking after Him. Christ has many to follow after Him in the calm, who fly from Him in the storm. Withered leaves fall off in windy weather, so do dry professors in time of temptations. They that endure to the end shall be saved.

—*Jackson.*

A LADY approached a professed Christian man, with the request that he contribute for the support of their pastor. His reply consisted of that last resort of all mean, close-fisted professors, "Salvation's free." She replied, "That's true; but we must pay for the pitchers to carry it in."

God is our Father. Heaven is His high throne, and this earth is His foot-stool; and while we sit around and meditate, or pray, one by one, as we fall asleep, He lifts us into His bosom, and our awakening is inside the gates of an everlasting world. —*Mountford.*

For every trial that God sends he gives sufficient grace to bear it; but he promises no grace to bear anticipation with, and we little know how large a portion of our mental sufferings arise from anticipation of trials.

The Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces: *Saints*, for their holiness; *Believers*, for their faith; *Brethren*, for their love; *Disciples*, for their knowledge.

How True.—Hannah More once said, that there is one fact which offsets all the wit and argument of infidelity, the fact that no one ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed.

The Christian.—What he Should Be.—A child of God should be a *visible Beatitude*, for joy and happiness, and a *living Doxology*, for gratitude and adoration.

—*Spurgeon.*

As Thou wilt; what Thou wilt; when Thou wilt.

—*Thomas á Kempis.*

Ours is a religion little in its demands, but how infinitely prodigal in its gifts! It troubles you for an hour, and repays you by immortality. —*Bulwer Lytton.*

True Religion shows itself in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

If the sun has gone down, look up at the stars. If the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, you may be always cheerful.

Christ is a flower, but he fadeth not; he is a river, but he is never dry; he is a sun, but he knoweth no eclipse; he is all in all, but he is something more than all.

—*Spurgeon.*

The work that is to tell in heaven, must be that which is done on purpose for heaven. The work that is done for earth, goes down with us to our graves.

It is the glory of a good man that his influence survives him. "He being dead yet speaketh." —*Payson.*

OF THE AGED.

CHEERFULNESS IN OLD AGE.

"Isn't Aunt Charity a darling old lady?" said one of Aunt Charity's nieces.

She was, indeed, a sunbeam. The strong, resolute, brave face; the white hair under the plain cap; the sweet, smiling mouth, were all winning. We could depend on the motherly woman who was so jolly, so full of fun and frolic, so ready to join in whatever mirth was afloat. Everybody came to her with their joys and their griefs, sure of sympathy. An hour with her was a tonic.

It is well for the old to be cheerful. They have much to depress them. Health is failing. Friends are passing away. Another generation is on the stage. Other hands take up the world's work. They feel, perhaps, with a bitter regret, that they are not needed as they once were. Nevertheless, they should cultivate every source of happiness which remains. The love of children and grandchildren, the greater dignity and larger leisure of life, and the quiet hours they can have for communion with God, should be appreciated highly. They should get into the habit of saying, good-morning every day, to this world, where they have had so many eager, busy, happy and holy days.

Rev. Daniel Waldo once said: "I am an old man now; I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you how. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper everywhere. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this, you must be communicative; repeat what you have read, talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness."

Age Lays Open the Character.—Age seems to take away the power of acting a character, even from those who have done so the most successfully during the main part of their lives. The real man will appear, at first fitfully, and then predominately. Time spares the chiseled beauty of stone and marble, but makes sad havoc in plaster and stucco.

A courteous old clergyman, being told a very tough story, said: "Since you were an eye-witness, I suppose I must believe you, but I don't think I'd have believed it if I had seen it myself."

Old Age Alleviated.—A Persian emperor once asked a gray-haired old man, "How old art thou?" "Just about four years," was his reply. He counted only the years of his regenerated life.

SELFISHNESS REBUKED.—A poor old man, busily planting an apple-tree, was rudely asked, "What do you plant trees for? You can't expect to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, answered, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now plant for others, to show my gratitude when I am dead." Thus should we think and act for the welfare of others.

FAITHFULNESS IN OLD AGE.—"Eighty-and-six years," was Polycarp's answer when required to deny the truth, "have I served my Saviour, and he hath never done me any harm; and shall I deny him now?"

WHEN Dr. Priestly was young, he preached, that old age was the happiest period of life; and when he was himself eighty, he wrote, "I have found it so."

THE CHRISTIAN OLD MAN.

I THINK the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but with the blossoms of the true life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst?

—Talmage.

CHRIST THE STAY OF THE AGED.

You have found this world a rough world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them! I want to give you a cane, better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the Bible speaks of when it says, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." I want to give you better spectacles than those you look through. It is the spiritual eyesight of divine grace. Does your head tremble with the palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think that Christ has them. They are safe in His keeping. Very soon He will take you where they are. —*Talmage.*

JESUS.

"TALK to me of Jesus," said an aged Christian, when on the banks of the river that was soon to bear him away. "Tell me of him whom my soul loveth, and of the 'many mansions' where he dwells with his own in glory, and where I shall 'soon see him as he is.' It is the news of the Master's household I long to hear; the advancement of his cause, and the progress of his kingdom. Do not tell me of things that are passing away; I care not for them. This world and all its possessions must soon be burned up, and wherefore should they dwell in my affections? I have a home that fire can not touch; a kingdom and a crown that fade not away; and why should I be concerned about affairs of the day?"

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Mr. Webster visited Mr. Adams a short time before his death, and found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in feeble health. He remarked to Mr. Adams:

"I'm glad to see you, sir. I hope you are getting along pretty well."

"Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can make out, don't intend to make any repairs."

A GOOD WOMAN NEVER GROWS OLD.

Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life opened to her view. When we look at a good woman we never think of her age, she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is everybody's friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman can never grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in deeds of mercy and benevolence.

The young lady who desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion or folly, and let her love truth and virtue.

HAPPINESS OF OLD AGE.

As ripe fruit is sweeter than green fruit, so is age sweeter than youth, provided the youth were grafted into Christ. As harvest-time is a brighter time than seed-time, so is age brighter than youth; that is, if youth were a seed-time for good. As the completion of a work is more glorious than the beginning, so is age more glorious than youth; that is, if the foundation of the work of God were laid in youth. As sailing into port is a happier thing than the voyage, so is age happier than youth; that is, when the voyage from youth is made with Christ at the helm.

—*J. Pulsford.*

USELESS, do you say you are? You are of *great* use. You really are. How are you useful? By being a man or woman that is old. Your old age is a public good. It is, indeed. No child ever listens to your talk without having good done to it, that no schooling could do. When you are walking, no one ever opens a gate for you to pass through, and no one ever honors you with any kind of help, without being himself the better for what he does; for fellow-feeling with you ripens his soul for him.

—*Mountford.*

PRAYER.—It is said of that good old man, John Quincy Adams, that he never went to his rest at night until he had repeated the simple prayer he had learned in childhood, the familiar "Now I lay me down to sleep."

OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.

ALAS, for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded from the present. The Lord deals so gently with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.

DUTIES OF THE AGED.

AN agent of missions says: "I was deeply impressed by an aged brother, who gave me forty thousand dollars to be divided between the Freedman and Foreign Missions. When I called on this brother, he asked, 'Have you come on a money tour? For,' said he, 'I have just been thinking that I have a little money which I should like to give for some benevolent purpose. I am an aged man. My pilgrimage is almost ended. What I do I must do quickly. I wish to show that I am a Christian by my works; but I do not depend on this for salvation. My dependence is on Jesus.' He said, 'If I could write, I would tell the aged that what they do, they must do quickly.' "

THE YOUNG TO TAKE OUR PLACES.—AS we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. —*Talmage.*

HOPEFUL OLD AGE.

MR. VENN, conversing with a stranger, was thus addressed: "Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty?" "On the wrong side of fifty!" answered Mr. Venn, "No, sir; I am on the right side of fifty." "Surely," the other replied, "you must be turned fifty." "Yes, sir," added Mr. Venn, "but I am on the right side of fifty; for every year I live, I am nearer my crown of glory."

"I AM on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old. "I have nothing to do but to go to my father." To an humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I know I am; but blessed be the Lord! I do not fear it; I hope it."

THE CHRISTIAN'S LEGACY.

A pious old man was one day walking to the sanctuary, with a Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said, "Good-morning, Mr. Price!" "Ah, good-morning," replied he: "I am reading My Father's Will as I walk along." "Well, what has he left you?" said his friend. "Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred-fold more in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting." This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

JESUS IN OLD AGE.

It is dismal to get old, without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down-grade of life, and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across. When the sight loses its power, we need the faith that can illuminate. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the *clear tones* of the divine voice. When axe-men of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us, and we are left in solitude, we need the dove to sing in our branches. —*Talmage.*

Hopeless Old Age.—There is not a more repulsive spectacle than an old man who will not forsake the world which has already forsaken him. —*Tholuck.*

GETTING NEARER TO CHRIST.

A FEW years since a Christian company visited a Southern plantation. Among the slaves was an old man, with whom the following conversation was held: "You are an old man; will you not soon die?" "Yes: I know I must." "Where do you expect to go?" "I think I shall go to the good land." "Why do you think you will go there?" "I can not tell; but the nearer I come to death, somehow, Jesus and I get nearer together."

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

JOHN WESLEY preached, on an average, fifteen sermons a week. Instead of breaking down under it, when seventy-three years old he said that he was far abler to preach than when three-and-twenty. His brow was then smooth, his complexion ruddy, and his voice strong and clear, so that an audience of thirty thousand could hear him without difficulty. This vigor he ascribed to continual traveling, early rising, good sleep, and an even temper. "I *feel* and *grieve*," he said, "but, by the grace of God, I *fret* at nothing."

OLD AGE.—Winter, which strikes the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed, says Jean Paul; and so does age rob us of our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Rev. Dr. Nott sank into a second childhood that was peculiarly tender. The last hours of his life were particularly impressive. He lay on his bed, and apparently unconscious. His wife sat by his bedside, and sang to him, day by day, the songs of his childhood. He was hushed to repose by them, like an infant on its pillow. Watts' cradle hymn, "Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber," always soothed him. Visions of home floated before him, and the name of his mother was frequently on his lips. The last time he conducted family devotions with his household, he closed his prayer with the well-known lines, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc.

AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

"Old age," says one whose words have survived his name, "is a blessed time, when looking back over the follies, sins and mistakes of life, too late, indeed, to remedy, but not too late to repent—we may put off earthly garments one by one, and dress ourselves for heaven. Griefs that are heavy to the young, are, to the old, calm and almost joyful, as tokens of the near and ever nearing time when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain." Even though walking in darkness for awhile, the aged have the sure promise, "At eventide it shall be light."

AFTER MANY DAYS.

An old woman of eighty wished to become a Christian. But there was difficulty in the way. So she asked several friends to come with the minister and talk with her. She admitted the truth of all they said, but something held her back.

Said the minister: "Why not give yourself now, within ten minutes?"

O, she could not!

"Why not?"

She wanted time, she said: it was too sudden. Ten minutes! O no! She must have time to think about it.

"You are old," said the minister; "how long have you been thinking about it already?"

She paused a moment; then said slowly: "Fifty years."

"Fifty years!" cried the minister; "and yet you want more time! Isn't fifty years enough?"

That was a new way of looking at it. Fifty years, indeed!

"What shall I do?" she eagerly asked.

"Do nothing," was the answer; "but leave all with God. Let us pray to him to lift the burden."

So they prayed. And suddenly, when she no longer pleaded for time, light came through the darkness, and the burden rolled away.

It is said of John Wesley, that he became more cheerful as he grew older, because of his good hope for the life to come. And of John Keble, that in his later years his face seemed to be ever illumined with the light of heaven.

AGE.

THE veneration which gray hairs command, puts it in the power of the aged to maintain a very important place in human society. They are so far from being insignificant in the world, that families long held together by their authority, and societies accustomed to be guided by their counsel, have frequently had cause to regret their loss more than that of the most vigorous and young. "I said, age should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. Therefore, thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." —*Blair.*

A THOUGHTFUL PROVISION FOR THE AGED AND INFIRM IN A CHURCH.—In the Presbyterian Church of the Puritans, on Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, New York, is a private stair-way, out of sight of the congregation, leading to a room in the chancel part of the building, furnished with easy-chairs and lounges, and known as the invalid chamber. It was provided for the benefit of the aged and sick, who can not undergo the fatigue of sitting throughout the service in a pew.

AN aged Christian, living in the poor-house, while conversing with a minister, showed signs of much joy. As a reason for it, she said, "*O sir! I was just thinking what a change it will be from the poor-house to heaven.*"

GROWING OLD.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life, says the late F. W. Robertson, that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind, that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not back.

Old age has no terrors for Victor Hugo, who is said to have acknowledged that passing from thirty-nine to forty was the most trying time in his life. "But," said a friend, "I should think it a great deal better to be forty than fifty." "Not at all," replied Hugo; "forty years is the old age of youth, while fifty years is the youth of old age."

An aged Christian was once asked, by some thoughtless people, why he deprived himself of so many worldly pleasures. "It is all very well," said they, "to serve God, but you ought to serve yourself too." "That is the very thing," replied he, "that I am trying after; for I have long since found out that I get ten times more in obeying God than in obeying my own evil heart."

Comfort in Old Age.—A cheerful, tottering, poor old man, of eighty-one, said, "Thank God, I have my wits and my limbs. I never was in prison, and I am not going to hell. I am the Lord's. So while I see everybody in this busy world looking keenly as they do, after their own, the sight helps me to believe, and I am comforted in the faith, that Jesus is looking after me, and he will take me soon." —*T. Collins.*

Bringing forth Fruit in Old Age.—Such was the desire of that holy man, the Rev. John Eliot, to do his Master's work, that on the day of his death, in his 80th year, he was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labors now?" said a friend. "Because I have prayed to God to make me useful; and now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet." This good man was very justly called *The Apostle to the Indians.*

I WAS told of a poor peasant on the Welsh mountains who, month after month, year after year, through a long period of declining life, was used every morning, as soon as he awoke, to open his casement window towards the east, and look out to see if Jesus Christ was coming. He was no calculator, or he need not have looked so long; he was no student of prophecy, or he need not have looked at all; he was ready, or he would not have been in so much haste; he was willing, or he would rather have looked another way; he loved, or it would not have been the first thought of the morning. His master did not come, but a messenger did, to fetch the ready one home. The same preparation sufficed for both; the longing soul was satisfied with either. Often when, in the morning, the child of God awakes, weary and encumbered with the flesh, perhaps from troubled dreams, perhaps with troubled thoughts, his Father's secret comes presently across him, he looks up, if not out, to feel, if not to see, the glories of that last morning when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise incorruptible, no weary limbs to bear the spirit down; no feverish dreams to haunt the vision; no dark forecasting of the day's events, or returning memory of the griefs of yesterday. —*Fry.*

COMPUTING AGE.—An old slave, who could neither read nor write, was asked how old he was. He did not know, but said he could tell how long he had been the Lord's child. He brought out a bottle into which he had dropped a pebble every Christmas since his conversion. It contained fifty-one pebbles.

Approach of Old Age.—Old age, says the proverb, is a courtier: he knocks again and again, at the window and at the door, and makes us everywhere conscious of his presence. Woe to the man who becomes old without becoming wise. Woe to him, if this world shuts the door without the future having opened its portals to him.

—*Tholuck.*

Glorious Old Age—If Found in the Way of Righteousness!—How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation, devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. —*Talmage.*

OF DYING.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

THE following beautiful passage is taken from Timothy Titcomb's "Preachings upon Popular Proverbs":

"The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes to tell. The imagination visits the realm of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters—but wings its way wearily back with no olive-leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in! Shut in! Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend, whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart; but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her."

THE DYING CHRISTIAN ON THE LAST SUMMIT OF LIFE.

Dr. Clarke, in his travels, speaking of the companies that were traveling from the East to Jerusalem, represents the procession as very long; and after climbing over the extended and heavy ranges of hills that bounded the way, some of the foremost at length reached the top of the last hill, and, stretching up their hands in gestures of joy, cried out, "The holy city! the holy city!" and fell down and worshiped; while those who were behind pressed forward to see. So the dying Christian, when he gets on the last summit of life, and stretches his vision to catch a glimpse of the heavenly city, may cry out of its glories, and incite those who are behind to press forward to the sight. —*Payson.*

DR. SEWALL, OF WASHINGTON.

Dr. Sewall, an old Methodist, of Washington City, when dying, shouted aloud the praises of God. His friends said, "Dr. Sewall, don't exert yourself; whisper, Doctor, whisper." "Let angels whisper," said he, "let angels whisper, but a soul cleansed from all sin by the blood of Christ; a soul redeemed from death and hell, just on the threshold of eternal glory—Oh, if I had a voice that would reach from pole to pole, I would proclaim it to all the world! Victory! Victory through the blood of the Lamb!" —*Rev. Wm. Taylor.*

SENATOR FOOTE, OF VERMONT.

"I have been thinking much of these two lines:

"'Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.'

"I begin to understand that this comprehends all; and I am beginning to lean alone on Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Friend." At the last, with eyes all full of celestial radiance, he lifted his hands, and looked up, exclaiming, "I see it, I see it! The gates are wide open! Beautiful, beautiful!"

DEATH.

LET dissolution come when it will, it can do the Christian no harm: for it will be but a passage out of a prison into a palace; out of a sea of troubles into a haven of rest; out of a crowd of enemies into an innumerable company of true, loving, and faithful friends; out of sham, reproach, and contempt, into exceeding great and eternal glory.

—*Bunyan.*

AFTER the death of Abderrahman, Caliph of Cordova, the following in his own handwriting was found: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph. I have possessed riches, honors, pleasures, friends; in short, everything that man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say I was really happy, and they amount to *fourteen.*"

"I WANT to talk to you about heaven," said a dying parent to a member of his family. "We may not be spared to each other long: may we meet around the throne of glory, one family in heaven!" Overpowered at the thought, his beloved daughter exclaimed, "Surely you do not think there is any danger?" "Danger! my darling. Oh! do not use that word. There can be no danger to the Christian, whatever may happen. All is right; all is well. God is love. All is well—everlastingly well—everlastingly well." —*Stevenson.*

HAPPINESS IN DEATH.

"How hard it is to die!" remarked a friend to an expiring believer. "Oh, no, no!" he replied; "easy dying, glorious dying!" Looking up to the clock, he said, "I have experienced more happiness in dying two hours this day, than in my whole life. It is worth a whole life to have such an end as this. Oh! I never thought that such a worm as I should come to such a glorious death." —*Thomson.*

DR. DUFF.

WHEN the announcement was made to Dr. Duff, the venerable missionary, that he could not get well, he said: "Yes, I have had glimmerings of that for some time, but I am in my Father's hands. In my own mind, I see the whole scheme of redemption from eternity more clear and glorious than I ever did!"

CROWNING CHRIST.

A lady, while on a visit to the Exposition at Paris, died. During her last moments, speech had left her; but she managed to articulate the word "Bring." Her friends, in ignorance of her meaning, offered her food; but she shook her head, and again repeated the word "Bring." They then offered her grapes, which she also declined, and for the third time uttered the word "Bring." Thinking she desired to see some absent friends, they brought them to her; but again she shook her head; and then, by a great effort, she succeeded in completing the sentence—

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,"

and then passed quietly to be with Jesus.

—*Newman Hall.*

REV. DR. McCLINTOCK.

During the night before his death, about midnight, he awoke to consciousness, and recognized his son, and his colleague, Doctor, now Bishop Foster. "Foster, is that you? I am very sick, am I not?" "Yes," was the answer, "You are very sick, but we hope that you may recover yet." "No! No!" said the patient, "but no matter what the event, it's all right." And pausing a moment, as if meditating, added, "It's all right, all right." These were his last words.

FATHER TAYLOR'S DEATH.

THERE was an aged saint of eighty-six years, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, familiarly termed *Father* Taylor, the famous sailor-preacher, of Boston, whose mind had so failed that he did not recognize even his own daughter. A witness says, that very touching was the scene on the last night of his life. He called his daughter to his bedside, as if she were his mother, saying, like a little child, "Mother, come here by my bed, and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep." She came near. He clasped his white, withered hands reverently, and whispered,

"Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., "Amen."

Then quietly fell asleep, and awoke in heaven.

READINESS FOR DEATH.

A LADY once asked Mr. Wesley: "Supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam!" he replied, "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that, I should ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the Societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me; converse and pray with the family as usual; retire to my room at ten o'clock; commend myself to my heavenly Father; lie down to rest; and wake up in glory."

ROLL-CALL IN HEAVEN.

A SOLDIER, mortally wounded, was lying in a hospital, dying. All was still. He had not spoken for some time. His last moments were just at hand. Suddenly the silence was broken, and the attendant-surgeon was startled by the voice of the dying man uttering, clear and strong, the single word:

"Here!"

"What do you want?" asked the surgeon, hastening to his cot. A moment elapsed. There was a seeming struggle after recollection. Then the lips of the dying soldier mumbled:

"Nothing; but it was roll-call in heaven, and I was answering to my name."

These were his last words. At roll-call in heaven, will the reader be ready to answer to his name?

IN an Eastern city, not long ago, a Sister of Charity was dying, and at last, from a stupor, she opened her eyes and said: "It is strange; every kind word I have spoken in life, every tear that I have shed, has become a living flower around me, and they bring to my senses an incense ineffable."

DEATH—HEALTH.—Richard Baxter, when on his death-bed, suffering great pain, was asked how he did; and replied, "Almost well." At length the final hour arrived, and he became, in his own language, "entirely well."

CROMWELL'S LAST HOURS.

MEN prayed for his recovery, looking into the dark future with dismay at the anarchy that might ensue when the one man was gone who could hold the rival parties down, and compel them to live in peace. "His heart," says one who then attended him, "was so carried out for God and his people, yea, indeed, for some who had added no little sorrow to him, that at this time he seemed to forget his own family and nearest relations. He would frequently say, 'God is good, indeed He is,' and would speak it with much cheerfulness and fervor of spirit, in the midst of his pains. Again he said, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with His people.' He was very restless most part of the (Thursday) night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same, and endeavor to sleep, unto which he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.' The next day was the 3d of September—his lucky day—the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester; and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, Oliver Cromwell lay dead."

AN ITALIAN EPITAPH.—The following inscription is found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Dr. Alexander Duff, one of the chief of modern missionaries, whose labors for India are only now beginning to bear the glorious fruit which they will one day yield, passed away to the presence of his Lord on Tuesday, February 12, 1878, peacefully and in the fullness of hope, at the age of seventy-two.

When the dying saint was told for the first time that all hope of a much longer life for him had ceased, he calmly said, "Oh, yes, oh, yes; I have had glimmerings of that for some time, but I am in my Father's hands." Later on, "I never said with more calmness in my life, continually by day and by night, 'Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,'" and he repeated this with great pathos. On his daughter repeating to him John Newton's hymn, written as if for the dying believer,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,"

the hardly audible voice responded with unearthly emphasis, "Unspeakable!"

LEFT.

An old friend said to me, that a good man, he named, had died, and left $30,000. I held up my hands, and said, "What a pity!" He looked surprised, and said, "What do you mean?" "I mean just what I say," I replied; "for surely it is a pity, when the man might have sent it before him—that he should have *left* his $30,000 behind him, for he will very likely never hear of it *again*."

A WIFE'S CONVOY.

A VERY old clergyman thus wrote on the death of his wife: "In looking back upon the long years during which it was given to me to lead onward in the way of life her confiding spirit, I seem to have been to her what a ship of war is to some vessel engaged in commerce—her convoy over waters infested with the enemy's craft, and full of sunken rocks and shoals. I saw her at length pass within the harbor's mouth to which she was bound; whereas I had long expected to enter first. But, when I saw her anchor dropped in smooth waters, while I was left outside the bar upon the pitching sea and in rough weather, I gave way to deeply-disappointed feelings; but, while I wept for grief, a signal was made by the Harbor-Master, that I should stand off, and be on the lookout for other ships in need of convoy. Then I wakened up to my present duty; and desire to abide still in His high service, trusting for strength as my days shall be, and cheered by the assurance that, when my ship shall be seaworthy no longer, it shall also be taken into the harbor, and laid up in honorable rest."

MRS. REV. HENRY POPE.

HER last communication with earthly friends was made when, being in the very suburbs of heaven and unable to articulate a single syllable, she wrote with slate and pencil her dying testimony for the Saviour, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

LORD, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveler complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table. —*Fuller.*

DR. NOAH WEBSTER died May 28, 1843, in his eighty-fifth year. On the day of his death he repeated, with a radiant countenance, these triumphant words: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." 1 *Tim.* 1: 12.

IT is not darkness the Christian goes to at death, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with him. It is not an unknown country, for Jesus is there; and there is the vast company of the just made perfect, who shall be one with Him in the fellowship and blessedness of heaven, for ever. —*Charles Kingsley.*

"ARE you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No," said he, "*but I am going there.*" This world is the shadow; heaven is the reality.

THE DAY BEFORE DEATH.—Rabbi Elizer said to his disciples: "Turn to God some day before death." "How can man," was the reply, "know the day of his death?" "True," said Elizer; "therefore, you should turn to God to-day; perhaps you may die to-morrow; thus, every day will be employed turning to Him."

DEATH, TO THE CHRISTIAN, A GLORIOUS CHANGE.—An aged Christian, living in the poor-house, while conversing with a minister, showed signs of much joy. As a reason for it, he said, "*O, sir! I was just thinking what a change it will be from the poor-house to heaven!*"

AN old clergyman once said: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

"IT IS ALL REST."—An old man was dying who had long served Christ, when one asked him: "Can you rest a little now, father?" "Dear child," he said, "it is all rest; for the everlasting arms are underneath me."

WILMOT, the infidel, when dying, laid his trembling, emaciated hand upon the Sacred Volume, and exclaimed, solemnly and with unwonted energy, "the only objection against this Book is a bad life."

OF THE BETTER LIFE BEYOND.

COMPENSATIONS OF HEAVEN.

THINK how completely all the griefs of this mortal life will be compensated by one age, for instance, of the felicities beyond the grave; and then think, that an age multiplied by ten thousand times is not so much to eternity as one grain of sand is to the whole material universe; think what a state it will be to be growing happier and happier still as ages pass away, and still have something happier for the ages to come. —*John Foster.*

HEAVEN.—FITNESS FOR.

A CLERGYMAN, riding beside a profane coachman who discharged volley after volley of oaths, fixing his eyes upon him, said: "I can not imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses or coaches, or saddles or bridles, or public-houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, to whom you can use bad language. I can not think what you will do when you get to heaven!" Years after, the same clergyman was called to see a dying man, who told him that he was saved through his rebuke, "I can not think what you will do in heaven."

"IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE."

ONE moment, the sick-room, the scaffold, the stake; the next, the paradiasical glory. One moment, the sob of parting anguish; the next, the great, the grand deep swell of the angel's song. Never think, reader, that the dear ones you have seen die had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think, parents, who have seen your children die, that after they left you they had a dark, solitary way, along which you would have liked, if it had been possible, to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God. You did so, if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. You did bear them company into God's very presence, if you only stayed beside them till they died. The moment they left you, they were with Him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet, but the little child was with his Saviour.

-Country Parson.

HEAVEN.

"Who," said an old divine, "chides a servant for taking away the first course at a feast, when the second consists of the greater delicacies?" Who, then, can feel regret that this present world passeth away, when he sees that an eternal world of joy is coming? The first course is grace, but the second is glory, and that is as much better as the fruit is better than the blossom.

HEAVEN A CITY.

A CITY never built with hands, nor hoary with the years of time; a city whose inhabitants no census has numbered; a city through whose streets rush no tide of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly with its burden to the tomb; a city without griefs or graves, without sins or sorrows, without births or burials, without marriages or mournings; a city which glories in having Jesus for its king, angels for its guards, saints for its citizens; whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise. —*Thomas Guthrie.*

ETERNITY.

SOLEMN and important was the advice given by Robert Hall: "Watch as it were upon the borders of the ocean of eternity, and listen to the sound of its waters till you are deaf to every other sound besides." O, if we always did this, what different persons we should be to what we are now, in all manner of holy conversation and holiness. Archbishop Tillotson, when his brethren were all preaching on "the times," asked permission to preach on "eternity."

WHEN I get to Heaven, I shall see three wonders there. The first wonder will be to see people that I did not expect; the second wonder will be to miss many persons that I did expect to see; and the third and greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there. —*John Newton.*

B. F. TAYLOR paints the following beautiful picture of the homes of the immortal which lie "over the river:"—"There is a dignity about that going away alone, we call dying, wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand the azure curtains that are drawn about this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives, for *we* are not dead—there is nothing dead to speak of—and seeing foreign countries not laid down on any map we know about. There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return that go thither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could."

NO DEATH IN HEAVEN.—A Christian lady, on her death-bed, in reply to a remark of her brother, who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never again meet her in the land of the living, answered, "Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living: we are now in the land of the dying."

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

MR. MEAD, an aged Christian, when asked how he did, answered, "I am going home as fast as I can, as every honest man ought to when his day's work is over; and I bless God I have a good home to go to."

THE GLORIOUS HOME AND LIFE OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if *it were* not *so*, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, *there* ye may be also. *John* 14: 2, 3.

For we know that, if our earthly house of *this* tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 *Cor.* 5: 1.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. 1 *John* 3; 2.

When Christ, *who is* our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. *Colossians* 3: 4.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first:

Then we which are alive *and* remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. 1 *Thessalonians* 4: 16, 17.

Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us

meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. *Colossians* 1: 12.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. 1 *Corinthians* 2: 9.

And many of them that sleep in the dust shall awake, some to everlasting life.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. *Daniel* 12: 2, 3.

Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. 1 *Corinthians* 15: 51–53.

But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage:

Neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels: and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. *Luke* 20: 35, 36.

For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ:

Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. *Philippians* 3: 20, 21.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. 1 *Corinthians* 15: 42–44.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence *is* fulness of joy; at thy right hand *there are* pleasures for evermore. *Psalm* 16: 11.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake, with thy likeness. *Psalm* 17: 15.

Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. 1 *Corinthians* 13: 12.

Who will render to every man according to his deeds: To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life.

Glory and honor and peace to every man that worketh good. *Romans* 2: 6, 7, 10.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding *and* eternal weight of glory. 2 *Corinthians* 4: 17.

For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be we suffer with *him*, that we may be also glorified together.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time *are* not worthy *to be compared* with the glory which shall be revealed in us. *Romans* 8: 14–18.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. *Psalm* 73: 24.

Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God. *Matthew* 5: 8.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. *Matthew* 25: 23.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth *his* sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. *Matthew* 25: 31–34.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. *Revelations* 2: 7.

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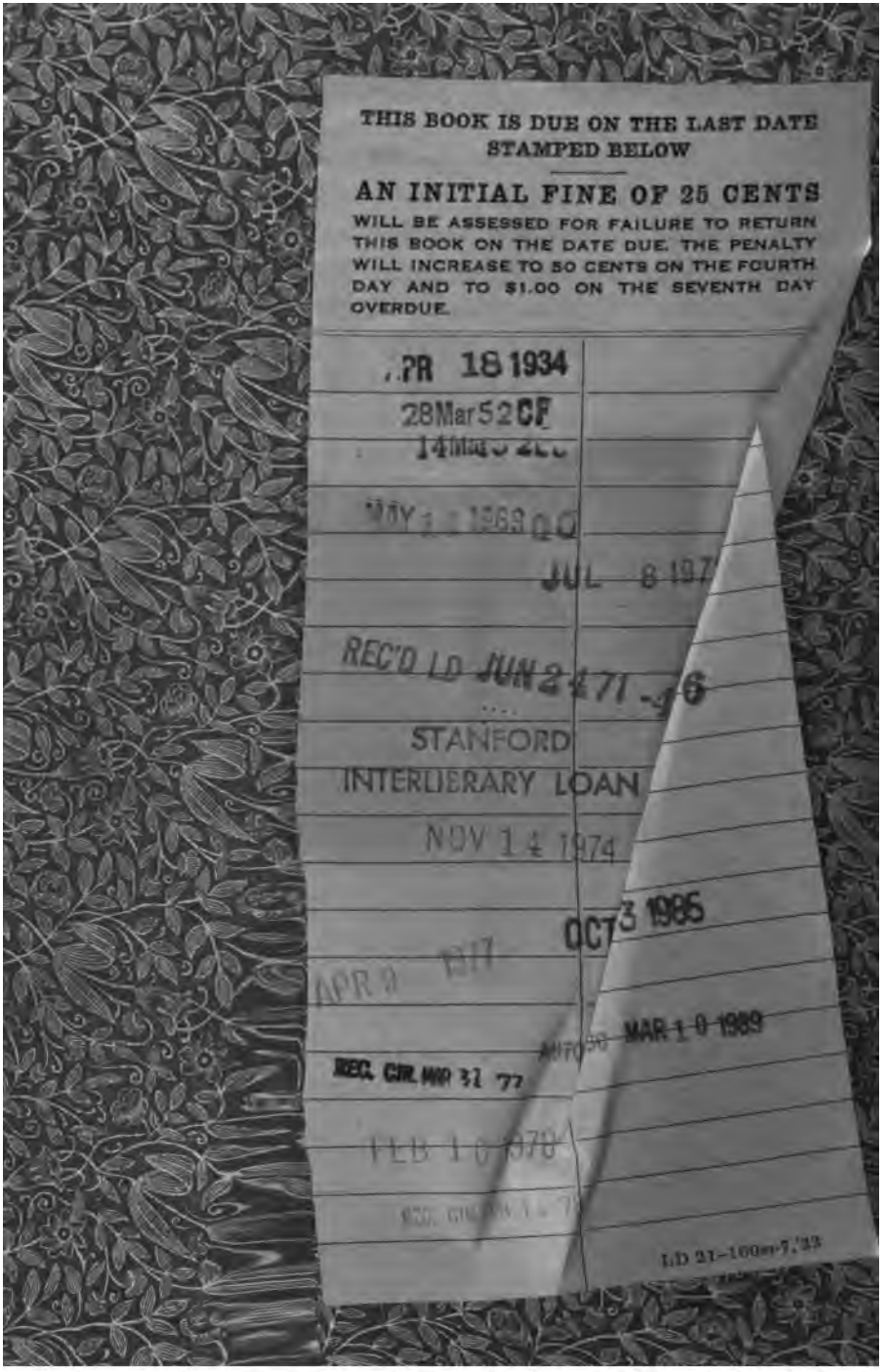
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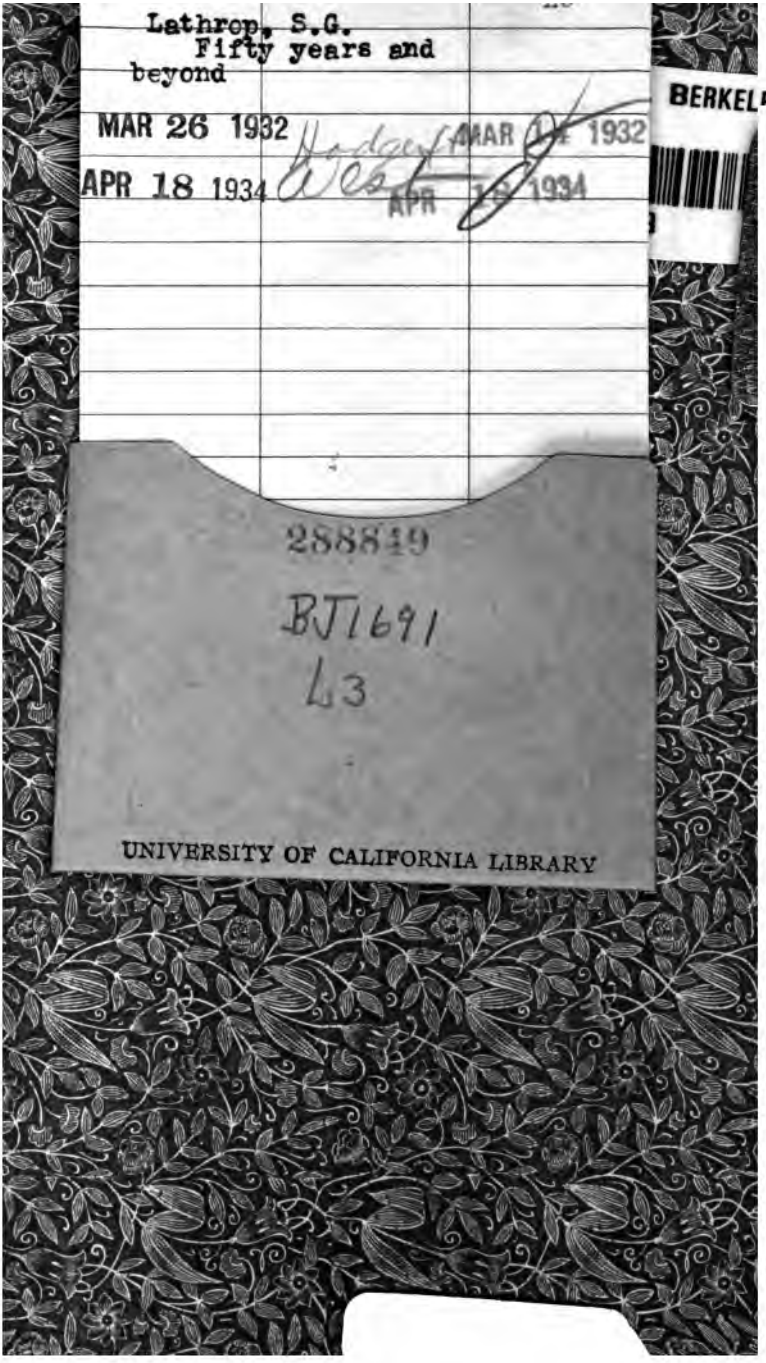
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